WEEK ENDING SEPT. 10, 1927

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Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

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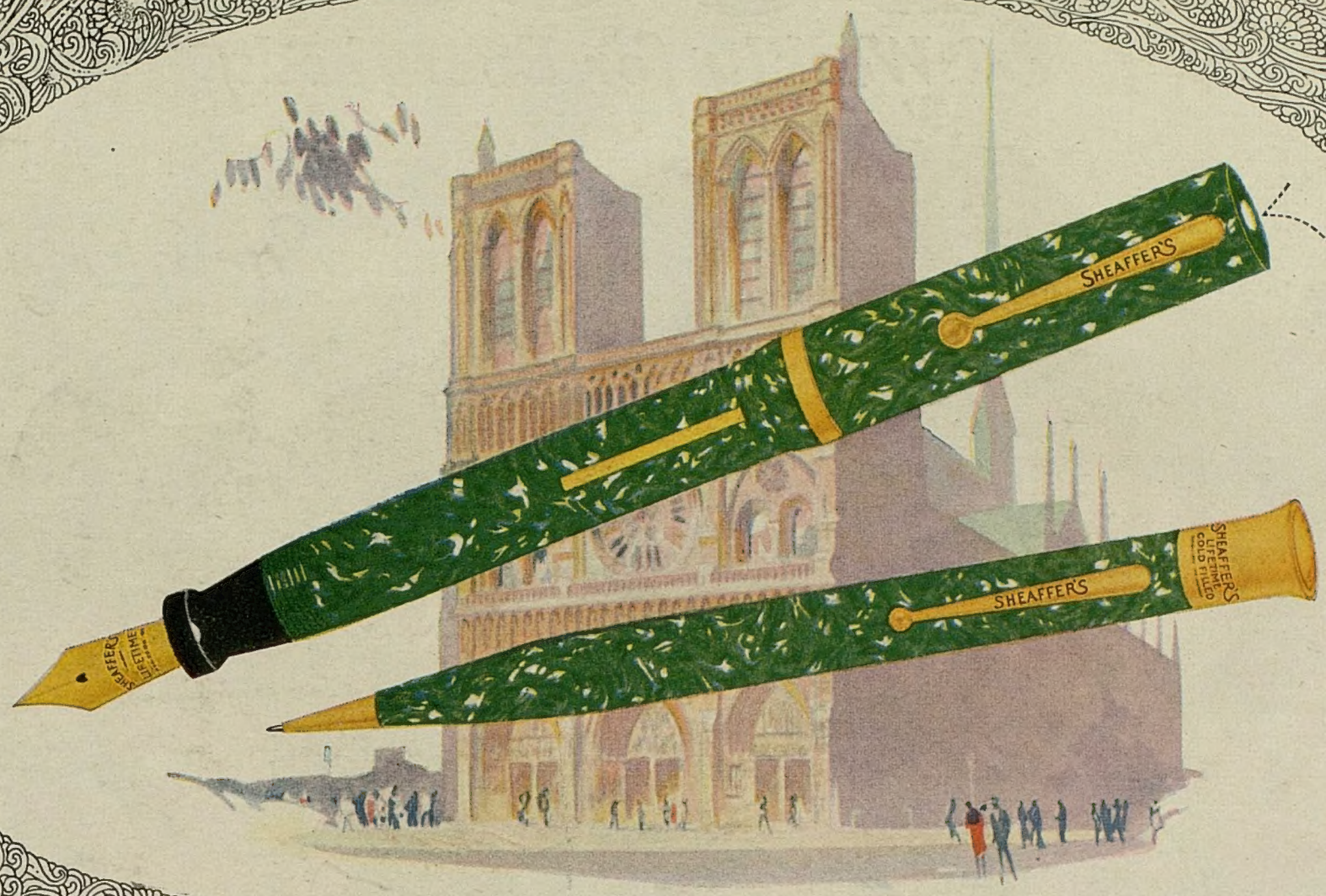
Stunting!

In this Issue - How a Famous Author Writes a Story - and the Story Itself

TOBOGGAN *by* **RITA WEIMAN**



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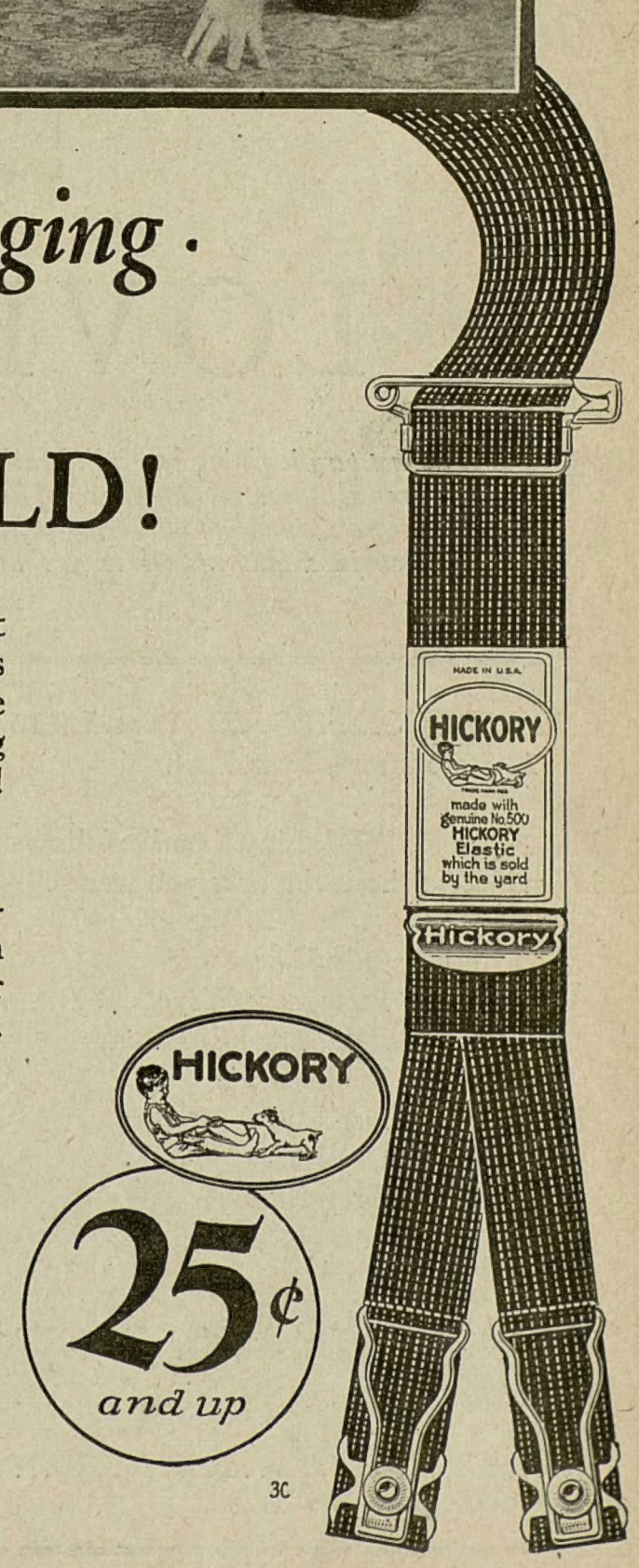

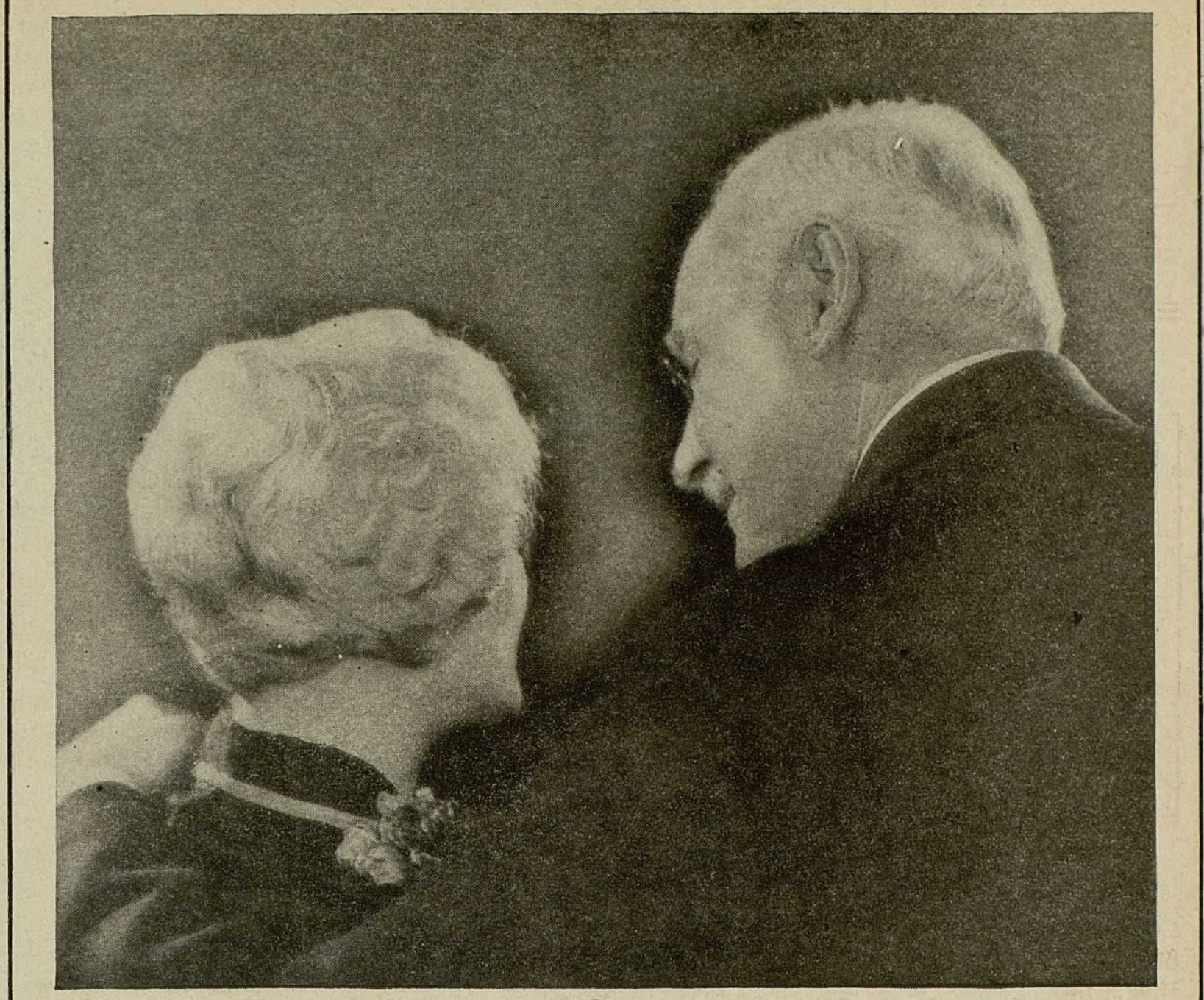

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SEPT. 10, 1927

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

VOL. 4 No. 19

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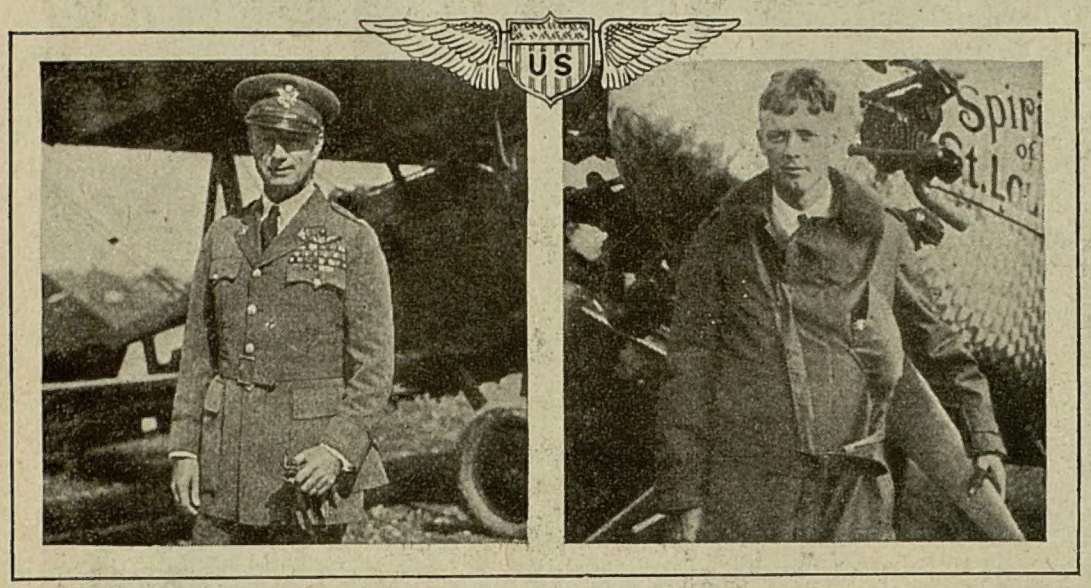
"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."
—Stephen Decatur.

WAS GENERAL MITCHELL RIGHT?



Wide World photos

General Mitchell. *Colonel Lindbergh.*

Lindy is a colonel at twenty-five, entitled to style himself Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh, O. R. C. In case of war and the mobilization of the Reserve Corps, he will enter service with that rank.

This gives rise to some interesting and far-reaching possibilities.

Under the present organization of the Army Air Corps, he is potentially the seventh ranking officer. That is extraordinary in any army; but it seems to us to be a peculiarly fortunate circumstance for ours.

The chief of the Air Corps is Major-General Mason M. Patrick. There are three assistant chiefs, really colonels, but carrying the grade of brigadier during their tenure of this office. Following are two colonels and fifteen lieutenant-colonels.

Lindbergh will rank immediately beneath the regular army colonels and above the regular army lieutenant-colonels, in case he is called to the colors.

He is no ordinary aerial gymnast. He has proved himself to be an able organizer, a keen student of aerodynamics, an expert flier. He is a qualified pursuit pilot.

He displayed rare ability in preparing for his hop across the ocean. He convinced others of the practicability of his project and obtained backing. He watched the building of his ship; saw to every detail; carried his plans through without a hitch.

Because of this proved ability, we consider that the Air Corps will be very fortunate indeed to number him among its highest officers, in case of emergency.

Up to now, older men have always been at the helm of our war-making machine—not always with distinguished success. It would be a good thing to have young fellows like Lindbergh, of courage, energy, initiative, in high places in every branch of the service when war comes.

The ablest generals have been young: Alexander was in his twenties, Cæsar and Napoleon in their thirties.

This leads us to wonder whether, after all, General Mitchell was not right in his contention for a separate air force.

Under the present system Lindy, without his specially won rank, probably never would have a chance to give his country the full benefit of his extraordinary capabilities in time of need.

He would be outranked by scores, possibly hundreds, of officers trained for the infantry and barely able to squeeze through the Air Corps requirements; some superannuated and fit only to command ground schools.

That is what actually happened to our air force in the World War.

Mitchell was condemned by the Coolidge Aircraft Board more than a year and a half ago. Since then it has been military heresy to support him. But when we examine his position now it seems sound.

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Cover by Leslie Thrasher

In Our *Next* Issue

MUSSOLINI is the only political power in the world who dares openly to ignore women. He even disdains them. And, strangely enough, they worship him. But why? Read MUSSOLINI—IDOL OF WOMEN, and learn the secret of this strange paradox. ALICE ROHE, its author, has known the dictator since the days of his obscurity and writes from a close, intimate study of him.

Imagine a sculptor's studio in Paris, on the dawn of the night before. The curtains are drawn; the faint outlines of clay models of beautiful women stand about like ghosts; and—but what is that figure on the floor? The young artist himself; not sleeping, but dead! And there is the dramatic setting for RITA WEIMAN'S new story, SKYLIGHT.

COSMO HAMILTON has an amazing situation in FRIGHTFULLY UP-TO-DATE. A happy dinner party in the home of a fashionable London couple suddenly is smashed up by one of the men guests openly kissing the beautiful young wife of the host. What follows is more amazing still.

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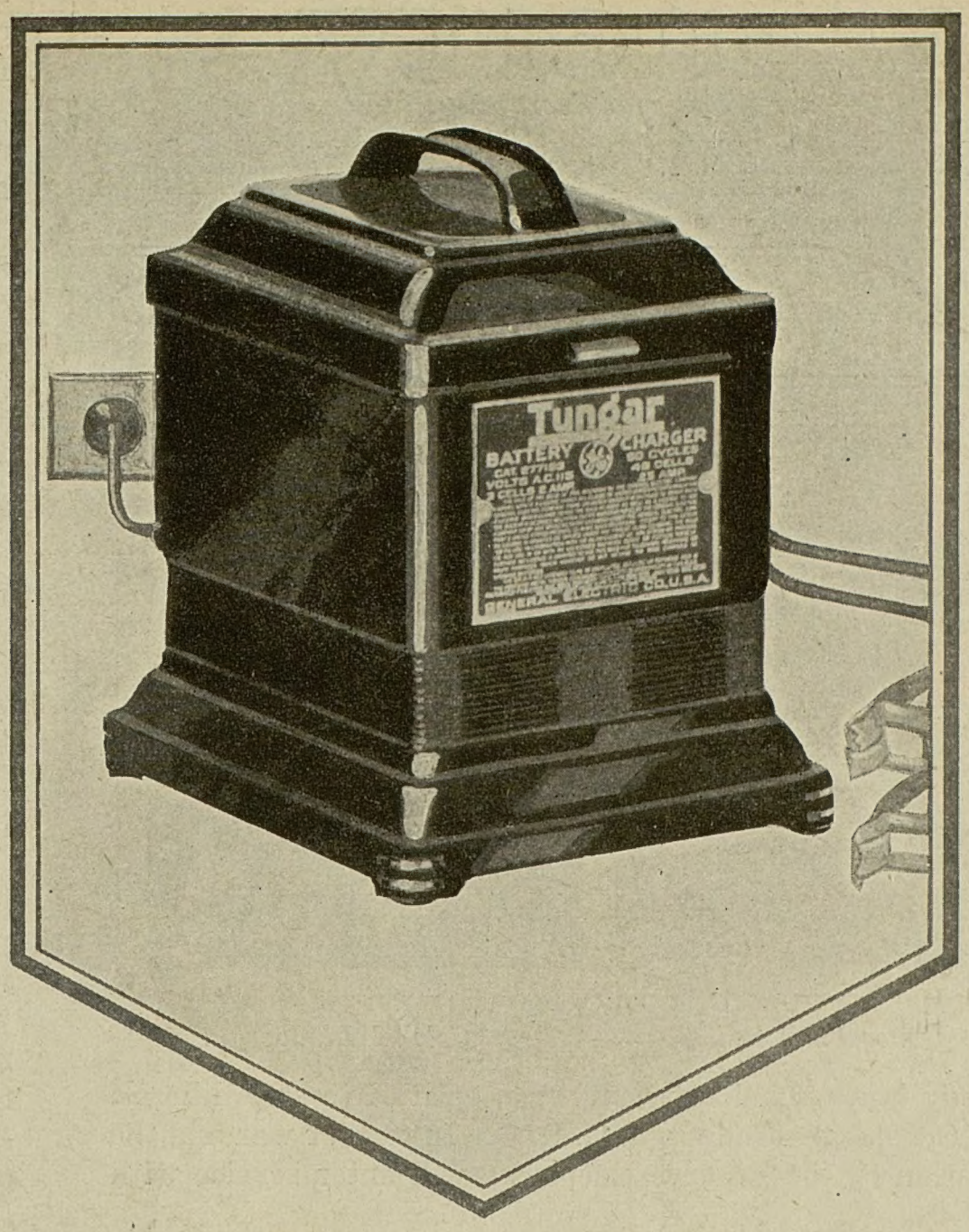
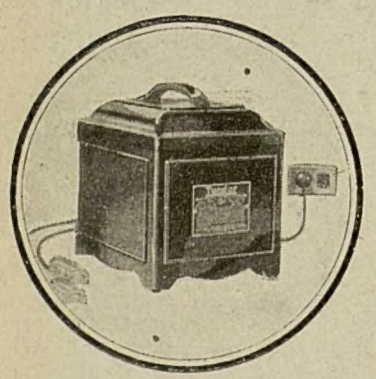
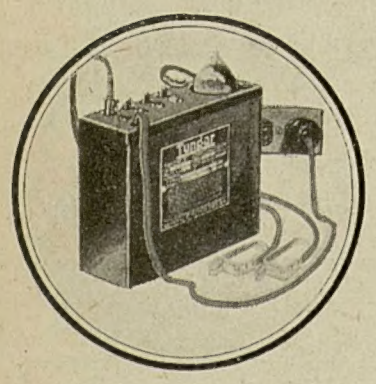
A General Electric *battery charger*



will solve your battery problem





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GENERAL ELECTRIC

The True Story of a SHORT STORY

A Famous Author Shows How She Weaves FICTION Out of Real Life

An Article by

RITA WEIMAN

(Reading time: 22 minutes 20 seconds.)

"HOW do you write a story?"
"Where do you get the ideas?"
"Are the characters drawn from people you know?"

A CROWD on Fifth Avenue, where the author sets the opening of her tale.

"Are your plots taken from life?"
"How do you develop them?"

Every author will recognize these questions. He encounters them on the street, on trains, on shipboard, at summer hotels, house-parties, dinner-tables, and country clubs — in fact, wherever he goes. They constitute the flattering tribute of those who stand outside the writing field, eager to learn how the flowers of thought within that charmed area are planted, watered, and fostered to growth.

Such inquiries form the link between the writer and his readers, the bond of human interest that binds a teller of tales to his unknown friends throughout the land.

RITA WEIMAN, who answers the question of a thousand readers: "How do you write a story?"

We all want to see the wheels go round. It is the blessed quality of curiosity which keeps us as children, even at the age when we spank little Willie for poking his fingers into papa's watch to see how the thing works.

Musician, painter, actor may draw inspiration from innumerable sources; yet their means of expression must of necessity be limited. Humanity, the world itself, provide the author's tools and workshop. His imagination can circle the globe, search its very soul for material.

He is as curious about the mental processes of those who read as they are about those who write. Therefore, it seems to me, he ought to share with them some of the secrets of his craft. Fifty-fifty. It is their due.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE TRUE STORY OF A SHORT STORY]
Continued from Page Seven

And so, my friends, I shall try to act as courier, to take you on a personally conducted tour of the highways and byways that lead to the ultimate short story. Of course, I can escort you only along the road this particular traveler follows. Other scribes may choose altogether deviating routes. Each mind seeks its own trend.

Given the same idea, four people will approach it from four different angles and undoubtedly turn out four utterly different tales. But as to fundamentals, I am reasonably sure that the questions so frequently asked of the author by the reader would be answered by nine writers out of ten in much the same way.

Ideas germinate often from the simplest incident. Seven years ago, my father and I spent a week-end in a bungalow high up in the San Jacinto Mountains of southern California. Going down the steps of the house one morning, I spied, on the lowest, a beautiful green lizard. Without movement of any kind, he lay basking in the sun.

On my return from a walk through the woods two hours later, he was still lying there. I watched him then. As the shadows of afternoon descended, he crawled bit by bit away from them, moving only as they came closer and with no more effort than was absolutely necessary. His pace took him just far enough to keep within the rays of the sun. When it disappeared in the west, he scurried off, hiding from the night. And the thought flashed upon me:

"How like some women! All they want is to bask in the sunlight of luxury, refusing to face problems and the issues of life, not realizing that the shadows are bound to overtake them, sooner or later."

From this grew a story, The Lizard, published six months later. It began merely with my sudden notion of a parallel between a certain type of woman and the little lazy luxuriant animal.

In almost every tale worth telling, the idea or theme—which comes as a conflict of character against character, or of character against circumstances, or both—is paramount, the plot subsidiary. Situations develop from the theme, not *vice versa*. Even a mystery or detective story is made stronger by an underlying motivation. In fact, the idea is really the seed which, planted, flowers into plot. It may appear from anywhere or nowhere.

THE famous Roland B. Molyneux trial for murder occurred when murder trials meant absolutely nothing in my young life. But at the time of Roland Molyneux's death, eleven or so years ago, the papers reviewed the case in detail.

These accounts I read with curiosity piqued concerning one point. Why had Mrs. Molyneux stood by her husband throughout his terrific ordeal, yet divorced him the instant she saw him free from the shadow of the electric chair? Was he really guilty, and did she know it?

The question, of course, was never answered. But it gave rise to an interesting speculation. What would be the attitude of a woman who, knowing her husband guilty of murder while he protested innocence, yet realized that to desert him at the moment of his trial must mean his conviction? Would she keep his secret, or stamp herself his executioner?

That is how I happened to write a story called Look Upon the Prisoner, and later a play, The Acquittal, both based on the same idea.

Probably neither contained any of the real elements of the Molyneux case; yet the Molyneux case inspired both.

Truth, the popular saying goes, is stranger than fiction. May I presume to go still further? Truth is too strange for fiction! The adventures of human experience are almost invariably too amazing, too shocking, too horrible, too apparently exaggerated to be transscribed exactly as they meet us. In sharp black type on any printed page but that of a newspaper, they would appear absurd, the wildest stretch of imagination.

Take the recent Snyder-Gray murder case, for instance. I attended the trial. And it is safe to state that no writer would dare present in fiction the cold, obvious, hideously brutal facts of the killing of Albert Snyder by his wife and her lover, as revealed in the courtroom.

"Two people decently brought up couldn't commit such an atrocity. Impossible!" the reader would say.

Yet that trial will unquestionably serve as the foundation of more than one story you will read without recognizing its source.

THE same holds true of the characters an author breathes into when he takes up his pencil or strikes his typewriter to bring them to life. Seldom does an author draw an actual person. Some peculiar characteristic of an acquaintance or a perfect stranger may interest him as fiction material. But his friends are too close to view objectively or draw with his pen. Frequently, though, one of them will relate some experience that, on the instant, hits a chord of excitement in the author's consciousness, and the chimes of creation sound their rhythmic call.

Not that the experience can be put down precisely as told. Never, I believe, is this quite possible. As a rule, merely an incident is related. There it is, and there it stops, like a train halting between stations, rather than going on straight to its destination.

Then there is the matter of coincidence. The long arm of coincidence reaches out and moves the pawns on the chess-board of life in all sorts of fantastic juxtaposition.

The use of this long arm in fiction, however, is practically tabu.

It is, first of all, too easy a method; second, too unconvincing; third, too inartistic.

Another view of the "sleek, smug avenue known as Fifth."

All of which may sound vague and complicated. Let me illustrate by giving you an actual occurrence and then analyzing its fiction possibilities. Several weeks ago a friend who happens to be the daughter of a prominent jeweler, said:

"I have a story for you. It is absolutely complete as it stands." Then she went on:

"My father's offices are high up in a building that faces Fifth Avenue. The other day one of the girls, an expert, was re-stringing a valuable pearl necklace, the property of an old customer.

"The girl sat next to an open window, holding one of the most costly pearls in the string. Suddenly it slipped from her fingers, bounced on the sill, and disappeared.

"She sprang up and rushed for the door, crying out what had happened. The office force stampeded downstairs and into elevators, halting traffic on Fifth Avenue while they made a search. No sign of the pearl!

"My father was frantic. The responsibility was, of course, tremendous.

"When they had just about given up hope, a ragged man, obviously a beggar, appeared in the crowd and asked what they were looking for. They told him. 'You mean this bead?' He dipped into his coat pocket and held out the pearl.

"When they asked where he found it, he explained that he had picked it up in the gutter four blocks away. It had probably fallen to the top of a moving automobile and eventually rolled into the street.

"But the amazing part is that the finder just happened to be a poor devil who was down and out."

"Did he get a reward?" I asked.

"Of course. They gave him two hundred dollars. He looked at it as if he thought they'd lost their wits. Values are all relative, aren't they?"

Now, there are several reasons why my friend was wrong in assuming that this true story, as it stands, can be transferred to fiction. It embodies the two weaknesses I have referred to.

First of all, it is fragmentary. There is no suspense, except as to whether or not the pearl will be found. There is no conflict of character. The girl, whose carelessness results in the loss of the pearl, is left nebulous. The man who finds it goes away a few hundred dollars richer. And that is all. Likewise, life here employs the obvious device of coincidence. Written precisely as it occurred, the story would be unimportant and lacking in human interest.

For fiction purposes, the mosaics of plot must be built into a definite design. They must not be haphazardly thrown together, but should fit into one another. But, first, the design must be decided upon. There are any number of ways in which the girl, beggar, and pearl theme might be handled and developed.

The story might readily be handled from the detective angle. The girl, as one of a band of crooks, might deliberately let the pearl bounce out of the window to a waiting confederate, only to have it land on top of a motor-car and fall into the hands of the beggar, with, of course, ensuing complications. That would mean the theme of the best laid plans of thieves reacting against them, to the benefit of some one else.

On the other hand, she might have been the only one to see the pearl pop out of the window, and her statement that it had fallen to the street might meet with suspicion. The beggar would not appear at once to clear her, and the shadow of guilt, hounding her wherever she turned, would furnish a study in the effect of false accusation on the human mind. Eventually the man who picked up the jewel, thinking it of no value, would be worked into the plot.

Then again, there are opportunities for a story similar to de Maupassant's famous The Necklace. Or a straight mystery tale built round the disappearance of the jewel and its pursuit.

A WRITER of sheer romance might bring about a meeting between the girl and the beggar. The latter would then be drawn as a boy on his uppers, through circumstances revealed as her interest in him became apparent. Her efforts to pull him out of his difficulties and the inevitable love-story would follow.

And another angle: What if the man who found the pearl knew its value and deliberately walked away from the crowd he knew to be searching for it? Would this theft weigh on his conscience? Or would he consider that, riches having accidentally rolled his way, he had the right to them? Here you have also the possible development of the discovery by some outsider of his unlawful possession, and his resultant fear and misery.

In all these suggestions the true incident is used merely as the beginning of a story, and not as the nucleus itself. It starts the ball of fiction rolling—nothing more than an impetus.

Personally, my interest is in the human side of the beggar. Who and what was he when he found at his feet a fortune which he did not even recognize as such? What were his thoughts as he walked down the most luxurious avenue in the world without a penny in his pocket?

There are few derelicts born to the rôle. Most of them start on life's travels with some idea of a destination. The tide of happenings may carry men along, but development of a man through happenings depends upon himself. Where, then, had this man been bound

for, and what had wrecked him? I am curious to know.

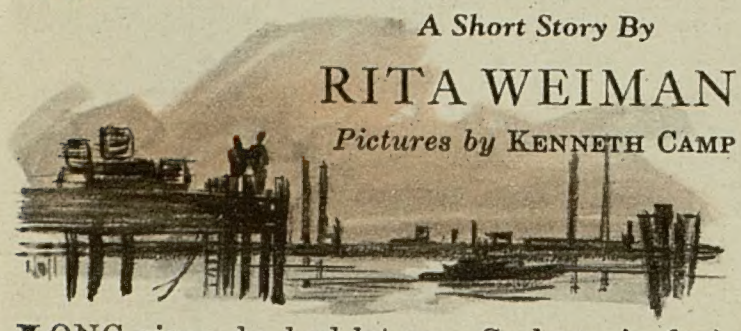
In short, I want to write a story about him and call it:

TOBOGGAN

A Short Story By

RITA WEIMAN

Pictures by KENNETH CAMP



LONG since, he had let go. So long, in fact, that, speeding on the down grade, he had forgotten what the hilltop was like. He knew only that at the bottom lay bleak darkness, into which he would soon crash.

Not that it made any difference. He had existed in the darkness of his own soul for months. Years, perhaps—he had ceased to measure time.

The streets of New York he knew better than any politician. He had tramped them all: Yesterday, the murky way of Hell's Kitchen; stench in his nostrils; his feet through cracked soles sensing broken, filthy pavements. Today, the sleek, smug avenue known as Fifth. Yesterday passers-by had accepted him without a glance—one of their kind. Yet he was not. Today men and women, if they noticed him at all, questioned his right to this velvet thoroughfare. He did not belong.

As a matter of fact, he belonged nowhere. Except on the toboggan, bound for the unknown. His slouched step, bowed head, shoulders stooped under despair, told all of this to one who might care to observe. But no one cared. They avoided the touch of him as something unclean.

Once he had strutted among them. Now he mingled in their midst only so long as it would take to summon courage for that turn into a side street leading to the East River.

From the gaunt body, frayed trousers dragged the pavement. There was no flesh to hold his clothes. Wreck, derelict, public charge, he who had been a man!

He was sick of standing in bread lines; of begging for food; of shiftless, solitary clinging to a life that he had made worthless. Sick of the humiliation of realizing what he had become.

For days he had not eaten. But that did not matter. For nights he had not slept. But that also had no place in the balance. The only thing that counted was courage. The courage to die.

He looked an old man, and he was young—not yet forty. Shamefully young to degenerate to this. It was the shame that beat a tom-tom, incessant, in his ears; that clogged his throat and struck a blow across his eyeballs, blinding him.

Twelve years ago, the crowd surging up and down this same avenue had hummed the tunes he had created, swayed to their rhythm in cabaret, hotel, and park. Not to know them was to be out of date. Words and music on sale everywhere. King of the Lilting Ballad, his nickname then. Musical-comedy managers sending for him; his own price, own terms. Popular song writer, he had made the whole world sing.

In his brief hour, perfectly tailored, sleek high collar choking his neck, how he had strutted!—outdrinking, outgambling the most reckless among them; reeling home, after days of absence, without the slightest attempt at explanation or apology to the girl who waited for him there.

"Lucy of the laughing eyes," he had called her in the first years of their marriage, when a dollar had to be stretched to count for ten; the years before success made him a failure.

Some one striding past bumped into him, cursed, shoved him to one side. He stumbled as he stepped from curb to gutter. The foot in its broken shoe struck an object that rolled to meet his downcast eyes.

He stooped mechanically, picked it up. Through the film of weariness and hunger, he saw that it was of spherelike roundness and a

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

"Twelve thou—" The blue arm of the law darted upward. Motors jerked to a standstill. Men and women gathered round.

[TOBOGGAN
Continued from Page Nine]

flushed white. Nothing but a bead. Yet instantly it brought floating before him a vision his shaking hand tried to brush away.

He thrust the thing in his pocket. But the vision persisted with the searing brand of inquisition.

He saw a house set in the midst of a garden. A day much like this quilted spring day, blue and fleece-lined. Rows of flowers lifting eyes to the sun. A gate and brick path leading to the door. Children playing in the road outside. Women pausing to chat. All the activity of a suburban community at four in the afternoon.

Standing just within the gateway, Lucy; eyes shaded as she gazed anxiously up and down the street. His wife, who by this time should have been used to his erratic comings and goings, reconciled to the spasmodic uncertainties of living with him.

Driving up in a friend's car, he spied her before she saw him—a delicate figure in blue like the sky, with a string of imitation pearls he had given her clasped round her young throat. He saw that throat flush as he tried to step steadily from the car, and then the color surge away, leaving her ghastly white.

She went hastily to his side, attempted to take his arm, to shield his drunkenness from the contemptuous stare of the neighbors. He tugged it away. Under her breath, she pleaded:

"Don't make a scene, Glen—I can't stand any more."

"Leave me alone!"

"Won't you let me help you inside? You—you can't walk alone."

"What d'you mean—I can't?"

"Glen—"

The agony in that voice! But the slim fingers still held firmly to his arm. Resentment against the fact that he must lean on a woman, or a long series of just such exhibitions, or the mere state of his befuddled incompetence—he never had been able to explain to himself what made him do it—sent his free hand outward in drunken fury. He struck, a stinging blow. He heard a low, throttled cry; felt her hold drop away; saw a shower of beads fall from the broken string like tears.

That was his last recollection of Lucy. Stumbling indoors, he had flung himself on his bed. When he awoke, she was gone.

THE man, turning from Fifth Avenue into a side street, fumbled with the bead in his pocket. It brought the whole torturing misery so clearly to mind.

"And all men kill the thing they love—" A poet had said that. Was it true? Certainly he, Glen Chalmers, had killed not only Lucy's spirit, but his own. Made of himself the empty husk he was. Somewhere, today, in the labyrinth of these interlacing streets, she was hidden from him. Somewhere?

In the beginning he had tried, through her people, to locate her. But they had shut the door on him. Later his sodden brain had been unequal to the effort. And now, when all he wanted in this world was her forgiveness, it was too late. Why, if she were to see him, she would pass by without recognition.

Queer tricks the game of chance played on a man. Liquor—he loathed the mere thought of it! Yet today what passer-by would believe that this man, swaying with each step, did so under the lash of hunger alone?

In the side street all was tranquil. But just around the corner, on Fifth Avenue, an excited stream of young men and women poured from the entrance of an office building. Hatless, breathless, desperate, one of the girls rushed recklessly out to the traffic cop.

"A pearl," she gasped. "I just dropped it from up there! Quick—stop traffic."

The officer's blank gaze followed her gesture to an open window on the fifth floor of the building.

"Sorry, miss. Have to wait for the signal."

"But you don't understand! I'm employed by Lowdene & Thatcher, the jewelers. I was stringing some valuable pearls—near that window—and one slipped from my fingers. We can't find it on the pavement. If the wheels crush it—" She gulped hysterically. "It's worth twelve thousand dollars—*you must stop them!*"

"Twelve thou—"

The blue arm of the law darted upward. Motors jerked to a standstill. Drivers swore. In and out among the halted cars, or stooped over the curb, struggled those who searched. They bent, eyes strained to transform every bubble of oil that glistened, every bit of paper.

Cries of, "Here, I think—" or "No—it's not!" Frantic delving into mud and dirt for a bauble which had slipped through warm fingers and jeeringly disappeared into thin air.

Lowdene, the jeweler, appeared, tensely aiding their search. News of the loss flashed across the undulating current of humanity on both sides of the street, halted it. Men and women gathered round.

The girl stood clasping and unclasping her hands, sobbing miserably. Additional police made their entrance on the scene. The most luxurious avenue in the world was investigated like a skulking thief.

And meanwhile, a human wreck with a twelve-thousand-dollar pearl in his pocket headed for the East River. Past Madison, Park, Lexington avenues; under the thundering "L" of Third; through the swarming section of Second and First he slouched—nearer destruction, closer to the end of the toboggan.

Head bent from the sun, eyes to the ground, and full of sadness that knows no respite, he went on, traversing streets with that miracle of escape from encroaching truck and motor which only those experience who do not want to live.

At the last crossing he paused, looked up. This he had not expected. A new settlement of jaunty houses in their own exclusive gardens pre-empted the river-front. Wealth, to gratify a whim, usurped the site of poverty.

Just a few blocks farther downtown, grimy tenements, such as these houses had once been still stood, with fire-escapes like zigzag scars across their faces. In that direction his unsteady step turned.

Children trailed after him as he reeled on through the rags, papers, and refuse that littered the street—like himself, ready to be dumped out of sight.

HE walked until the bulk of a factory loomed ahead. Of brick and stone, the building squatted over a square block. Belching chimneys veiled the spring sky with black smoke. Throb of machinery, vibrations of shouting voices, clatter and thump of packing-cases being loaded on trucks; in short, the Greek chorus of a city's activity rose in a roar that filled the air.

Beyond the water's edge extended a dock, with crates piled high awaiting transportation. Here, hairy-armed men scurried back and forth like an army of greasy, dirt-covered mice. Not one noticed the figure that stole into a shadowed corner of the building where it met the dock. They were busy with their own routine, and bums were a too familiar sight in that neighborhood.

He huddled there, waiting. Presently a whistle shrieked; another; then the concerted yell that announced the Greek chorus' finale. The day was done.

Engines stopped. Men dropped their burdens. Smoke died down. The factory spewed its human freightage into the street. Then all settled into quiet.

The only moving thing was the man who crept from his corner and out along the dock. His hands scraped the piled-up crates as he steadied himself, a futile, insect thing against their barricade. Over the glimmering river

He heard a low, throttled cry; felt her hold drop away. That was his last recollection of Lucy.

the curtain of twilight dropped slowly, gently.

He got down, crawled on hands and knees, struggling toward the edge. In this way, the gurgling darkness came close. He was so tired! And parched, as one wandering for days on desert sands. The cool, slow movement of waters beneath him lulled like a song heard through fog. He lay still a moment. His eyes closed. Then the river's dark, silken blanket seemed to rise up and draw softly over his head.

FROM infinitude, from the border of the unknown, a call through oblivion to consciousness, drifted music. At first nothing more than vague echo, it swelled to a queer, familiar sound that churned mechanically against his ears. Somewhere, somehow, he had heard the thing before, in a past too far back to summon. He groped for recognition. Of course—a hurdy-gurdy! Playing in the street. Old tunes!

Then, suddenly, his eyelids lifted. The street? How did he happen to be where sounds from any street could matter. His gaze traveled down a line of beds in a long room. Two young women in white moved among them. At the far end stood a man, also in white.

He saw a girl in blue-striped uniform stop at the foot of his bed, come round the side, and bend over. Her fingers rested against his wrist.

"I used to write—tunes like that," he murmured.

She nodded.

"How are you feeling?"

"Don't know." He looked around, bewildered.

He remembered the final lap of the toboggan—lying prone above a stretch of dark water that rose to engulf him. Why, then, did he find himself here? Was the unknown so difficult of achievement?

His eyes moved, in a sort of panic, to the face above him. His thin hand closed pleadingly over hers.

"Do I have—to go through it all—again?"

She shook her head with the pat reassurance of one who believes the patient not yet quite conscious.

"You just rest a minute."

He saw her approach a young woman in white. A few hastily whispered words, and the latter was at his bedside, firm, capable hands propping him on the pillow as though his body were a child's.

"Tell me—" he began.

"Not until you've eaten."

"Please—"

"He caught hold of her arm. And though she had seen all manner of men come and go, it flashed over her that never had she looked into such stark, miserable eyes.

"Please—I was so near the water—felt myself falling. How does it happen I'm—"

"This is a hospital—"

He fingered the rough nightshirt that replaced his clothes.

"But how—"

"A watchman found you unconscious.

"Then I didn't go overboard?"

"No."

He fell back. Defeat—even at the hands of death! Failure—even to the end!

The nurse, still young enough at the game to be sensitive to impressions, studied him with a wistful sympathy. They had brought him in, a collapsed shell. Yet, from the first glimpse of finely formed hands under the soot-grained skin, of his face pinched by something more than physical pain, it had been apparent this man was no common vagrant. And, literally, for hours he had fought all their efforts to bring back life. As if his only hope were beyond where they could reach.

He lay now, staring up at the ceiling with a look of complete despair.

She touched his hand, stroked it softly. Still he did not move.

"They're bringing in a tray. You must eat you know."

"I—" He broke off, shook his head.

She lifted him within her arm, held some hot soup to his lips. Automatically he obeyed the body's demand for fuel. But his mind strayed along the endless road ahead, when he must again take up his burden of futility.

"I can't do it," he whispered, not knowing he spoke.

"Just another mouthful," she urged.

"No—I don't mean—the food. That's easy enough, God knows."

"Then what?"

He turned away without answer.

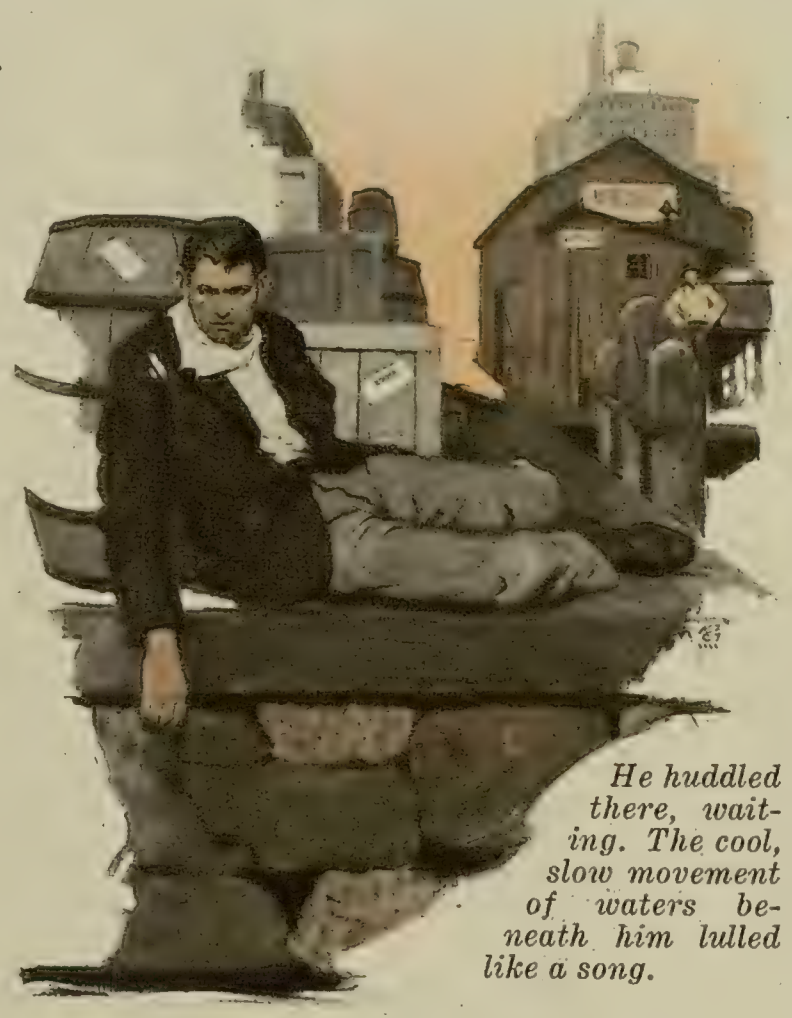
"You won't feel this way later. You're so weak now," she went on hesitantly. "Malnutrition—"

"You mean starvation."

The hurdy-gurdy's grinding wail rose again, directly under one of the windows. He recognized the old-time rhythm now:

Lucy, my lady love—
Your eyes, like stars above,
Point the way—
And seem to say,
"I'm watching over thee!"
You are my beacon light,
You guide my hopes aright,
My lady love—
Star above—
Lu-cy!

One of his own—among the last of the popular Glen Chalmers melodies. Echoes of Tin-Pan Alley, singing through its nose!



He huddled there, waiting. The cool, slow movement of waters beneath him lulled like a song.

The nurse jumped up, went over, and called from the window. The tune stopped abruptly, died away in a broken wheeze.

"That's right," the man smiled faintly when she came back; "it's nothing but a has-been."

She leaned over, smoothed his pillow.

"They will want your name and address now."

"John Smith—" he said swiftly.

"Won't you let me have the real one?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"It's of no importance to anybody—"

"Not even—to Lucy?"

He dragged himself upright, trembling with the effort.

She thrust him gently backward.

"You kept calling for her—and I thought, if I knew who she was, I might get her here."

"No—no!"

"Isn't it possible—she might want to come?"

"No."

"Don't be too sure. You never can tell—about a woman."

SHE left him then. But in the next few days she seemed to make him her particular charge. He found her at his bedside, hovering over him on the slightest pretext, as if she felt, somehow, that food and drink alone could not save him.

When he was strong enough to yield his bed to another occupant and go on his way, she refused to hand him over to an orderly, but brought his clothes herself, trying to cover their shabbiness from other eyes.

As he thrust arms into the torn shirt and then in the coat sleeves, their very feel sickened him. His hands strayed to the empty pockets. The bead he had picked up was gone. Dropped into the river, probably. It was of no consequence, anyway.

The nurse took hold of his elbow, led him down a corridor to the elevator.

"You've been so kind—I have no way to thank you," he told her.

"If only you would let me do more," she began, and halted as she saw the muscles of his jaw contract painfully. "Oh—don't misunderstand—I want just to help for a while. You're still far from being yourself."

"I know that," he answered with dry finality.

"But I mean that you ought to have rest—and care. It's not right for you to go out like this."

He looked down in amazement and saw that a sort of groping sympathy filmed her eyes.

"Thank you," he said again; "but you've done all you can."

SHE took him into the superintendent's office on the ground floor. As she gave the name, a man at the desk signed "John Smith's" release from the hospital.

"Wait a minute! This fellow has some property." The superintendent went to a steel cabinet, unlocked it, and took out an envelop. "All we found on you when you came in," he announced crisply. "Signature here, please."

Outside again in the corridor, Glen Chalmers tore open the envelop flap. Into his palm dropped a little sphere, the flushed white of a rose petal touched by dew.

"My worldly goods." He bowed above the nurse's hand. "I picked it up in the gutter just before—before I became a guest under your roof. Won't you accept it—as a little souvenir of hospitality appreciated?"

She looked down at the offering, then up at him with a quick, sharp intake of breath.

"Just exactly where did you find it?" she questioned.

"Fifth Avenue, somewhere in the Forties. I was too gone, I'm afraid, to recall the exact street. Won't you take it?"

"No! And don't you let go of it until I come back."

Like a white bird skimming out of sight, she disappeared down the corridor. When she returned, it was to hand him a newspaper folded to display in conspicuous black type:

$3,000 REWARD

For the return of large unset pearl lost Monday afternoon, April 18, from the establishment of Lowdene & Thatcher, 593½ Fifth Avenue. No questions asked.

He sat staring silently at the words.

"I read that ad this morning," came bubbling from her, "and wondered if any one would be lucky enough—"

His eyes traveled dazedly to the bead in his hand, the thing he had kicked with a broken shoe. He could not encompass all it might mean.

"And when I saw that pearl just now," she choked, "I telephoned Lowdene & Thatcher. They're sending one of their experts over here right away. But I'm sure I haven't made a mistake. I *know* it."

Still he did not speak. Self-respect. Opportunity to regain manhood. Perhaps song. Perhaps—Lucy!

He looked up, then—smiled with twisted lips.

"And I was going to kill myself," he said, "with the chance in my pocket to start life again."

Another sparkling short story by Rita Weiman will appear in next week's LIBERTY.

REVOLUTIONS

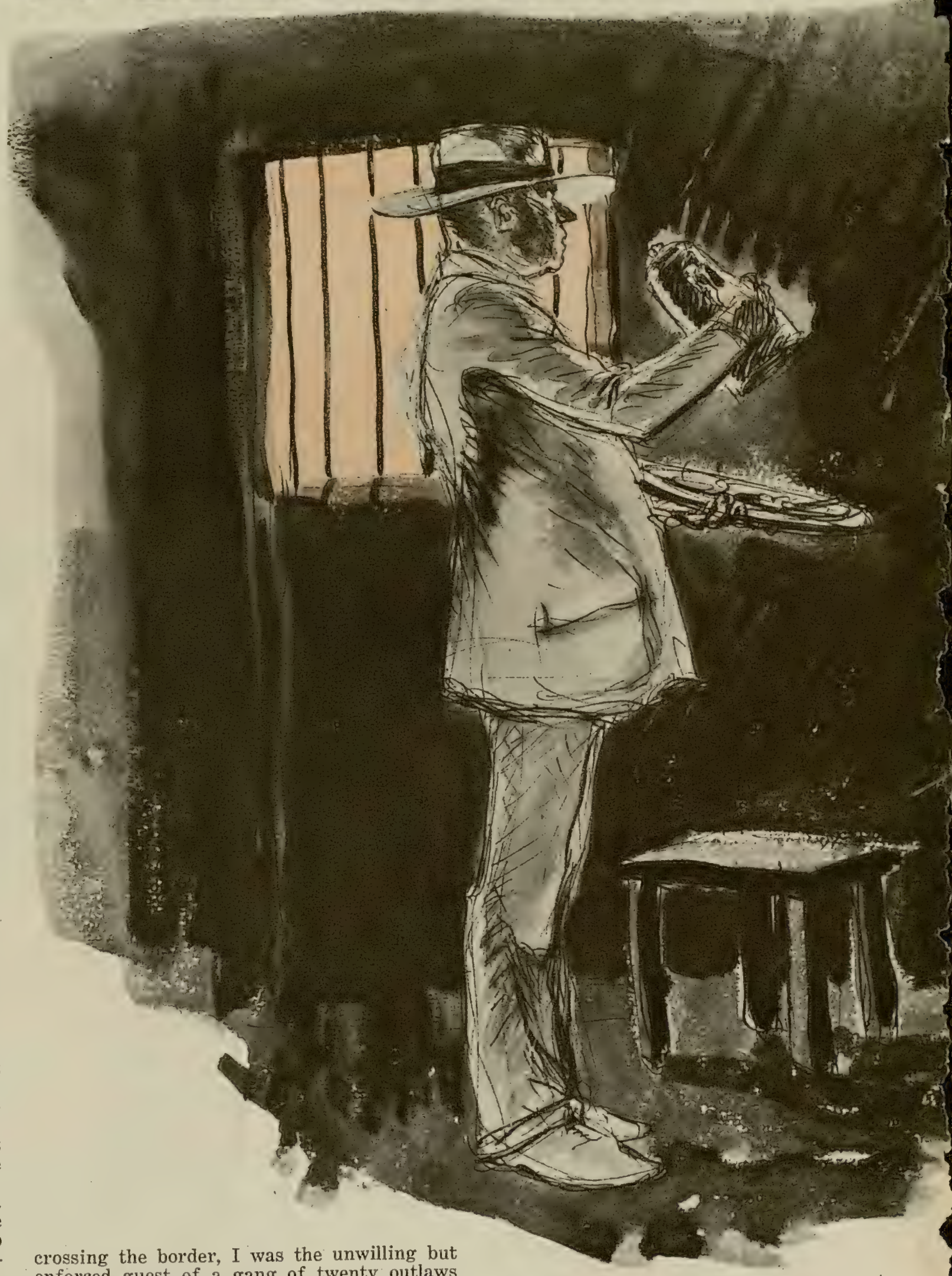
The Remarkable Experience of an American During an Uprising in Honduras

By

ALFRED BATSON

Pictures by CAPTAIN J. W. THOMASON, JR.

(Reading time: 14 minutes 35 seconds.)



THE popular belief that Central American revolutions are all of the opera-bouffe variety has as little foundation in fact as the equally erroneous idea that courage and daring are unknown below the Rio Grande.

The little brown man can and will fight. Make no mistake about that. A grand review of his army may reveal only half as many men as in an American regiment; there may not be enough uniforms to go around and there may be one general to every ten soldiers—but give him a rifle and one drink of pulque, tequila, or whatever the national drink happens to be, and your undersized Central American will face an American marine, a Berber tribesman, or what have you, and ask no odds of any one.

Nor are the armies partial to males. Indeed not. The masculine woman comes into her own in Central America.

Honduras, for example, is carrying five on the army payroll, and there isn't one of the lot who wouldn't as soon "throw lead" with any one on invitation as engage in the more prosaic rôle of housewife.

I know whereof I speak. One "threw lead" at me without invitation.

Lest adventurous souls think Nicaragua is the only country cutting up at present, be it known it's the only country one *hears* about. Revolutions are either beginning, dying, or being planned in almost every country in the American tropics, but their frequency has kept them off the front pages. News editors have become jaded.

I left Nicaragua after five months with a revolutionary army, lured by visions of a more varied diet than bananas and a craving to sleep at least two nights without interruption. Honduras was the logical place. Peaceful Honduras.

But when only two days there, I ran smack into an outbreak in a coastal town that contained everything the most lurid fictionist could wish. Humor—tragedy—suspense—a woman—and a surprise ending. Eighteen hours of continuous thrills in a blood-soaked town, one end in flames, the other a maelstrom of whanging bullets and drunken natives, and I had enough.

Guatemala beckoned. The climate was fine. The food excellent. But the constant training of machine gunners in the plaza, the more constant bugling and drilling every hour of the day, and the red tape one is subjected to if found abroad after 10 P. M., proved too much.

North again into Mexico, and five days after crossing the border, I was the unwilling but enforced guest of a gang of twenty outlaws with revolutionary propensities in the Oaxaca Mountains. Liberation came after a spirited battle with government troops in which four of mine hosts were killed.

Safe again in the United States and looking back, the most compact bit of action—the kind of revolution one reads about but doesn't believe—seems to me to have been the Honduran affair. Short though it was, for pure brutalized hellishness it exceeded anything in Nicaragua. Old-timers whispered that it was a breath of the past.

Consider the high spots: The midnight escape from jail of 149 political prisoners and their seizure of machine guns and small arms enough for five times their number. Their *en masse* invasion of *cantinas* and saloons, with subsequent lootings, burnings, killings, and worse. The hurry call for Uncle Sam's destroyers to restore law and order. The shooting in the American Consul's office that added finis to the affair, and the execution of recaptured revolutionists in the public plaza.

Not forgetting Chilqueta, a lady of the evening, and the part she played; and the two chief characters, Manuel Duron and Coronel Juan Gonzalas.

Add to this that the Honduran papers, after giving the happenings in their entirety, considered it of *ninguna importancia*, and you

à la Carte

Simultaneously there came a half-smothered cry of warning from the girl which Duron made haste to laugh off.

realize the sophistication about revolutions at which Central America has arrived.

To appreciate the story, envision the town of La Ceiba at sundown, October 22 last. The usual plaza and band-stand in the center, squared by hotels, cantinas, and stores. All whitewashed, of unplaned boards, dejected looking. The biggest building is the Paris Hotel, two stories high, longest bar in town, and on the southern corner of the plaza, at the intersection of the main street, popularly called Broadway.

Down Broadway is the one cement building the town boasts, an American-owned bank. Beyond it is the Hall of Records and the Customs House, and, farther along, the *cuartel.* The last named includes the *oficina* of the Commandancia de Armas, the jail, the armory, crammed with firearms, and the barracks of the local army detachment.

Complete this with a dinky railroad, ending in the usual wharf for banana shipping, and you have the picture—the exact duplicate of any other Central American coastal town.

Now the actors: Manuel Duron, twenty-seven, slight of build, as are most Hondurans, educated in New Orleans, wealthy family, banana farmer by parental pressure, but itinerant revolutionist by choice. When in his cups, a confessed and boasting "killer," mean with a gun, enlarged ego, and town hero with certain of the frail sisterhood.

Coronel Juan Gonzalas, fairly tall, flowing mustache, distinguished air that hints of cosmopolitanism, and an always handy .45. He described himself thusly:

"Soldier of fortune extraordinary, leader of the armed forces of the government, and at the moment on a secret mission of great importance." The secret is still his.

I met Duron at La Ceiba early in September, and liked him. Sober, he was an engaging conversationalist, and conversation in English in the tropics is too rare to be lightly passed up.

On returning to the country in October, I learned from Shorty, proprietor of the Paris, that Duron was again a guest of the government for the too free airing of his political opinions. And with him were 148 others awaiting transfer to a stronger prison in the capital.

So, feeling lonely and anxious for companionship, to the cuartel I went, and found him entertaining and being entertained by Chilqueta, queen of the local painted ladies. They can do that in Honduras. Courteous consideration pervades even the jails.

She was a bobbed-haired, black-eyed beauty of sixteen, and hastened to inform me that love had at last entered her life. Sitting on Duron's lap, her arms around his neck, she gave me to understand, confidentially, that he wouldn't be in the present predicament long. Powerful interests were behind him. A revolution wasn't far away, and with him on the throne and her as first lady of the land, "Goddam," wouldn't life be sweet? "Goddam," she'd see New York then.

Duron had just finished the dinner she had brought him, and it was necessary for me to remove the tray from the one stool the cell boasted, to sit down. In so doing, I knocked over the coffee-pot, which seemed larger than necessary and, oddly enough, proved to be empty. Nor had it contained any liquid, for I tilted it up and it was bone dry.

Simultaneously there came a half-smothered cry of warning from the girl which Duron made haste to laugh off.

"She's nervous," he explained.

She called me a bungler in Spanish, commented on my ancestry in English, and ripped out a few French phrases that left nothing to the imagination. Now, I've lived long enough in Central America to know it's always best to ask nothing about anything, so I dismissed the incident with a shrug. But it set me thinking. The previous high spirits did not return, the talk grew desultory, and after a half hour I left, promising to see them both on the morrow. I did.

LATER that evening, at the hotel, I met Gonzalas, and some one suggested cards. A chorus of *buenos,* and we retired upstairs to my room, which opened on a balcony overlooking Broadway and facing the plaza. Its contents, I had reason to recall, were few: double bed with grass mattress and mosquito net above, washstand, and round table in the center.

Who won or lost is immaterial. Shorty joined us about midnight. The only sound breaking the stillness was the half-hourly bugle from the cuartel and the occasional low voices of policemen from the corner below. The town had retired hours before. Star-filled sky, huge moon, and cool breezes from off the sea. A typical tropic night.

Suddenly from up Broadway came the sound of a shot. It was plainly a .45, and not a .30-.30 with which the police were equipped. It brought the game to an instantaneous standstill. We all half rose. The policemen's voices were stilled. There was nothing further for several moments, and the game resumed. Some drunken reveler—

Then came another shot; then several in quick succession, and the sound of guttural voices and smashing wood from the cuartel. Something was wrong.

Instantly we heard police whistles, the sharp cracks of their rifles, and the shouts of the police, running up the street. Shorty and the others—all save the Coronel—made a break for the stairs. I kicked the balcony shutters together and instinctively reached for the light, but before I could smash it, the Coronel—it happened in less time than it takes to tell—drew his pistol, spun the chamber, locked it,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[REVOLUTIONS A LA CARTE
Continued from Page Thirteen]

and made a flying dive for my bed. Grasping the mattress, he slid off the far side, dragging mosquito netting and pillows on behind. He wriggled to the bottom—then his head emerged, for all the world like a huge turtle, and—he smiled. It's funny to me now. It wasn't then.

Meanwhile the din outside had increased. More shooting and more voices each minute. I was too taken by surprise to do anything but extinguish the light and spring to the shutters, which had blown open. But the scene below was too thrilling to leave, and, lying flat on my stomach, I peered through the iron railing.

Across the plaza came a group of police, heading for the corner below and stopping momentarily to fire at anything they saw move. Rounding into Broadway they faced a scattered firing, but kept on.

Suddenly the leader stopped short, swayed, grabbed his middle, and wilted to the gutter.

THE others sought shelter behind projecting stoops, doors, and telegraph poles, and kept working up the street. The cuartel was the goal.

The noise up the street continued. More pistol-firing and more wood-smashing. The town was awakening. Heads popped out of windows and as quickly withdrew when bullets crashed in nearby woodwork.

It was getting warmer every minute.

Down the far side of the plaza came racing what looked, in the half light like a group of twoscore natives, headed by a man in a white shirt. The corner light below had long since been shot out, but by the one over the plaza band-stand his identity was apparent—General Ramon Ortega, a participant in numerous revolutions.

The white shirt proved to be a striped pajama jacket, and he had just taken time to pull on his pants. Two holsters hung from his waist and a gun was barking in each hand. I recalled that he was the town *commandante*, accountable to the government for what was happening.

Suddenly the wood-tearing and -ripping, that was still distinguishable above the shooting, ceased. A moment's silence from the cuartel. Then a husky cheer from what seemed a thousand throats. Silence again for several moments, and then came the dreaded snapping clack of a machine gun—another—a rain of lead seemed to pour through the street below, and all hell was loose.

Some one had been caught napping. It was obviously a jail break, and with the revolutionists in possession of the town's store of guns, anything might happen. I thought of Duron, Chilqueta and her outburst, and the Nicaragua I had left in search of rest.

The girl had spoken of outside aid—hinted that half the country was ready to spring to arms. This was obviously the beginning.

The Ortega crowd reached the corner and poured into the street just in time to receive the first machine-gun volley. I counted nine who went down to stay. Several others were crawling away to shelter. A man behind a telegraph pole suddenly spun half around, clutched at his face, and what I saw was not pleasant. He wasn't twenty feet from me.

I could hear Ortega telling some one to get the two machine guns cached at his home for such an emergency. They foolishly started across the street, and one went down. Another sprang to take his place before he reached the ground.

Diagonally opposite me a woman raced from a doorway to drag a wounded man to shelter. While bending over him, something ripped into her with a crunch I could plainly hear, and she melted down on him like a wax model in a fire.

A bullet from the cuartel glanced off the iron rail at my head with a disconcerting clang. Ortega was shouting for his men to branch out and approach the cuartel from the bank.

Standing on the porch was an armed officer of the United States Navy.

The plaza light flickered and drew my attention. By it I could see shadowy forms bent and twisted in grotesque shapes, struggling across the cement walks to safety. One was a shawled woman carrying a baby.

From the opposite corner of the plaza came a new burst of firing. Just a handful—five. On they came, tearing across the center of the park to join Ortega. Doubtless staid business men of the town, out to defend their homes. In their center was a bulky shape, awkward to carry—a machine gun.

But when halfway across, they paused; up the steps of the band-stand they sprang and huddled together in the center over the gun.

SO quickly was it done—so interested were those below in the cuartel—that the five came unnoticed. Then it came to me: A flank on Ortega! But the nerve of attempting it! It meant certain death.

The gun spat viciously. I screamed to those below, but the sound was lost. Not until several had gone down, struck from behind, was the new menace noticed. Ortega's voice still roared above the din. I heard him direct firing on the band-stand. Never mind the cuartel. Put that gun in the park out of commission.

They poured lead through the band-stand roof. They made a mess of its latticed bottom. They tried rushing it—but still the hail continued. They rushed it again—several of them. They didn't even get across the street to the plaza side. The flame-spitting nose swerved downward, right, left, and it was over.

By one of the anomalies of war, the light above the band-stand continued flickering. One of the occupants tried to retreat down the steps to the shelter of a near-by bench, but a dozen bullets brought him down.

The three-cornered duel continued. I wondered how long the indomitable machine gunner could keep the fast pace up. His gun would heat—it might jam—

But a bullet from this very gun, crashing through the wall above me, brought me to my senses. Another followed, and it was time to seek safety.

I took one last look out over the plaza and got the thrill of my life. A cigaret dangling from his lips, his black hair awry in excitement, and his voice screaming defiance, the latest Presidential aspirant was going "in" over the dead bodies of his enemies.

Other bullets were plowing into the adobe wall of the bar, and the fight was hard to leave. The last thing I heard was Ortega shouting the order for a retreat. Lucky to have any one to retreat. The *coup d'état* was evidently successful.

But where was safety? Then I recalled the Coronel. Not once had he uttered a sound. Crawling along the floor, I found him still where he had landed. Motionless and silent. If he spoke, I don't remember it. I asked for a corner of the mattress—my mattress. Nothing doing.

I squirmed away, to lie prone behind the washstand, musing on coronels and politicians.

WITHOUT a sound of warning, the door burst open and Shorty rushed in.

"Duron's busted out!" he screamed. "They got the cuartel. Get down below."

Then to the Coronel, whose head had again appeared, he said something in Spanish, and, before I could reach the stairs, the "soldier of fortune extraordinary, leader of the armed forces of the government," etc., bounded out ahead of me.

I was close enough behind to run through the barroom and see Juan, the yard boy, saddle a badly scared horse. The Coronel mounted and dashed through the open back gate to disappear in the darkness.

The firing was slowing down. Shorty said Ortega had been driven out. The ex-jailbirds of an hour before were in possession.

"But the town ain't Honduras," he added. "This ain't over. You'll see soldiers pilin' in here tomorrow. That's where Paul Revere's gone. An' if Mister Duron's wise he'll take to the bush while he can."

Before an hour the shooting in the streets had ceased. Excited voices were still chattering, and we cautiously opened a door and peered out. A dozen bodies lay within the block. Many more were on the corner where Ortega had been. The plaza was filled with wildly gesticulating natives, all heavily armed and filled with a swaggering braggadocio.

Duron appeared. I wanted to *viva* him. Shorty proposed a drink. But the only recognition we got was an order to close the bar door and serve drinks to no one. All lights were to be turned on and no one was to leave his house on pain of being shot. The wounded would be taken care of. The best thing for us to do, being foreigners, was to get inside, close the door, and mind our own business.

We agreed. Once secluded, Shorty waxed eloquent.

"You know, Duron's a good guy," he said.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE SEVENTEEN]

Here is the most popular soup in the world!

All the rich tomato goodness! The pure, tonic tomato juices. The luscious, nourishing tomato meat. Strained to a smooth puree and blended with golden butter. Seasoned by French chefs famous for their skill. That's Campbell's Tomato Soup—every spoonful a delight to the appetite. 12 cents a can.

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LOS ANGELES

Candy Makers to the American Nation

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FOURTEEN]

"They're all good guys, and why they have to fool with politics, I don't see. The President's all right; best they had in years. But somebody's always tryin' to throw him out. The outs want to get in, and the ins want to stay in, and that's the way it goes."

Hardly had the shooting died out when the cantina next door was broken in by an eager mob. We heard them fighting and shouting, and for the next hour the success-crazed mob drank to its victory. Women's voices were added to the din. It was to be a morning of revelry, sensuality, and then—who cared?

On the other side of the town was the Hall of Records. Thither they went. Soon it was in flames. No more arrests. Next came the Customs House. Down went the doors, a side wall ripped out, and in they swarmed.

Each emerged with his arms filled with booty. Packages, surprises, what not. A middle-aged man came clattering through the street pushing a lawn-mower. He ran it around the block and then it was pushed aside. Back he went for something else.

This was the life. Always eating. Always drinking. Always women. Never work. *Viva!*

Once the sun appeared, Shorty and I ventured forth, but not until we had carefully wrapped ourselves in American flags.

"They'll shoot a white man for the fun of it," Shorty said, "but they won't shoot a flag."

So we went to see what was left of the little town.

From end to end it was a mass of twisted, broken débris. Windows smashed, fences broken, and discarded loot strewn everywhere. In the bushes were several bodies, carefully tossed out of sight after clothing had been pilfered. More were scattered about the streets, blood-soaked and unclaimed.

BUT one house stood as the rock of Gibraltar —the Rainbow Club, Chilqueta's headquarters. Its resources were being strained. Heroes of the night before, a painted lady on each knee, were tasting the sweets of victory. And inside a tin-pan talking-machine was playing Nobody Knows How Sad I've Been—but Jesus.

And on a corner I met Duron. His arrogance of the early morning had vanished. The outside aid that was promised had failed to materialize, and he realized that his situation was precarious. He was interested only in getting certain of his loot out of town—several machine guns, ammunition, and an iron-bound box from the Customs House.

Chilqueta was with him, and with a score of trusted followers they planned a flight to the interior. The guns would be buried, cached for the next revolution—and then—

About noon Juan brought news. Several boats had put ashore east of the town and were landing soldiers. Though less than one hundred in number, they were more than a match for Duron's forces, and he knew it.

But the west was open, and thither he dispatched his trusted few with the guns and loot. He would put up as strong a defense as possible to cover their flight, then overtake them with a fast horse.

Duron then proceeded to round up his defense and found the result worse than he dared to believe. Though more than twoscore assembled in the plaza, less than half the number were in any condition to face government troops. The curse of victory was on them.

Meanwhile the plight of La Ceiba had been made known all along the coast, and from the larger towns soldiers were dispatched to aid in its recapture.

By midafternoon they arrived on the outskirts, circled the town, and joined those from the east. The result was obvious; the capture easier than they expected. Duron's defense was half-hearted; it became a rout, a shambles.

Escape was impossible now and only too well did Duron know what his fate would be should he fall into the hands of his enemies. But his brain had evolved a plan.

To the American Consul he went, arriving just behind a United States naval officer who announced the presence of his ship in the harbor to protect American property and restore law and order, should it be required.

The revolutionary zone of Central America, showing La Ceiba.

The Consul heard Duron's unique plea—that because of his leadership of the revolution and because of the subsequent lootings by his companions, over whom he had no control, he dared not surrender to the Honduran authorities. Could he find protection under the American flag pending the appointment of a just tribunal to try his case?

The situation was ticklish. A man's life was in the balance. But he had not hesitated to take life the night before. The Consul had to be sure of his stand. A wire to Washington would settle all questions. Duron sat down to await his fate.

In LIBERTY Next Week Read—

MUSSOLINI

Idol of Women

By Alice Rohe

A WOMAN who has known Il Duce well since the days of his obscurity here paints an amazing and little revealed side of his character.

Read how titled beauties of ancient Italian lineage look upon the Fascist Dictator.

IN NEXT WEEK'S LIBERTY

Meanwhile the newly arrived government troops were intent on a man hunt such as Honduras had seldom seen. In houses they went, stores, the church, probing, turning, looking, and dragging forth from obscure hiding-places revolutionistas too inebriated to resist capture. There was a round-up on the plaza and a bugler was dispatched around the town to announce the day's feature and summon an audience.

Word got to the hotel that Duron was at the American Consulate and that a crowd had gathered outside anxious for his blood. Ortega was said to have returned, seeking revenge. Duron's case seemed hopeless.

I found a worse scene there than I had pictured. Ortega was outside, surrounded by a crowd of armed natives, demanding Duron. Nothing would appease them but blood. They encircled the house. I wondered why they didn't rush it. Then I saw.

Standing on the porch, arms akimbo, was an armed officer of the United States Navy. A starred and barred flag was standing in the yard below on a short pole. He was waiting for them to rush over it. But they didn't. One lone man and one small piece of bunting against half a hundred or more.

I managed to push my way through the mob, gained the porch, and continued inside, to find Duron and the Consul, J. E. Walsh. The scene was highly dramatic. Walsh sat on one side of his desk, Duron on the other. Duron was half smiling—confident. Walsh maintained a poker face. Outside, a yelling mob, a sailor, and—a flag.

When the answer came from Washington, I was standing in an anteroom talking with a clerk. We heard the boy rush up the steps and bolt through the door to Walsh; then came the tearing of paper. There was silence.

Then, distinctly, came Duron's voice, even and serene, asking where he could wash his hands. Walsh directed him outside, along a narrow hall. He arose, and we heard his step, steady and unfaltering. He was saved. The mob would not be fed.

I was rushing out to congratulate him, when there came a sudden roar, a stifled cry, and something crashed to the floor, so near by that the frail house seemed to quiver. Walsh rushed into the hall; I followed, and the officer closed in from the porch, pistol drawn. The mob paused, listening.

We found Duron just outside the bathroom, in a pool of blood. A smoking pistol was clutched in his hand. There was a jagged hole in the back of his head.

Only Walsh spoke: "I didn't have the heart to tell him. I just passed him the telegram."

THE crowd outside was growing larger. Word spread quickly, and up the street came a new mob, twice the size of the one present. In its van was a white-uniformed figure, striding with majestic tread. A glorious vision. Bowing to the rabble, it continued to the Consulate, and I had to touch it to make sure. None other. Our friend of the mattress episode. El Coronel Juan Gonzalas, "soldier of fortune extraordinary," etc.

"Where were you last night?" I asked. His face paled slightly, but he was equal to the occasion. "I had to go home for my uniform," was the startling reply.

And I looked at the uniform. Written on each side of the collar in red thread was the name of an American fruit company. A discarded waiter's livery.

Once the suicide became known, the crowd assembled in the plaza. The bugling was finished. Half the town had turned out for the performance. The people were not disappointed.

A file of soldiers pressed forward, pushing, kicking, and in some cases supporting what had been found of Duron's companions. They were backed against the band-stand. A firing-squad was told off quickly, and the white-uniformed leader gave the signal.

"*Sufficiencio!*" The revolution was dead.

As we were leaving, the Coronel approached.

"I'm now interested," he said, "in clearing up the mystery of where Duron got the pistol."

"What pistol?"

"The pistol that started the revolution! Some one smuggled one in to him at the cuartel. He called the guard to his cell door, shot him, stuck his arm through the bars, secured the keys, and liberated the others."

I thought for a moment. "Any success?"

"No," was the answer. "But I'm beginning to think he borrowed it from the foolish guard."

I hadn't the heart to set him right. The secret belongs to you, me, and a certain dusky lady of sixteen, who was last heard from in Guatemala. Keep it.

THE END

The form divine, as the ancients saw it in Venus de Milo, and as a modern Paris fashion magazine sketches it.

The SEXLESS *figure*

Protesting Against the Abolition of the Feminine Form

An Article by

PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

PRINCESS Alexandra Kropotkin (above), writer of this article, is a daughter of the late Prince Peter Alexivitch Kropotkin, noted geographer and revolutionist. She was born in England, while her father was there in exile, and traces her ancestry back to Russian nobility which antedated the Romanoffs.

(Reading time: 11 minutes.)

THIS is an article in defense of fat women. Or, rather, of the few who elect to remain fat, and who do not spend their lives chasing the attenuated ideal of the present-day figure.

Since coming to the United States I have heard nearly as much conversation on the subject of reducing—the methods and devious forms of torture to be pursued—as on the ways and means of getting drinks. Since drink hates me, I have been able to concentrate on the other subject. And as I aspire to be neither a mannequin nor a fat lady in a circus, my interest in the subject is purely platonic. It is well to make this point clear.

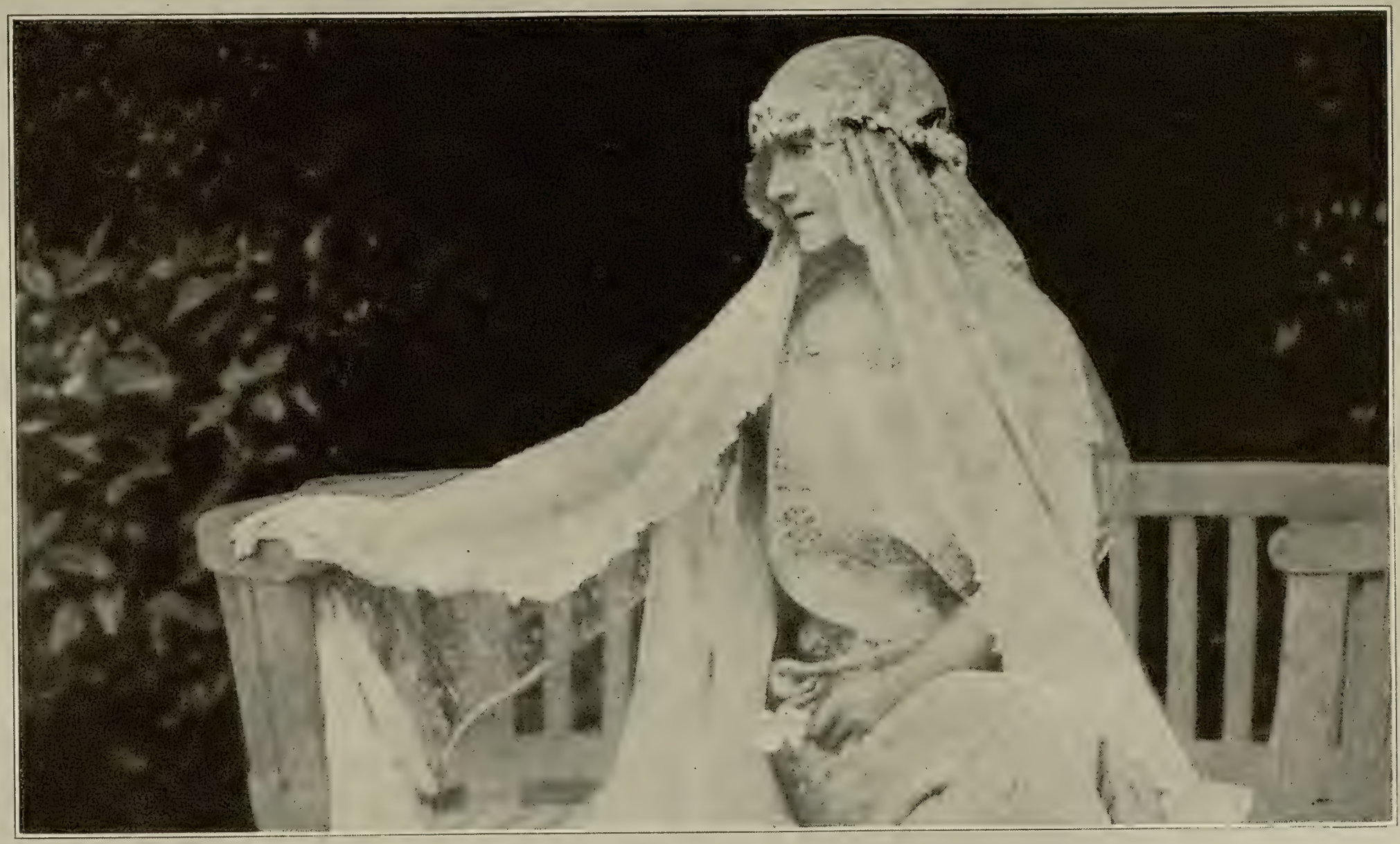
After listening to countless conversations wherever women congregate in their unadulterated masses, reducing is, I realize, almost a religion or cult. I have met its high priests, its disciples, and martyrs. I have received instruction in the ideal of perfection, and the forms of ritual have been revealed to me.

After a while I decided it might be interesting to collect some male opinions on the subject. So I evolved an ingratiating formula, which I inserted, sooner or later, in my conversations with all men whom I met:

"Do you prefer a handful or an armful?"

I found that, with sufficient diplomacy, this did not lead to an undue amount of misunderstanding, and I can honestly say that, with a

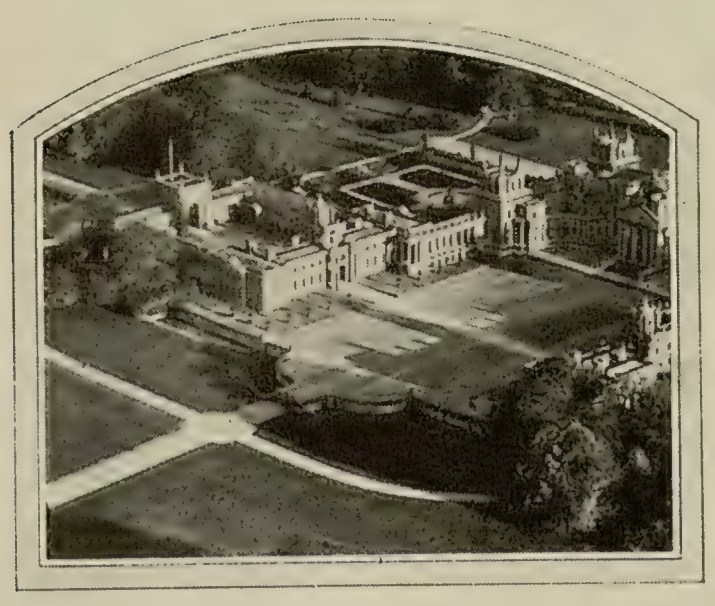
[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-ONE]



Her Grace in the priceless gown of ivory lace she wore at her wedding, which took place in the historic gardens of Blenheim Palace

The Duchess of Marlborough

formerly MISS GLADYS DEACON of BOSTON



Blenheim House—the palace of the Dukes of Marlborough near Oxford—was erected in 1723

HER GRACE, the Duchess of Marlborough, is one of the first peeresses of England. An American by birth, noted for her great beauty, she is the charming mistress of historic Blenheim Palace, manor of the Dukes of Marlborough for over two hundred years.

Among the women of her exalted station traditions play a large part, and the beauty of exquisite grooming is a matter of daily etiquette none would dream of neglecting. The Duchess herself particularly stresses the need of a clear, fresh skin.

Tells how to keep the Tradition of Beauty

"Down to the modern woman," she says, "the social leaders of every age thought that beauty, like a delicate hothouse flower, must be sheltered. The woman of social prominence today guards her complexion, too, but not with veils and parasols. Instead she strides through wind and sun and frosty air, her skin exquisitely cared for with Pond's Two Creams."

And the Duchess adds, "For my own part they keep my complexion vigorous and healthy."

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE EIGHTEEN]

few exceptions, I found that the semimasculine figure so dear to the heart of the modern woman is not so lureful or tempting to the modern man as women fondly imagine.

Why, then, this ideal, and the conviction of its irresistibility to the male, when so much evidence exists to disprove the assumption? For whom all this starvation, these ascetic privations, and general misery?

Of course, beauty is an aim in itself. But I doubt whether the sylphlike figure aimed at by so many women expresses their own devotion to beauty so much as it embodies their hope of conquest.

Fashions are set, so they say, by the great French couturiers; and it is true that, after watching the parade of fashions in any French establishment, even a normal hipline seems as gross and blatant as that of a Rubens houri. Every ounce of flesh removes you many miles from the perfection of beauty undulating before your eyes.

YET, the French creators of these fashions vehemently deny their admiration of the sexless figure for which their creations seem especially designed. They tell us that the ideal feminine figure is the supple, small-boned woman with properly developed bust and hips. Suppleness, not emaciation, is the ideal.

Fausse maigre—the false thin—is the perfect type. But the best clients of the French dressmakers are the American and English women, whose sport-modified figures are based, undoubtedly, on the ideal of the figure of the young boy. To them the great artists in clothes are forced to cater, while bitterly protesting against their demands.

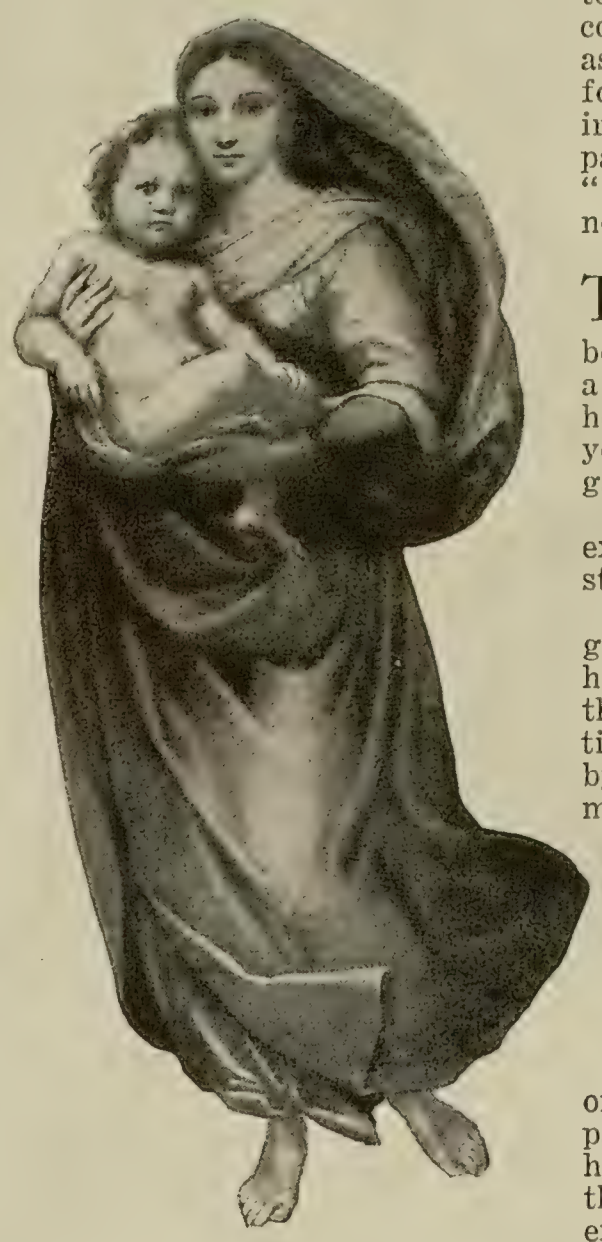
I have not seen any women among the best class of Frenchwomen wearing these exaggerated models built for the sexless figure. Not even the stars of the French stage are responsible for the flat-chested, hipless travesty of woman, though most of them convey the impression of extreme slenderness and graceful flexibility—an impression which is created by the art of their motions and the poise of their bodies and not through the underdevelopment of the chief characteristics of the female body and the overdevelopment of muscles.

Even the figure of the young girl as portrayed by French artists and lauded by the dressmakers is only slender in its immaturity. It is never sexless; it shows promise of development.

This very modern figure, in itself a recent ideal, has, of course, certain upholders in Paris also. But these are to be found only among a certain element from which healthy people have nothing to learn. The queens of the world where everything normal is anathematized do certainly, in many cases, personify the ideal of a youthful male figure.

On the other hand, these women, and the men who admire them, admire also and aim toward the suppression of all the normal functions of a woman. Sterility, in their minds, is an essential for the conservation of the beauty of woman.

Taking it for granted that no such aim consciously actuates the American woman in her desire to keep or attain the modern figure, one arrives at the conclusion that



The Sistine Madonna, Raphael's conception of the perfect mother.

it appeals to her as the symbol of youth. But it is one of the ironies of nature that the very pursuit of such an ideal leads, through its ritual of starvation, to the destruction of that which is the greatest asset of youth—namely, health.

Every doctor can quote innumerable cases of women with, at best, frayed nerves, and, in the worst instances, completely ruined health, as the result of the rigorous starvation to which so many women resort in their race for fleeting youth. I was amazed that the first question a doctor put to me, when I succumbed to an attack of neuralgia almost immediately after my arrival in New York, was:

"Have you been reducing or cutting out anything in your diet?"

I LEARNED with astonishment of the number of cases he attended which were directly attributed to reducing. There are lurid stories, by the bushel, of the evil consequences of rigorous dieting, too many Turkish baths, and so on.

One of the most famous beauties of New York is now in a sanatorium, her health completely ruined. I remember seeing her, at a dinner party given in her honor, dine on one cup of very weak tea and a thin wafer.

But more serious even than the health question is the terrible state of temper that seems invariably to accompany strict starvation. I found a delightful friend of mine an entirely changed human being when I visited her after an interval of a year. When I had last seen her she was a gay, comfortable-looking woman of about forty. She looked less than her age, owing to her animation and charming coloring, her energy and enthusiasm, the result of good health. I found an emaciated, loose-skinned, irritable, unnaturally chic and painted elderly woman. That word "elderly" was one which I had never associated with her before.

TRUE, her silhouette was more fashionable—and, viewed from behind, she could be mistaken for a very much younger woman. But her face undid any impression of youthfulness which her figure gave.

The perfect harmony that had existed between her and her jolly, stoutish husband was almost gone.

"For heaven's sake, can't you get Julia to lay off her reducing?" he said to me, the first moment that we were alone. "I'm positively being driven out of the house by her irritability. She begrudges me every mouthful I take—and what is a meal, anyway, if some one isn't enjoying it with you?"

At dinner that night I understood his vehemence. Julia sat nibbling some especially prepared bread and playing with a microscopic bit of sole on her plate—her only food. With patient weariness she watched her husband and me eat our way through what was a shadow of the excellent dinners she once gave. I felt myself labeled as gross, greedy, and incapable of any understanding of the higher beauties of life.

The experts on reducing who invent these cures for women ought to provide, if they do not wish to be responsible for wrecked homes, new husbands who can dine off the aroma of the wife's sole.

If only the sacred fire of gathering disciples did not go hand in hand with the desire for reducing, all might be well. But, as a great many men know to their sorrow, a new figure affects women very much as a new house. She wants everything about her new. And, since she can't give her husband away, she tries to make him over to the same ideal she is chasing herself.

The ordering of meals invariably becomes distasteful to anyone who is deliberately starving. The best and most succulent meals are invariably those ordered by a woman who herself enjoys food. The old advice, "Feed the brute," given to a young bride by her experienced mother, is still, I believe, one of the best ways of keeping a husband.

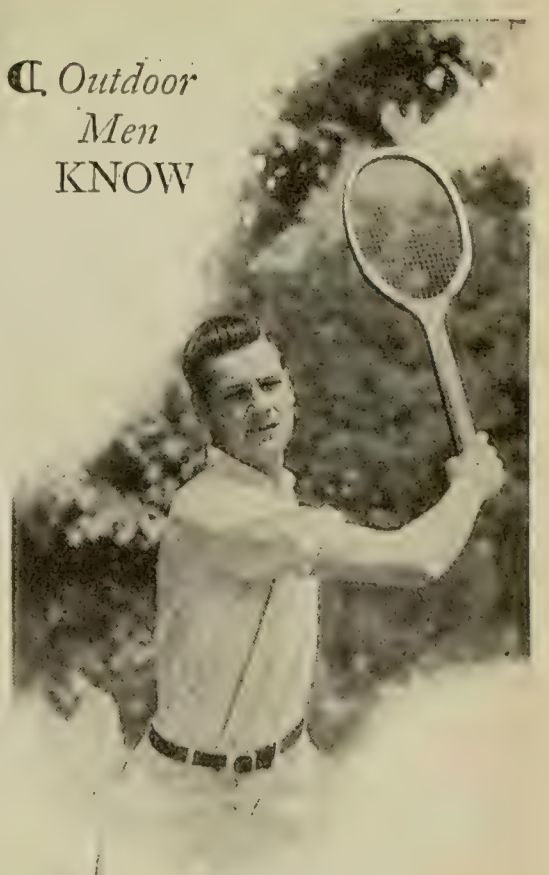
I was much amused some months ago, while talking to one of the most famous restaurant-keepers in Paris, to hear him quote the advice that the old *curé* of Arles in France used to give his women parishioners:

"Always cook your husband a good Sunday dinner and you'll hold him fast."

Nothing in the world produces an atmosphere of peace and well-

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-FOUR]

¶ *Outdoor Men* KNOW



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Aqua Velva—a pure, clear, amber-hued liquid made expressly for after-shaving—is the result of 87 years of study of what is best for the skin.

For a free trial simply write, "Aqua Velva", on a postcard and address The J. B. Williams Co., Dept. 69A, Glastonbury, Conn., U.S.A. (Canadian address 1114 St. Patrick Street, Montreal).

Made by the makers of Williams Shaving Cream

Williams Aqua Velva

For use after shaving

Aqua Velva sells in large 5 ounce bottles for 50c in the U. S. A. By mail postpaid on receipt of price in case your dealer is out of it

Keep Teeth Free of FILM

Then Smiles Attract With Dazzling Whiteness

In this special way dentists urge you to REMOVE FILM every day

Send Coupon for 10-Day Tube Free

(*See Opposite Page*)

A DAILY TASK of sturdy Jackie Bedford is the bringing of the mail. One other thing he does each day and that's to brush his teeth with Pepsodent.

ARE your teeth "off color," dull—lustreless? Do you feel that you are more prone to tooth and gum disorders than the ordinary person?

New Light on These Conditions

Modern dental research has recently thrown a new light on both those conditions.

Dull teeth are traced *in their entirety* to a film that forms on teeth. A dingy film which ordinary brushing does not effectively combat.

Many serious tooth and gum disturbances are traced almost as completely to the same source—*film*.

As a result, an utterly different way of tooth cleansing—Pepsodent—is, largely on dental advice, being adopted by thousands.

Most Teeth are Film Coated

Run your tongue across your teeth. You will feel a film; a slippery, slimy coating.

This film, it has been found, absorbs discolorations. And thus makes otherwise clear teeth dull and dingy.

This film, it is now known, clings to teeth *too stubbornly* for usual ways of cleansing to combat. It gets into crevices and stays. It is an ever-forming, ever-present menace in your mouth, say dental authorities.

Germs, Tartar, Pyorrhea, Decay

Germs breed and multiply in that film. The acids of decay are invited. Those germs, with tartar, are the definitely proved cause of pyorrhea.

Before effective means of removing film were found, tooth and gum troubles were constantly on the increase. Old ways had failed lamentably.

NOW—A Special Film-Removing Dentifrice

After long and exhaustive research, dental science finally found effective film-removing agents. And that changed tooth-cleansing habits.

Those film-removing agents are embodied in Pepsodent; a tooth paste *different in composition and effect from any other known.*

AS NEW TEETH COME it's all-important to keep them white and free of film, the dentist tells wee Vera Crowley. For this purpose be sure you ask for Pepsodent.

Developed in consultation with high dental authorities, Pepsodent meets the dominant dental exactments of today in modern tooth and gum protection.

How It Acts

Pepsodent curdles that film; then thoroughly, as ordinary brushing never has done or never can do, *removes it from the teeth.*

Then Pepsodent—embodying gum-protective elements which mark the most recent science knows—acts to firm the gums to healthy, coral firmness.

Then it acts to multiply the alkalinity of the mouth's saliva; thus keeping the mouth clean, thus fighting the acids of decay.

That is how the great tooth and gum beautifying and protective factors are provided in a highly specialized, prophylactic way.

Accept Test

Teeth can never be white, or smiles glistening, unless film is removed at least TWICE DAILY from the teeth.

Teeth and gums can never be protected properly against decay, gum troubles and their serious aftermath unless film is combated regularly.

Send coupon for 10-day tube. Note how film is removed, how gums start to firm and harden. You'll agree that Pepsodent, along with regular attention from your dentist, marks the utmost in a dentifrice.

P E P

(*Above*) HEAVE HO! and Misses Clarke, Palmer and Duffield are doing their best. (Just a chance situation that pictures three lovely smiles kept gleaming bright each day by Pepsodent.)

(*Above*) MISS LORRAINE JOHNSON and "By" Chamberlain follow a championship match at Glencoe Golf Club. Smiles like theirs result from regular daily use of Pepsodent.

Those Smiles You Envy

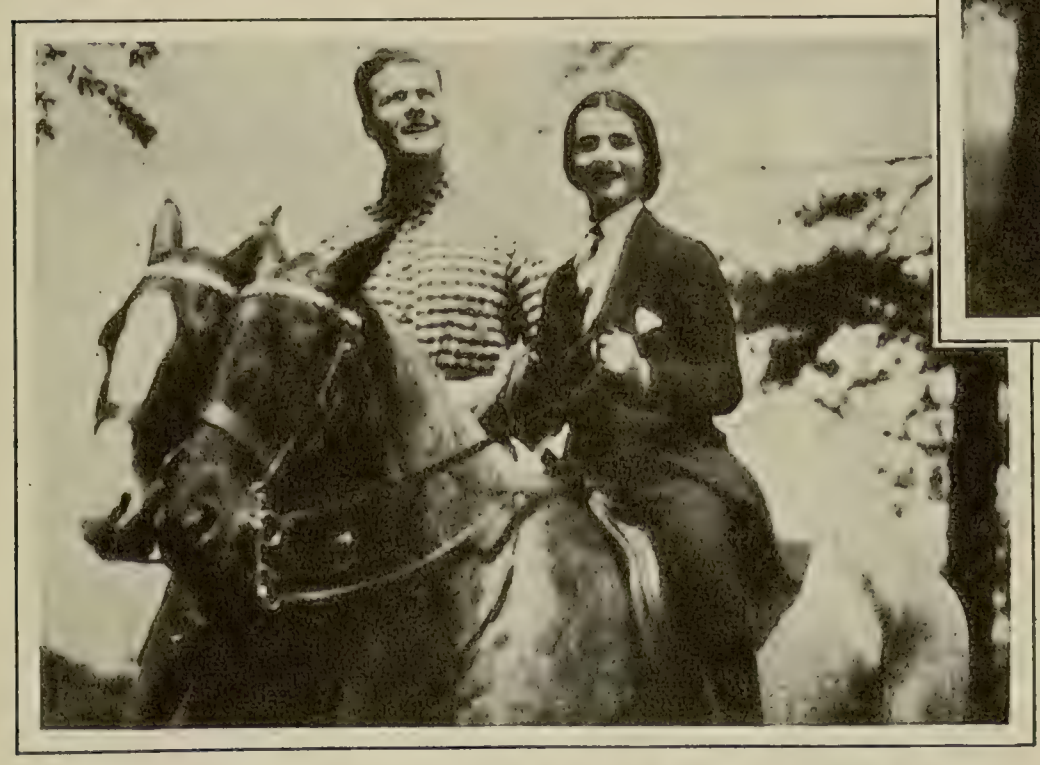
Reveal Film-Free Teeth So White and Sparkling

SMILES depend on gleaming, clear teeth. And that means film-free teeth. Thus thousands make the use of this special Film-Removing Dentifrice—Pepsodent—a twice a day habit.

As a result, there are many more attractive smiles today, by far, than a few years ago. People have learned the importance of cleansing teeth of dingy film at least *twice* every day.

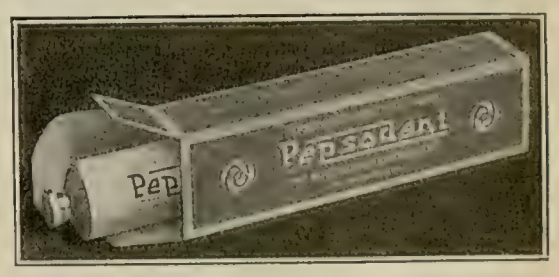
Urged by dentists as important in dental prophylaxis, this new-day way in tooth care has thus become, too, one of the great factors in modern beauty culture.

(*Above*) FINDING THE BULLSEYE is the trick in archery which recently has become so popular. With smiles made bright by Pepsodent, Miss Ruth Denton proves a likely and enchanting pupil.



(*Left*) GRACE DALTON AND GERALD JOHNSTON ride out early to enjoy the autumn tingle in the air. Health like theirs goes hand in hand with glorious smiles kept bright by daily use of Pepsodent.

FREE—10-DAY TUBE



Mail coupon to

The Pepsodent Co.,
Dept. 1262, 1104 S. Wabash Ave.,
Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

Other Offices: The Pepsodent Co.
191 George St. . . . . **Toronto** 2, Can.
42 Southwark Bridge Rd. . . **London**, S.E. 1, Eng.
(Australia), Ltd., 137 Clarence St. **Sydney**, N. S. W.

Only one tube to a family 2606

S O D E N T

[THE SEXLESS FIGURE
Continued from Page Twenty-one]

being so much as a well set table and a palatable and satisfactory meal. And the woman who can conjure up this meal is rarely of the angular, emaciated, nerve-racked type.

It is a curious fact that almost any one of us, when asked at random to cast back in our childhood memories and to say what woman stands out as the most comfortable and pleasant, recollects some ample bosom and well cushioned arm to which we flew with our childhood troubles. Mother, Aunty, nurse, or cook, who consoled our griefs, were never of the dieting, masculine-figure type.

CLEOPATRA, whom the whole world knows chiefly for her vampishness, must, after all, judging from the number of children she bore, have been of fairly ample dimensions. (Two of her four children were twins.) It is recorded that one of her methods of keeping the affections of Mark Antony was to stage gorgeous banquets at which an enormous amount of food was served. We have no evidence that she abstained from absorbing her share of it.

But, to return to ourselves. Comfortable furniture is an essential feature in a home. A trick almost as irritating as that of sitting before an empty plate with a martyred air is the habit the reducing fiend develops of affecting straight-backed, comfortless chairs. She eyes any one—her family and husband first of all—with acrid distaste if they lounge at ease in a padded armchair.

It is an interesting trait of psychology that denying the flesh in matters of food almost invariably brings an ascetic distaste for all comforts.

A constant concentration on the pursuit of a personal and selfish ideal can not fail to have a disastrous influence on any character. Indulgence in any form produces self-centeredness. The effect of drugs or a continuous preoccupation with one's figure differs not so greatly, in the end. The result is the exclusion of others from the orbit of your interests.

The slim young things of modern jazz days.

There comes, as I write, the memory of the lean, wolfhound body of a well known Englishwoman of my acquaintance. This lady is an active social worker with a brilliant cut-glass smile and very definite views on how people should live. I once accepted an invitation to dine at her house.

The barren floors of her large and very empty rooms echoed our footsteps. The terrible expanse of white walls and the chaste, austere hangings chilled one almost as much as the glacial atmosphere of the house itself.

The dinner that was served partook, somehow, of the general austerity emanating from the hostess as she nibbled biscuits. She told us that she believed in cold bedrooms, hard mattresses, and plain food. Her ideal was to sleep with her head, not upon a pillow, but upon a wooden block such as the Japanese use. Her husband was, she added, going to Japan shortly and would send her one back.

I prefer the lady whose picture comes to me through a letter from a friend. This friend was urged, against her will, to go on a diet, as she is rather heavy. A ten days' struggle was enough for her.

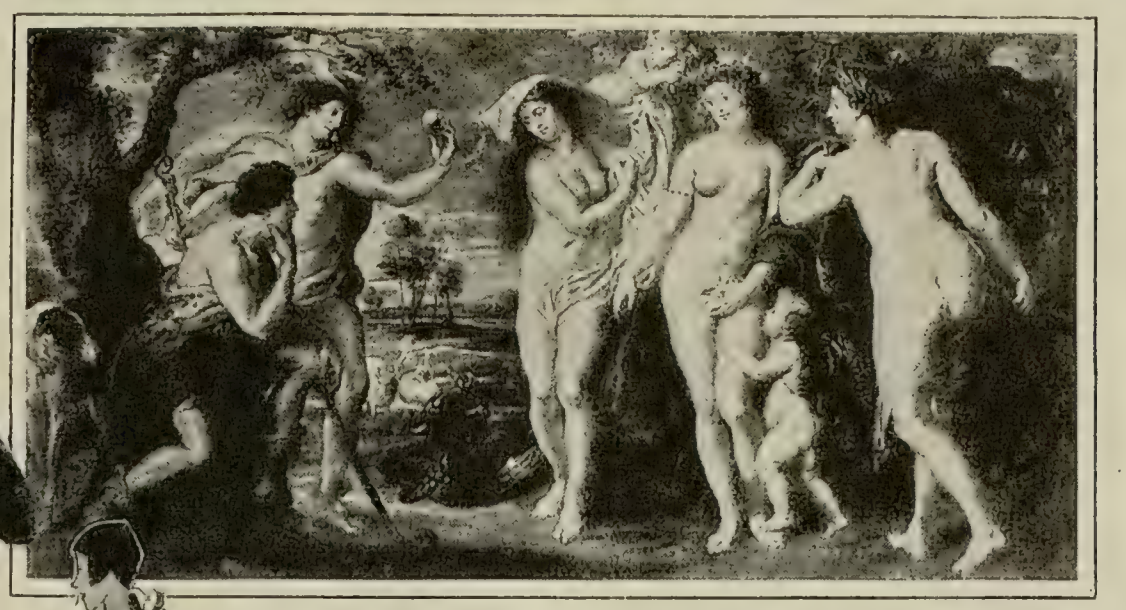
"Why, oh, why all this bother?" she writes. "I have just met a beautiful creature with lovely dimpled hands—a large woman weighing a few pounds less than two hundred. She is about the most interesting person I have ever seen. And in her set, I understand, she is the most popular. She has a husband who fairly worships her.

"Really, out of the whole crowd, she was the leader. The thin women and girls were dead alongside of her, even in their latest frocks. She is not beautiful, but brimming over with life. Every one forgets her size. She is the kind of woman that could have any man she wanted if she were not already married.

"I am through with my dieting; but I'm certainly going to cultivate my laugh. It seems to me that hers is a part of her secret."

It is proverbial that fat people are nearly always jolly and almost universally popular. One of the most brilliant comedy actresses whom the English stage has ever had is Miss Rosina Filippi. She is distinctly fat, with the most delightful, comfortable, happy laugh I have ever heard. She has within her not only the sensibility of a great artist, but an unquenchable spirit of youth.

Many years ago, when I was studying dramatic art under her direction, I saw her perform a miracle of metamorphosis. The class was rehearsing a scene from an adaptation by Miss Filippi herself of Jane Austen's Pride and Prejudice. A minuet was being danced at a ball.



Rubens' ideal of womanhood, as pictured here in his Judgment of Paris, is quite different from (left)—

The girl who impersonated the heroine was young and beautiful, and had a charming figure. But, as she tried the steps of her dance and endeavored to express sparkling vivacity and youthful charm, she failed hopelessly. Miss Filippi, large though she was, and made larger still by an utterly shapeless black silk coat which almost swept the floor, waved her aside and, taking the hand of a young man who is now one of the best actors on the English stage, Nicholas Hannen, she suddenly became, before our eyes, the beautiful girl dancing her first minuet at a ball. It remains, to those who saw the incident, an unforgetable demonstration of what the spirit of gesture can achieve.

Only the fat person whose fat is the result of bestial overindulgence and phlegmatic laziness is unpleasant to behold. To be so fat that you are a burden to yourself and unfitted for an active life is as bad as any other physical ailment.

Vigorous exercise and a certain restriction in diet are matters of normal regard for health. But I have never yet seen a woman who could cheat time or her friends by trying to have a figure that nature did not mean her to have at a certain age.

Reducing beyond a certain limit to simulate youth not only deceives no one, but nearly always brings with it some telltale sign. A drawn look, skin suffering from lack of protective underlayer of fat tissue, scant hair, and faded eyes invariably convey a greater impression of age than is warranted by your birth certificate. But I know many women, even with the "middle age spread," whose vivacity and enjoyment of life and ability to cheer others still gains them as many admirers among men as any débutante can boast.

The majority of men of European nations do not fight shy of the heavier build of the normal woman's figure in middle age. Maturity has, they know, its own charm. And though some American men like a schoolgirl complexion and the semimasculine figure that goes with it, the men of older nations appreciate a woman's ability to handle a man and one whose selfish immaturities have been subdued by time.

She receives gracefully instead of demanding, and has learned to study others instead of herself. It is what she can give, rather than what she looks, that they appreciate; and a few extra layers of flesh don't matter.

There are, of course, plenty of men in America, too, who like their wives "as they are"—full-figured and matronly. But there is no doubt that the boyish figure for which so many women are striving is the result partly of many American men's somewhat Oriental attitude that the youngest bride is the greatest prize.

This demand for youth makes advancing age a perfect nightmare to many charming women.

LINKED with the love of the outwardly youthful figure is the necessity for that endurance which can keep up with the high-speed life. We hear on all sides, from doctors, of the peculiarly feminine illnesses that follow strenuous dieting and overstrain combined. The most serious result of all is a complete disability, in many cases, to bear children. And, indeed, when one looks more closely at this ideal figure—hipless and breastless—which is accepted today, is it not the figure of a woman who can neither bear nor nurse a child?

A Hungarian sculptor recently said in an interview reported in a New York newspaper:

"If I wanted a modern woman I would get me a man for a model. I would not be wrong, either; for man is the type women are emulating."

If part of the blame for the modern figure lies with the men's demand for youth, there is also the element of women whose chief purpose in life is pleasure and to whom the duties of womanhood and child-bearing are deeply distasteful. Their desire to shirk these duties—and the pain and discomfort accompanying them—is often the underlying, perhaps subconscious, cause for accentuating the sexlessness of their figures.

It is curious that it is only in our time that women have got away from the two distinctive features of the female figure—the bust and the hips. Through all the ages the ideal of womanhood has embodied the idea of fecundity. From Ceres, symbol of the earth, whom the ancients worshiped, full-bosomed, broad-flanked, in her arms the harvest—wheat and the cornucopia of fruits—to the Madonna with the Child at her breast, all have been mothers.

Today the ideal figure of a woman seems to embody the negation of woman as God made her—the instrument for the propagation of the race. As Kipling says:

> Till you married that thin-flanked woman, as white and as stale as a bone,
> An' she gave you your social nonsense; but where's that kid o' your own?

Is it not possible that we women, by our acceptance of an ideal—to a great extent created by ourselves in our wrongful pursuit of youth, and encouraged by men in their superficial appreciation of the outward semblance of youth—are destroying an idea in the minds of men which is the fundamental ideal of womanhood?

THE END

Stored-up energy will increase his chances

ARE *your* youngsters fortified against the Danger Days to come? Are their bodies prepared for a battle that may confront them any day? Danger Days are ahead. Preparation days are now.

Why can some children wade in puddles or go out on a chilly day without an overcoat, while others begin to sniffle in the slightest draft? Because some of them are fortified with hardy bodies that can fight the germs which bring on colds.

Danger Days have danger signals. Sniffly noses, sore throats, coated tongues, finicky appetites are nature's signals flashing you a warning that your children's resistance is low—that Danger Days are ahead.

The germs in the air are looking for such signals. They know when to strike. Give your boys and girls the reserve strength to resist—to fight back—to win.

Healthy bodies are safe bodies

Health comes from sunshine, fresh air, sound sleep, vigorous exercise, and above all—nourishing *food*. The foods your children eat are the building materials of which their growing bodies are made. If any vital elements are missing from their food, no amount of fresh air, exercise or sleep can supply them.

What are these vital elements? Where can they be found? Every mother owes it to her children to know. Just giving them plenty of food won't do—it must be the *right kind* of food. And it is nature herself who can supply it.

Whole wheat builds resistance

When nature conceived the grain of wheat, she created a spark of life. She crowded into the whole wheat berry the very food elements which are essential to life and growth.

In Ralston, the whole wheat cereal, your children get the things which growing bodies *must* have to fortify them against the Danger Days to come — for *none* of the vital food elements of whole wheat have been removed in making Ralston.

You want those youngsters of yours to have sturdy bones and hard white teeth? It takes *calcium* and *phosphorus* to build bones and teeth. Ralston has calcium —*lots* of it—and phosphorus, too.

You want your youngsters to be strong—with flesh solid and firm? Then they need proteins. Muscles and nerve tissues are *made* of proteins. The whole wheat berry is rich in them. And these precious proteins are all retained in making Ralston.

You want your children to be red-blooded, active, eager, rosy-cheeked? Then they *must* have iron—not the drug store kind—but *food* iron. Ralston contains more than twice as much iron as raisins—even more than there is in spinach, the food recognized as a great source of iron.

You want alert, wide-awake, energetic youngsters? The embryo and center of the whole wheat berry in Ralston are *storehouses* of energy.

You want to be sure that your youngsters have natural, normal elimination? The bran in Ralston helps nature function normally.

You want above all a merry sparkle in their eyes—happiness that comes with perfect health—the steady, wholesome growth that comes with hardy, well-nourished systems. Then vitamins of life and growth must be provided. Ralston supplies them.

Let Danger Days come — the Ralston boys and girls will be ready for them!

Use the Danger Days Coupon

We have a most important new booklet for you, that every mother should read. It tells all about Danger Days — how you can recognize them—how you can fortify your boys and girls against them. It is 32 pages fully illustrated. The name of the book is "Health through Whole Grain Diets." Send for it. It may mean warding off many Danger Days!

The coupon will bring your complimentary copy, and also a unique novelty for the children called the "Magic Blackboard."

Other Ralston Products

Mapl-Flake—The Entire Wheat Flake
Checkr-Corn Flake—The Super Flavor Corn Flake
Ry-Krisp—The Entire Rye Wafer
Purina Whole Wheat Flour

Whole Grain Means Health

DANGER DAYS COUPON

CHILDREN'S HEALTH DEPARTMENT
RALSTON PURINA CO., St. Louis Missouri

Kindly mail me a complimentary copy of the 32-page Danger Days Booklet "Health through Whole Grain Diets," and the novelty called the "Magic Blackboard."

*Name*_____

*Street address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

RCA announces a complete line of Radiolas

—for all methods of operation
—for all requirements of location

FROM the Research Laboratories of Radio Corporation of America, Westinghouse and General Electric have come these RCA Radiolas and Loudspeakers—the greatest achievements of the radio art

These tried, tested and perfected receiving sets are individually adapted to the different methods of operation, as well as to the exacting requirements of different locations.

RCA Radiolas set the standard for radio because of their unrivalled perfection of tone and simplicity of operation. They are designed by the same engineers who planned the leading high-power broadcasting stations. They are the time-tested sets that have been chosen for exclusive use by Victrola and Brunswick in their finest instruments.

Included in the new Radiola line are dry battery sets, storage battery sets, and, of course, the sets that operate directly from the electric light circuit.

You haven't really heard radio until you have listened to a Radiola and RCA Loudspeaker. Ask any RCA Authorized Dealer to demonstrate these marvelous instruments.

RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA
New York ~ ~ Chicago ~ ~ San Francisco

RCA Radiola

MADE · BY · THE · MAKERS · OF · THE · RADIOTRON

Buy with confid

For the building that *Can't be heated*

Venturafin consists of the following major parts: (1) Copper fin-heater—with five times the radiating efficiency of ordinary iron coils. (2) The famous American Blower Ventura Blower (electrically driven). (3) Air recirculating box.

For the building "too old" to be heated—for the mammoth amphitheatre that simply "can't" be heated—for the temporary structure that wasn't even built to be heated—for the new modern plant with acres of floor space, thousands of windows, high ceilings, and crane housings, there is the Venturafin Method of Unit Heating.

Some of the many benefits of the Venturafin Method of Unit Heating are heat control—the elimination of cold spots—a complete air circuit—heat losses reduced to a minimum—and a more even distribution of heat. It is ideal, too, as an auxiliary unit, for cold corners and out of the way places.

Venturafin gives more than five times the efficiency of steam coils, radiators, etc.—has 1/10 the weight—occupies 1/4 the space—costs less than ordinary radiation, and can be employed wherever steam is available. Over 15,000 in use.

Mail the coupon today—no obligation—or ask your heating contractor for the facts on Venturafin.

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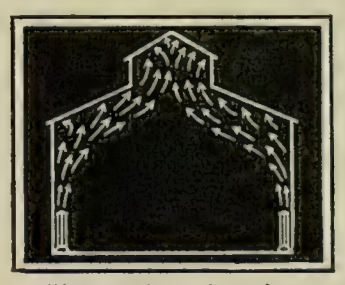
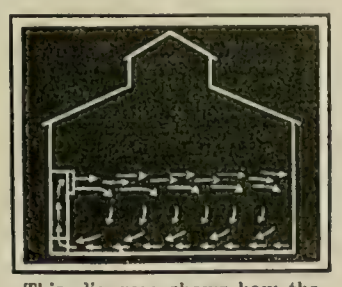


Diagram above shows how heated air rises from radiators, steam coils, etc.



This diagram shows how the Venturafin Method distributes heat *evenly* in working areas.

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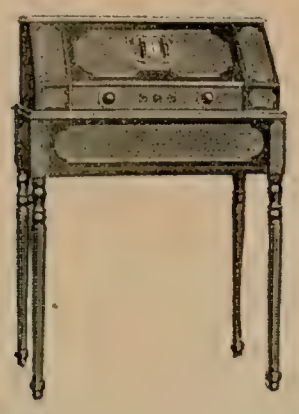
Socket Power Operated

RCA RADIOLA 32—*Custom-built.* The supreme achievement of 25 years of radio research. A special custom-built combination of the famous RCA 8-tube Super Heterodyne with Loudspeaker 104—the two finest radio instruments ever designed. Operated directly from the electric light circuit—either A.C. or D.C. Unrivalled selectivity, sensitivity and ease of operation. Amazingly faithful reproduction in any desired volume over the entire acoustical range. Concealed, adjustable loop aerial; or can be used with outdoor aerial. In a beautifully grained walnut veneer cabinet—52 in. high, 37 in. wide, 17¾ in. deep.

Complete with Radiotrons . . . $895

RCA RADIOLA 17.—Operates directly from the electric light circuit without batteries or battery eliminators. This year's outstanding achievement in the radio art. The culmination of years of research in set and tube design to produce, for a moderate price, a receiver completely A.C. operated. Employs the new RCA alternating current tubes. Tuned with one knob. The entire set and power unit self-contained in a mahogany finished cabinet. Less accessories . . . $130.00
With Radiotrons . . $157.50



RCA RADIOLA 28.—For the many who prefer the receiver and loudspeaker in separate cabinets, the 28-104 combination is the standard of comparison in the radio art. Radiola 28, with the super-selective and super-sensitive RCA 8-tube Super-Heterodyne circuit, continues to challenge the research laboratories to design a more perfect instrument.

Radiola 28, with Radiotrons . . . $260
A.C. Package for adapting Radiola 28 for A.C. operation with RCA Loudspeaker 104 . . . . . $35

RCA RADIOLA 30-A
Custom-built

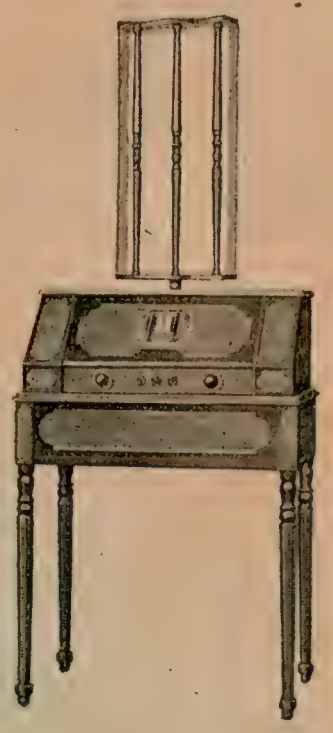
A specially built de luxe instrument, employing the same perfected RCA 8-tube Super-Heterodyne circuit as Radiola 32, but using the new Loudspeaker 100-A, an improved model of the famous 100. Selectivity, sensitivity and ease of operation identical with Radiola 32, its only rival in cabinet sets. Operated directly from the electric light circuit—either A.C. or D. C. Antenna coupler for indoor or outdoor aerial and ground. In a handsome walnut veneer cabinet—42½ in. high, 29 in. wide, 17¾ in. deep.

Complete with Radiotrons, $495

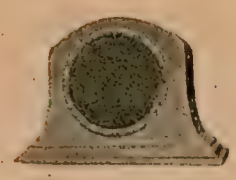
RCA LOUDSPEAKER 104, when used with Radiola 28, provides a perfection and volume of tone production that has been a sensation ever since it was introduced. It gives a degree of musical realism over the entire acoustical range unapproached by any other form of sound reproducing instrument.
RCA Loudspeaker 104 (A.C.) $275
RCA Loudspeaker 104 (D.C.) $310

RCA RADIOLA 28.—The famous receiving set that brought a new meaning to radio in thousands of American homes. Employs the tried, tested and perfected RCA 8-tube Super-Heterodyne circuit, universally recognized as the finest achievement in radio. In selectivity, sensitivity, and perfection of tone over the entire acoustical range, it has never been challenged.

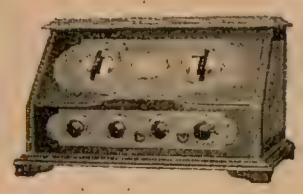
With Radiotrons . . . $260



Battery Operated



RCA LOUDSPEAKER 100-A—A notable achievement in radio acoustics, this refinement of the popular model 100 embodies improvements in construction which give greater sensitivity and ability to handle greater volume. Faithful reproduction over the entire acoustical range. This is the speaker famous the country over for its deep, full tones. Ask the RCA dealer to demonstrate it $35



RCA RADIOLA 20.—The biggest value in radio. Many times as selective as the average antenna set. A battery operated set that can readily be adapted to A.C. operation. Ideal to use with the new RCA Loudspeaker 100-A, or can be adapted for use with the finest of all loudspeakers, the famous 104.

Less accessories . . . $78.00
With Radiotrons . . . $89.50

RCA RADIOLA 16. The widest musical range ever achieved with one-dial control. A storage battery set of great compactness. For selectivity, sensitivity and tone quality, it sets a new standard for receivers in its price class. It employs the well-known and perfected tuned radio-frequency circuit, with 3 stages of radio-frequency amplification, detector and 2 stages of audio-frequency amplification. By use of socket power devices, it can be adapted for A.C. operation. The cabinet is finished in mahogany.

Less accessories . . . $69.50
With Radiotrons . . . $82.75

RCA Radiola

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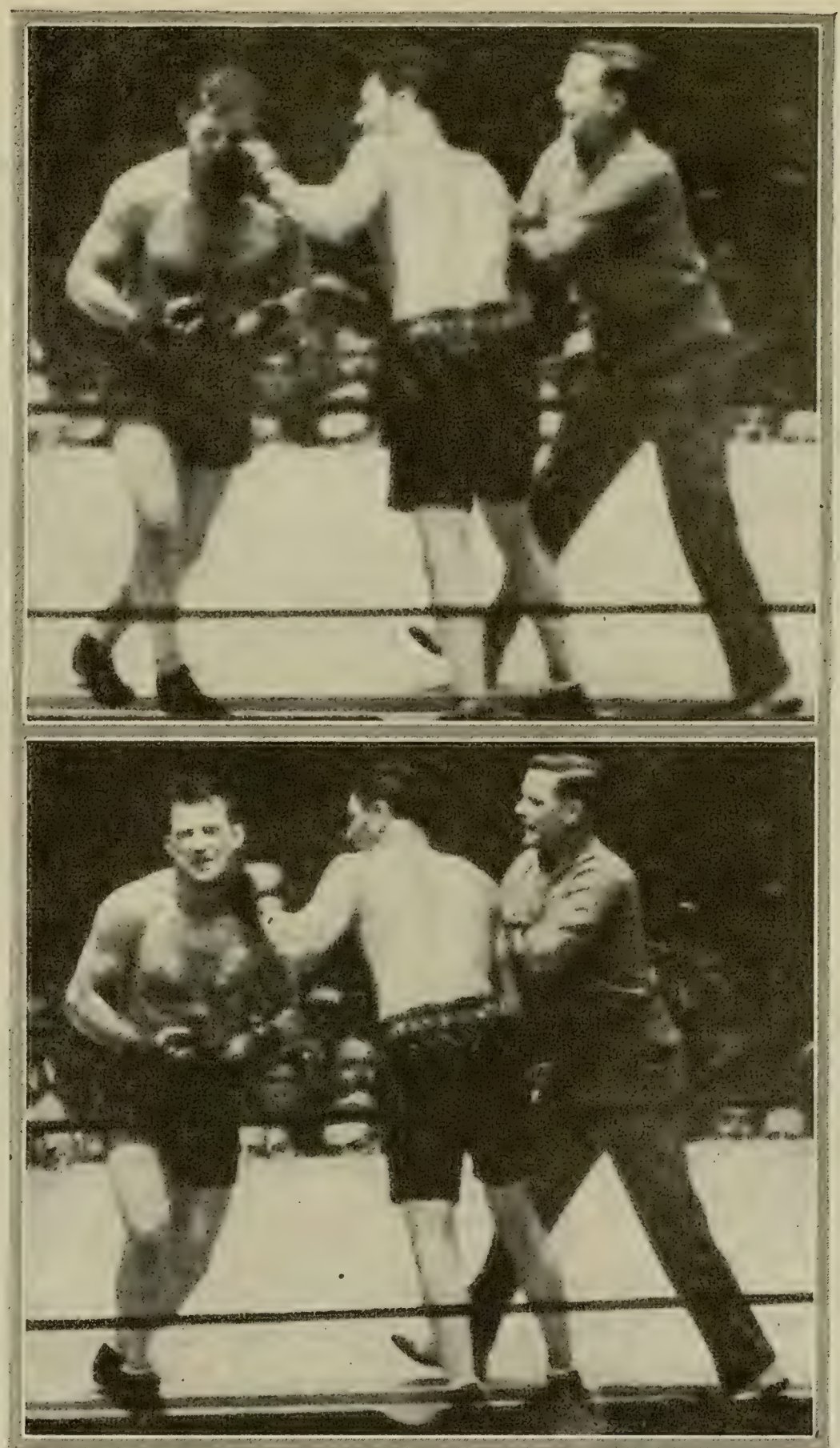
Buy with confidence where you see this sign:

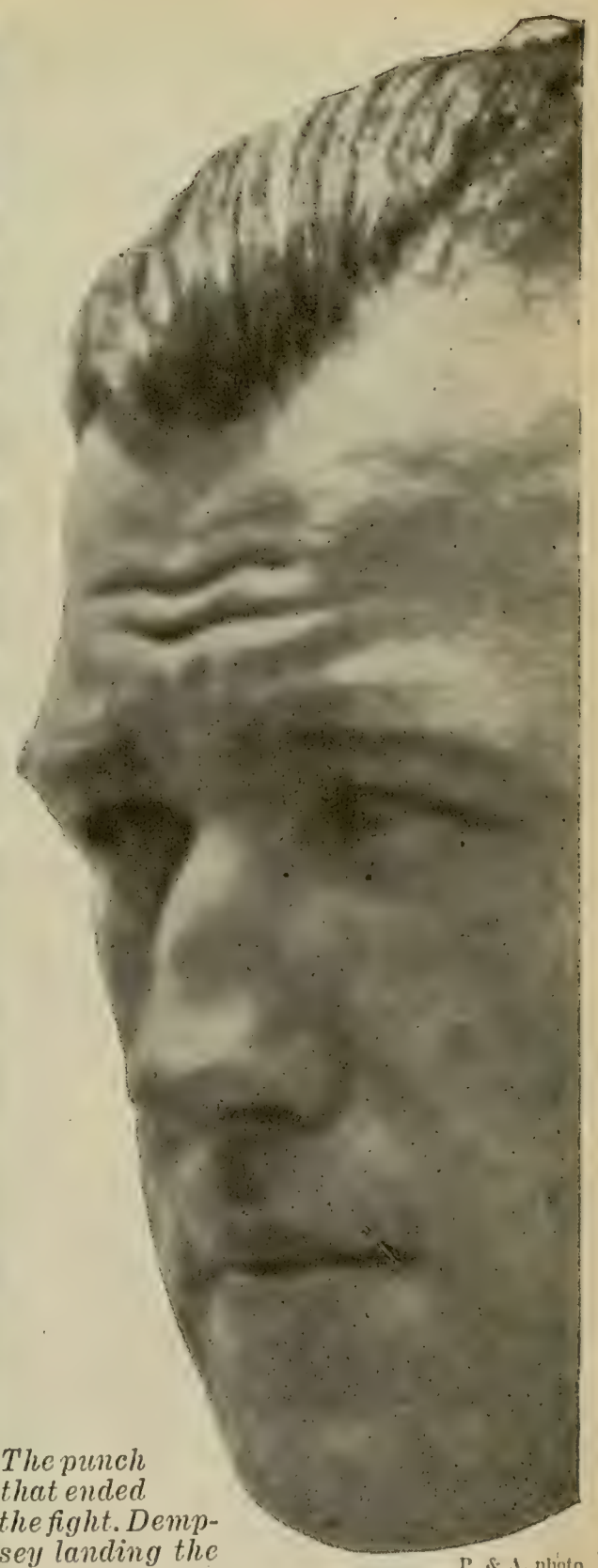
Authorized Dealer RCA

P. & A. photo
Jack Dempsey



International Newsreel

The punch that ended the fight. Dempsey landing the left hook that dropped Sharkey, as it was caught by the movies.



P. & A. photo
Jack Sharkey

Fair Fight or Foul?

An Inquiry into the Amazing Differences of Opinion Among the Experts on the Dempsey-Sharkey Battle

An Article by
EDWARD DOHERTY

(Reading time: 17 minutes 40 seconds.)

PART ONE

WE didn't see the fight. But we heard it. We listened in on the radio like some forty million others, and got just as great a thrill as though we had sat with the fight experts and had our noses powdered with resin dust.

Perhaps we had an even greater thrill, and certainly more comfort. There were soft lights and easy chairs. There were no crowds, no policemen, nobody demanding to see our tickets, nobody shooting us all over the place before showing us the right seats.

We had intended to buy a couple of tickets. We had figured that if we sold the car and put a mortgage on the house, and a chattel mortgage on the furniture, we could borrow enough more to get us up near the ring somewhere. Our figures were correct, but we couldn't get the mortgages.

We planned, then, to stay up and get the fight extras. The experts, we knew, would give us a graphic account of the bout. They would paint Mr. Dempsey and Mr. Sharkey in vivid colors. They would give us the blow-for-blow report. Nothing like the good old papers for giving all the particulars on a fight.

We hadn't thought of the radio until we received an invitation to the home of a friend. We have no radio in our home, but we have two small boys who supply all the noise we need. We didn't think it would be so much of a thrill to listen in. But then we didn't know.

About a dozen of us sat about the superanodyne, listening to the short, punchy sentences of Mr. Graham McNamee telling about the fight.

First there would be a round of Dempsey-Sharkey stuff—full of punch and pep. And then there would be a round of orange blossoms, full of kick. Honest, it was hard to take.

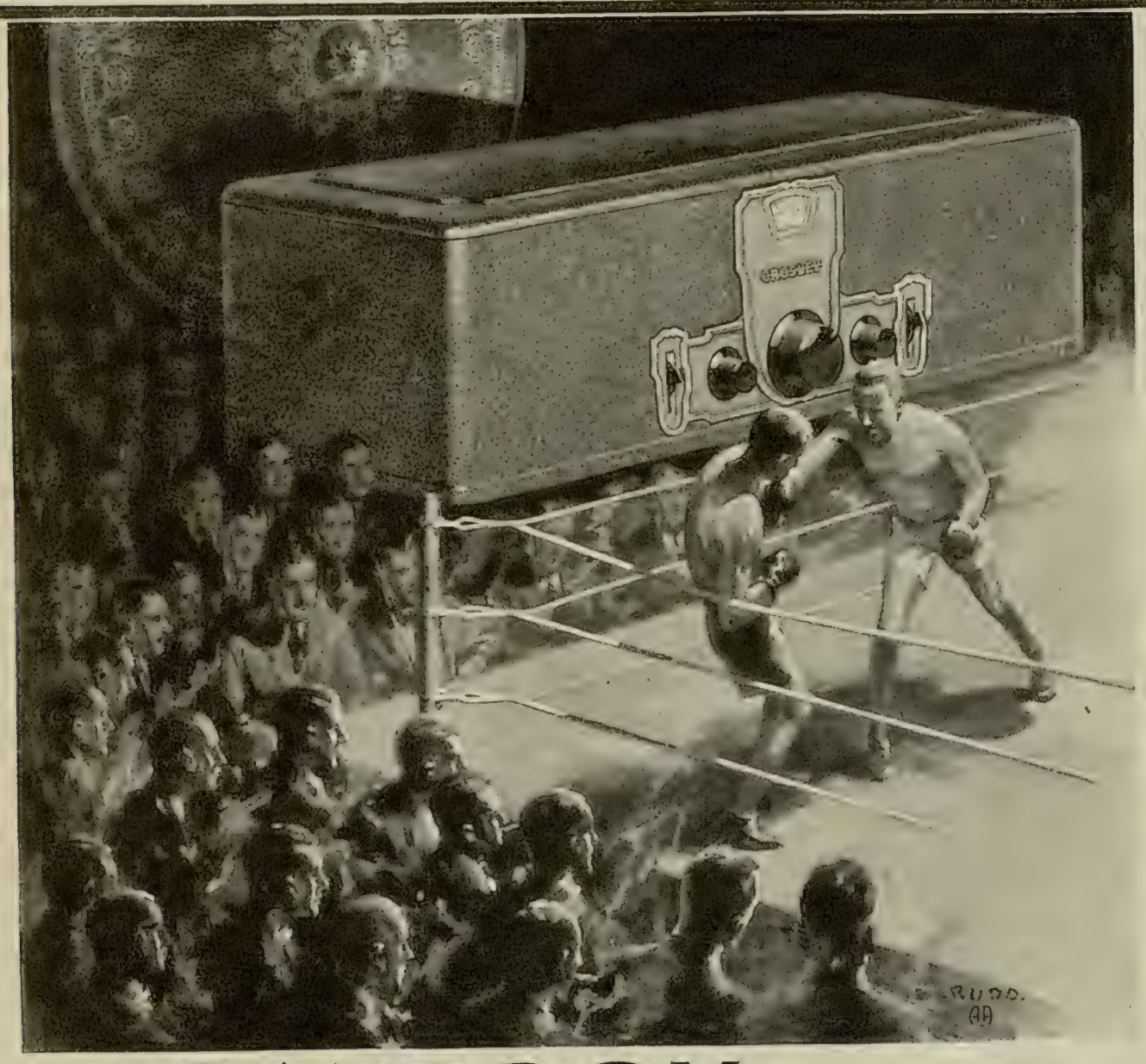
The men had all bet on Dempsey, and their wives had taken all bets. Our host had wagered ten dollars, but his wife had already spent the money for a new pair of shoes.

We were confident early in the second round that Dempsey was going to win. Sharkey was pasting him on the jaw with almost every other crack. Dempsey had been groggy a bit. But he came back. He was always on the attack, boring in, weaving, driving right and left pistons to the Lithuanian's paunch.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-ONE]

—when the crown stands or falls....

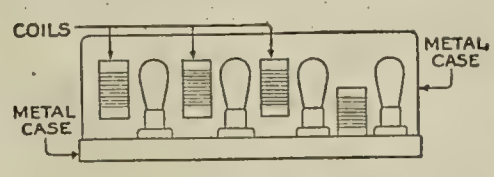
"—You're *there* with a Crosley..."



The Crosley Radio Corporation:
Folks who buy radio are vitally interested in what they get for their money. Why don't you radio manufacturers stop talking like a lot of doctors and tell us what it's all about in one cylinder words? What's this "shielding" business anyway?
Yours truly,
HARBISON MFG. CO., Kansas City, Mo.

The BANDBOX
A 6 Tube Receiver *of* unmatchable quality at $55

Shielding is necessary in a modern radio receiver. The more sensitive the set is, the more you need it. Some sets are merely housed in a metal case. This



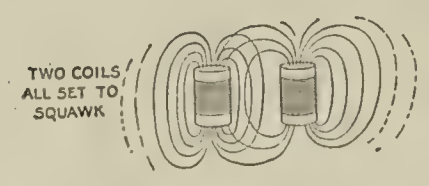
helps to keep strong local signals from breaking through, but it is even more important to keep them where they belong after you get them the proper way from the antenna.

A set has tubes, condensers and coils. Here is a coil. The lines around it are the magnetic field. You know the earth's

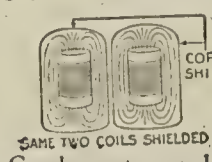
magnetic field will work a compass down in a mine, or up in a plane (it certainly worked for Lindbergh) and the fields around unshielded coils get all mixed up and the set howls and squeals and has to be choked off by turning down the filaments in the tubes.

Now if the coils are housed in copper shields the fields can't mess each other up, and the tubes can do a real job of amplifying. The coils in Crosley sets have these copper shields, and there isn't anything better.

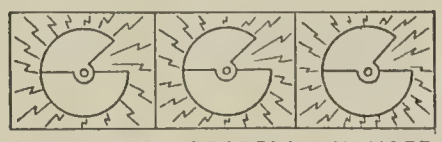
Then there are the condensers, and if it wasn't for the shield around them, the fields would act like those in the coils, and the results would be just as bad or worse.



It isn't enough to shield the coils and the condensers, because even the wiring of the set has fields around it. This too is shielded, as it is in allreally high grade sets.



Of course, it's allin knowing how to do it, but that's why Crosley sets can be as good as the best without costing half as much.



APPROVED CONSOLES

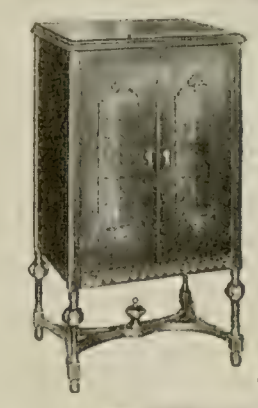
Selected by Powel Crosley, Jr., as ideal, acoustically and mechanically, for the installation of the Crosley "Bandbox" Genuine Musicone built in. Crosley dealers secure them from their jobbers through

H. T. ROBERTS CO.
914 S. Michigan Ave.,
Chicago, Ill.

Sales Agents for Approved Console Factories

Showers Brothers Company
The Wolf Mfg. Company

$35



$65

$85

Many features of this set have been found heretofore only in the most expensive radio. Since Crosley is licensed to manufacture under nearly all important radio patents, this combination with Crosley leadership and experience, naturally produced an amazing radio, the remarkable value of which can be judged by the following features incorporated and by seeing it and hearing it at your dealers.

1. Completely shielded coils, condensers and wiring. 2. Acuminators for sharper tuning. 3. Completely balanced genuine neutrodyne. 4. Volume control. 5. Single tuning knob. 6. Illuminated dial. 7. Single cable outside connections. 8. Designed for easy installation in consoles. 9. Beautiful frosted brown crystalline finished cabinet.

AC model using new R.C.A. AC tubes and working directly from electric light socket through Crosley Power Converter is $65. Power Converter $60 extra.

Hear this wonderful new contribution to the enjoyment of radio. If you cannot find one of the 16,000 Crosley dealers near you, write Dept. 76 for his name and literature.

IMPROVED MUSICONES

Musicones improve the reception of any radio set. They are perfect affinities in beauty and reproductive effectiveness for Crosley Radios. A tilt-table model, with brown mahogany finish stands 36 inches high, $27.50 — 16-inch Super-Musicone as pictured above with "Bandbox," $12.75— 12-inch Ultra-Musicone, $9.75.

CROSLEY RADIO

NEUTRODYNE

The Crosley Radio Corporation.
Powel Crosley, Jr., Pres.
Cincinnati, Ohio.

Crosley Radio is licensed only for Radio Amateur, Experimental and Broadcast Reception.

Prices slightly higher west of the Rocky Mountains

[CONT'D FROM PAGE TWENTY-NINE]

Then, when McNamee began to say every so often, "Sharkey missed with a left," and "Sharkey missed with a right," and "Dempsey put a hard right and a hard left to the stomach"—we waited for the knockout.

McNamee seemed to feel all the way through that Dempsey was going to topple Sharkey. And, perhaps because we—the men, I mean—felt the same way, we enjoyed his talk.

"Jack Dempsey looks more like Jack Dempsey than he has in the past four years," he began. "He's dancing around in his corner now. Here comes Sharkey. Sharkey is just coming through the ropes."

The ladies clap their hands and look quite superior. The maid comes through the ropes with a tray filled with fresh golden glasses. You can hear the ringing of the big gong. You can hear Joe Humphries trying to outshout the crowd.

McNAMEE describes the scene in a few words—and the bell rings for the first round—the first round of the fight, that is.

"They immediately rush in. Sharkey rips a left to the body, and then Dempsey drives five short rights to the body, followed by two rights to the head, both short. Did not do much damage, but they were there. Sharkey drives a left to the body and then to the face. Dempsey drives right and left to the body, and then right twice more to the body. Dempsey coming in very low. They are mixing it hard.

"Sharkey gets in a short right to the body and again their arms are locked. Now they are apart again and Dempsey puts over a hard left to the jaw, and then Sharkey puts over two lefts and two rights and Dempsey is going!"

That made us sit up straight.

"Sharkey puts over a left, a right, another left, another right. Dempsey is groggy for the moment and falls against the ropes, but he is back again. He puts over a hard left, sending Sharkey back across the ring. Sharkey comes back again with a left and a right to Jack's jaw. Dempsey is a little better at the infighting, and Sharkey is better at boxing."

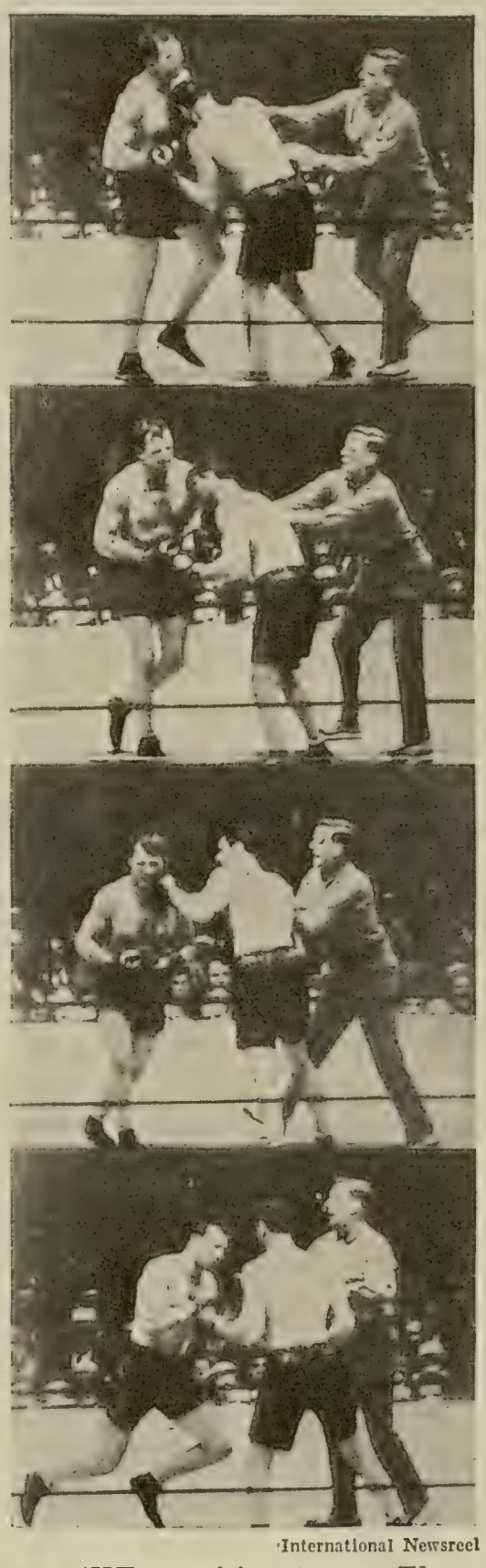
Well, we figured, if Jack could stand that sort of stuff and come back for more—but Phillips Carlin, who took the mike from McNamee at the end of the round, said it for us:

"That was a real round for a moment. Dempsey was quite groggy. It did not last long, but he took three hard lefts and three hard rights and they did not do him a bit of good. Sharkey seems really the more quiet of the two. Dempsey seems to go in with just one idea—to get in and rip those hard lefts and rights to Sharkey's body; and he already has Sharkey's midsection quite red. Sharkey's condition possibly is not quite so good as Dempsey's, as his midsection hangs just a wee bit where Dempsey's looks harder. Dempsey looks great, but he is just a bit slow on the boxing."

"That's the stuff!" cries our host's father. "Hammer his breadbasket, Jack! He can't take it. He'll let down his hands if you keep it up. Then paste him in the jaw."

The knockout came with electrical suddenness:

"Now they are back in the middle of the ring. Dempsey puts a left to the body. Dempsey gets in another left to the body. They are close in. Then three or four



International Newsreel

THE movie's story. The top picture shows the fighters at the instant the blow in dispute was delivered, but Dempsey's body hides his right from the camera. In the second picture, the fighters separate. Dempsey hooks a left to the jaw, and Sharkey falls.

body punches, and Sharkey seems to be a little arm-weary.

"Dempsey drives another short left to the body, and again another short left to the body, and a right. Then he brings his right up to Sharkey's jaw, and Sharkey catches him with a right to the jaw. All these blows are short."

Here it comes, the knockout—but you don't realize it for a second.

"Sharkey is down from a left to the side of the body. Sharkey is down. Dempsey has returned to his corner. They are counting over Sharkey and he is out. Sharkey, knocked cold by Jack Dempsey, is carried to his corner by Dempsey and the referee. Sharkey is knocked cold!"—McNamee can't get over that.

"That was one of those terrific left hooks to the jaw. Sharkey down! It was a left hook to the jaw. I am sorry I stopped there for a moment. Time, forty-five seconds. Joe Humphries just told me—a left hook to the jaw."

Jack Dempsey said hello to us, and we raised our glasses and drank to him, then McNamee broke in once more:

"At the time of the knockout it did not seem that there would be a knockout, but all of a sudden this far-famed left hook of Dempsey's came over with terrific force and Sharkey fell forward. These are the hard blows; always the blows that bring a man down face foremost. Sharkey has just recovered from the effect of this terrific knockout and is now retiring from the ring."

And then there was a jazz tune on the air and everybody in the pleasant room was talking at once—but not a man present had nerve enough to demand his winnings from his wife.

"The best fight I ever saw," our host declared. "Now we'll wait for the papers, eh?"

"The newspapers!" His wife laughed. "They can't tell us anything more, can they?"

"Oh, they'll have a lot of stuff," her husband assured her, "and plenty of pictures. And you never really understand the science of the fight until you read the experts."

AS we said good night I couldn't help thinking that our host was a most sensible fellow. He read the papers to get the fine points of the fight. What a wonderful service the newspapers rendered. They not only arranged for the broadcasting of a big news event, but they had their specialists there to observe and interpret it for their readers.

I was out of bed quite early the next morning, unable to sleep late because of my desire to read about the fight. I wanted some pen pictures of the struggle.

So I opened the New York *Times*, which prints all the news that is fit to print—it says so—and turned to the story by Mr. James P. Dawson. Said the first paragraph:

> The man they said couldn't come back made the grade last night in the ring at the Yankee Stadium, but his accomplishment was disputed by many who saw the test.

"Sweet suffering mackerel!" I shouted. "What is this?"

I read on. Yes, Dempsey had won, all right. But—in the vast crowd of 80,000 men and women who witnessed this Homeric struggle, etc., etc., etc.—there were many, etc., who always will hold the belief that Dempsey should have been disqualified on a foul.

Foul? There had been no foul mentioned by McNamee.

Down near the bottom of the col-

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-THREE]

When the Days Grow Shorter

WHEN you have passed forty, then the days begin growing a trifle shorter. Then it is comforting to know that the afternoon of life has been provided for.

Investments made during the heyday of your best earning years insure your future comfort and happiness. But you owe it to yourself to safeguard those declining years by choosing only safe investments.

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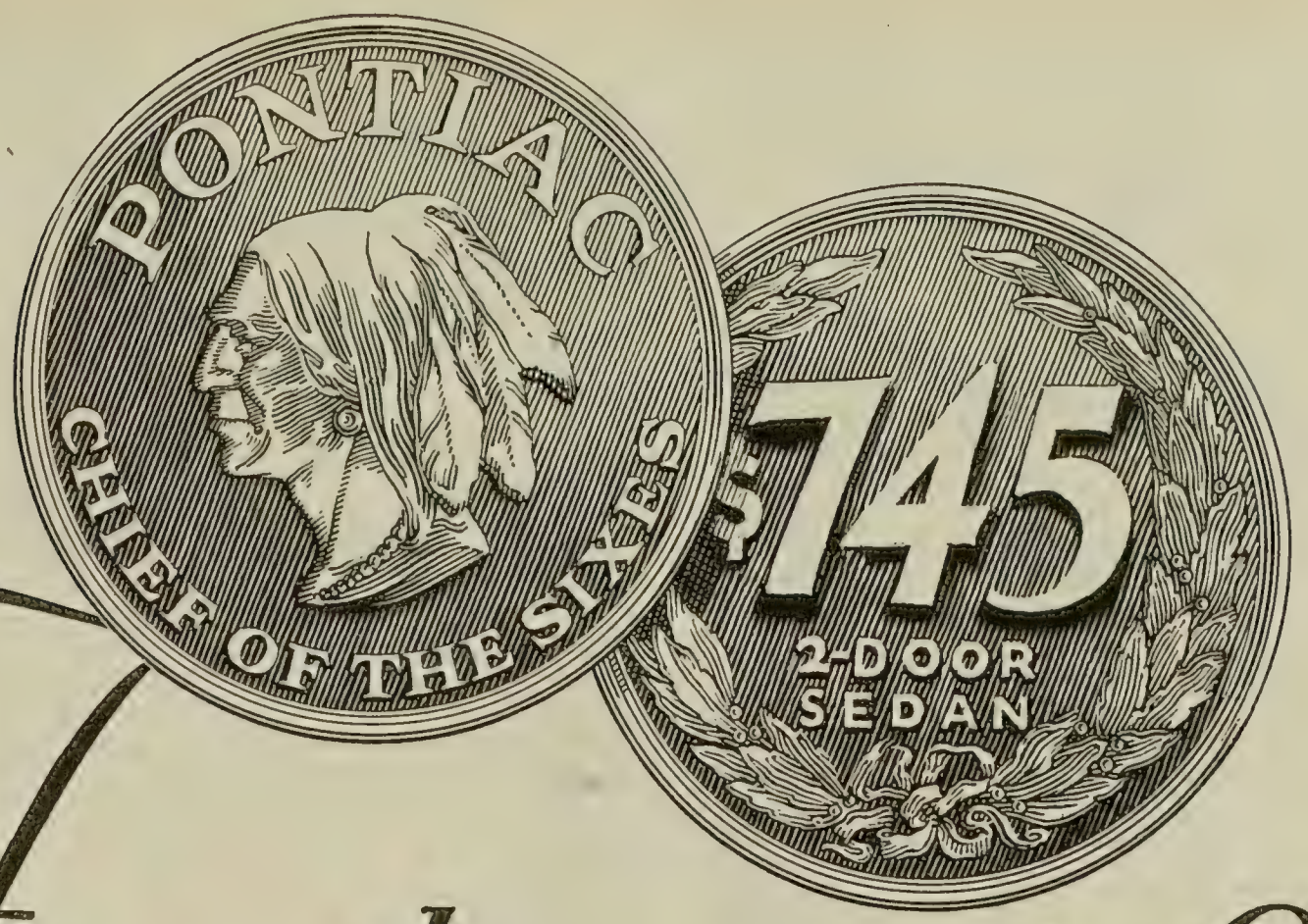

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Today's Pontiac Six is the finest Pontiac Six ever built. Not merely does it offer the fashionable smartness of Fisher bodies in new Duco colors, but it brings to the buyer those many refinements which have been made in Pontiac Six design since the first Pontiac Six was introduced.

Although the original Pontiac Six was such a revolutionary value that it set a world record in the number of buyers it won during its first year—

—the Pontiac Six you buy today is even smoother in operation, even more sparing in the attention it requires, even more luxurious and more distinguished in appearance!

Yet it sells for less than ever—the result of price reductions made possible by the economies of increased volume production in the world's newest and finest motor car plant.

Unless you have actually driven today's Pontiac Six—actually studied the richness of its Fisher bodies and its exclusive features of modern design—you cannot know what thrilling power and smoothness, what thorough road mastery, and what enduring satisfaction can now be obtained in a six at $745!

New low prices announced July 15th on all passenger cars

Coupe $745 Sport Roadster $745 Sport Cabriolet $795
Landau Sedan $845 " " De Luxe Landau Sedan $925

Pontiac Six De Luxe Delivery, $585 to $770. The New Oakland All-American Six, $1045 to $1265. All prices at factory. Delivered prices include minimum handling charges. Easy to pay on the General Motors Time Payment Plan.

OAKLAND MOTOR CAR COMPANY, PONTIAC, MICHIGAN
General Motors Products of Canada, Ltd.—Pontiac Division—Oshawa, Ontario

THE NEW AND FINER

PONTIAC SIX

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-ONE]

umn, after reading that Dempsey's victory was popular, even if its legality was questioned, I read:

> This writer was among those in the best position to see what happened, and it is his verdict that Sharkey was hit low four times with a right.

I read the story through. There wasn't a word in it about that left hook that dropped the Bostonian.

> Dempsey certainly cannot be adjudged the better man on last night's battle [Mr. Dawson wrote]. He was revealed as a shell of his former self . . . He has nothing now but the will to fight, minus the desire . . . Dempsey was running a poor second from the bell.

I turned to the round-by-round column. Nothing there about the left hook. I turned back to the first page. An unsigned writer who occupied the column next to Mr. Dawson said: "The 'hollow shell' still contains some dynamite." But evidently this writer isn't an expert and didn't know what he was talking about.

I remembered that in Thursday morning's paper Mr. Dawson had said:

> On a strictly analytical comparison of the ring rivals, the chances strongly favor a Sharkey victory. He is rising to the top. Dempsey has been on top and is skidding down the pugilistic trail. Sharkey has been fighting right along.

WHEW! Then Dempsey had to foul to win?

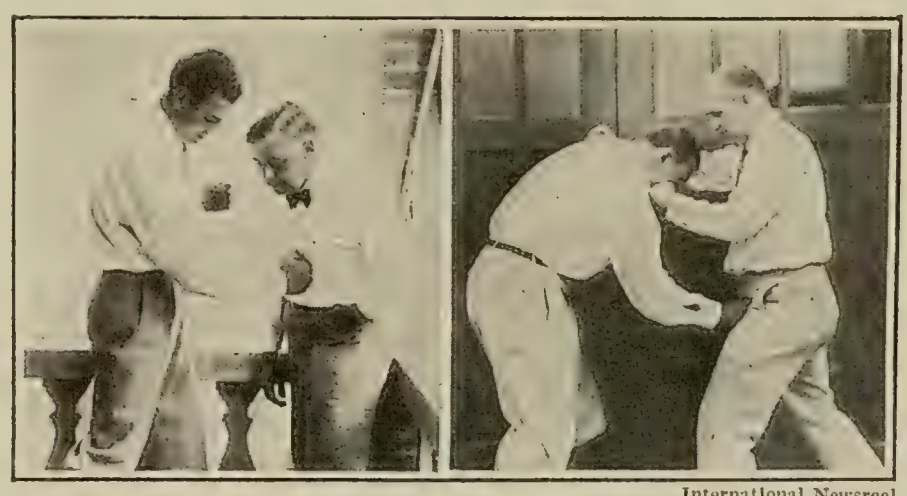
I snatched up the New York *American* to read what Damon Runyon would say. Damon had felt that Dempsey would win. Maybe—

> Sharkey went down under a rat-a-tat of glove smacks to his middle, some of which we thought were dropping a little low. Dempsey was always a little careless when he let his body punches fly.
>
> Sharkey's face crinkled with pain, and he muttered something to Jack O'Sullivan, the referee, evidently complaining of the punches, but O'Sullivan seemed to think they were falling in fair territory. Dempsey had his head pushed into Sharkey's chest, as his two gloved fists hammered at Sharkey's stomach, and suddenly Sharkey started to crumple up from body punches.
>
> Dempsey pulled back a trifle and let fly with his left hand. He delivered it like he was there to wing a baseball, and all his 194½ pounds were behind it. Sharkey fell face forward as men nearly always fall when they are soundly hit on the chin.

But how about Dempsey being a poor second until the last ten seconds of the fight?

During the early part of the fight, Dempsey took so many of Sharkey's punches, and seemed to be tiring so much that it looked as if he was in for a bad whipping, and probably a knockout. Sharkey fought him with zip and dash, firing righters at Dempsey's chin as if the old man-mauler was some preliminary unknown.

Then in the sixth Dempsey seemed to commence to find himself, to fight himself into his old fighting form. Where his punches had appeared reluctant, weak, and slow, they began to carry some snap and zing. He actually began out-boxing the very good boxer, Sharkey, getting away from Sharkey's swings as nimbly as a lightweight.



International Newsreel

It's their story. Dempsey, left, and Sharkey, right, demonstrate their notions of the debated punch. Compare them with the top picture on page 31.

Damon knew that Dempsey couldn't be beaten by Sharkey. The day before he had said:

> It seems almost incredible that a fellow who was once as great a fighter as Dempsey can be beaten by a man who could not floor the aged Harry Wills, the venerable Mike McTigue, or even the little Eddie Huffman.

Mr. Ed Frayne, also of the New York *American*, picked Sharkey.

Mr. Frayne, writing of the fight, said that

> no matter how conclusive the finish may have been, the Dempsey who knocked out Sharkey certainly did little to excite any interest in a match between him and Gene Tunney. Sharkey had given him a sound thrashing up to the time the disputed punch went over.

Leo P. Flynn, Dempsey's trainer, in the New York *American* of July 21, said that Jack would stop Sharkey within six rounds, or "my name is not Leo Peter Flynn." Luis Angel Firpo, who once fought Dempsey, said Dempsey would win by a knockout. Jack Kearns, once Dempsey's manager, and Teddy Hayes, once Jack's friend and secretary, said that Jack was in terrible shape and couldn't win.

It was funny to read the "after the fight" statement of Kearns:

> I am glad Jack Dempsey won. He took a lacing in the first two rounds. He won on his heart and gameness alone. Everything else is gone. . . . I turned my head in the first and second rounds. I really thought it was his finish. It looked to me as if Sharkey would knock him out, and I will have to confess I did not want to see it.

Mr. Kearns said he didn't believe that Dempsey fouled Sharkey.

James J. Corbett, in the same paper, agreed that the better man won.

The *Times* and the *American!* Which was right? Perhaps one of the other papers would give some indication.

Let's see what the *Herald Tribune* has to say. This paper boasts three great experts—W. O. McGeehan, Grantland Rice, and Harry Cross.

Up to the climax [Mr. McGeehan wrote] Sharkey seemed to have the decided advantage. It seemed only a question of time when the former champion would be too weary to come out of his chair. . . . They went into one of those eternal clinches. As he fought himself loose, Dempsey landed low on the purple trunks of Sharkey. The Lithuanian protested to Referee O'Sullivan, and as he protested, Dempsey drove another right even lower.

Sharkey started to crumple, still complaining to the referee, who paid not the slightest attention to the protests. Seeing that Sharkey was dropping, Dempsey whipped a left with all the force that was left in him. It crashed against Sharkey's jaw, and the Lithuanian dropped on his face.

Mr. McGeehan, after rating Dempsey as only 25 per cent of his former self, adds that there was little enthusiasm over the victory.

MR. GENE FOWLER of the New York *American* didn't see it that way at all:

> The roaring, shouting, arguing, wrangling, cheering Dempsey-Sharkey fans whooped it up long after the crunched figure of Jack Sharkey was lifted, a limp dead hulk of blood-spattered muscle from the floor. Above this din of jeers one caught a rasping—
>
> "You quitter! You big bum!"
>
> But the dominant note—whether or not the hands of the ex-champion had wandered unduly low in the seventh round—was the strident cry of victory.

Now, what says Grantland Rice?

Dempsey struck Sharkey two foul blows with his right early in the seventh round [he says], and as Sharkey apparently doubled up in pain Dempsey followed with a left hook to the jaw and Sharkey fell squarely on his face, writhing as if in the deepest agony. . . . Early in the battle Dempsey started hitting low, without any call from the referee. There must have been

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-FIVE]

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Cleaner Teeth

Try this unique cleansing method—see teeth grow beautifully clean

NOW—you can have teeth that sparkle, they are so *clean*—teeth that make you proud to smile. Thousands have gained this wonderful result after a few weeks' use of this unique cleansing dentifrice. Ribbon Dental Cream is designed to *clean* teeth—leading dental authorities say that this is the *one* function of a dentifrice. Its famous formula is based upon a cleansing principle, the result of years of experience.

When Ribbon Dental Cream is brushed upon the teeth it breaks into a delicious, aromatic foam. This foam contains calcium carbonate, a material which safely *rubs loose* the imbedded food particles, releasing their hold and dividing them into minute bits—at the same time polishing the teeth brilliantly. Then this remarkable foam sweeps over every tooth and gum surface, through every tiny crevice: *rinsing away* the very causes of tooth decay.

Send for a free sample of this *cleansing* dentifrice—use it; and see your teeth grow cleaner.

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Send me a sample of this modern cleansing dental cream that more dentists recommend than any other.

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Now the new, smaller Kissel, after the Continental fashion.....thoroughly European in the artistry and symmetry of its charming body lines, soundly American in the sturdiness of its chassis, the stamina and pliancy of its powerful 6-cylinder engine.

The smaller Kissel weighs about 3000 pounds. It is only 66 inches in height. Its wheelbase is just 117 inches. This beautiful new Kissel is endowed with the rich heritage of 21 years experience in custom building, engrained with the same careful craftsmanship, the same engineering precision that made famous its larger predecessors—the Kissel Popular Straight Eight and Kissel DeLuxe Straight Eight.

Swift as the wings of the wind—70 miles per hour, hour after hour! Comfortable without being cumbersome! Restful, yet ever restless to go! Buoyant yet steady and smooth, holding rigidly to the road at all speeds. Engine, springs and chassis are completely *cushioned-in-rubber*. Indeed, it is modern kin to the magic carpet in serene, graceful, luxurious travel.

This Kissel was designed primarily for those who wanted a smaller car of higher quality. This quality is priced within the range of all. Furnished in either the Sedan at $1495 or the Coupe-Roadster at $1595, f.o.b. factory. Standard equipped.

KISSEL MOTOR CAR COMPANY · HARTFORD · WISCONSIN

[CONT'D FROM PAGE THIRTY-THREE]

at least five or six punches delivered below the belt before the seventh round.

Harry Cross, who wrote the "fight by rounds," thus describes the seventh round:

> Dempsey went into a low crouch and Sharkey hooked him with a left to the jaw. Dempsey rushed Sharkey to the ropes. Dempsey sent in three hard rights, low to the stomach, and then hooked Sharkey on the jaw and Sharkey went out. The three blows looked low and there was an uproar at the finish.

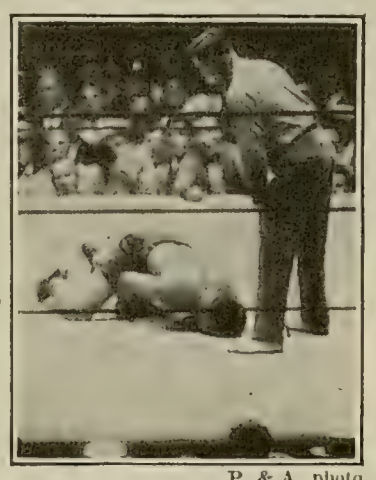
Cross was one of the boxing writers who felt that Sharkey must win.

> Tonight's fight [he said], will be the same old battle that has ever been waged in the ring—youth against age . . . Dempsey's sudden rise to riches, and a life of luxurious living, have aged him in a fighting sense.

Mr. McGeehan had felt that Sharkey was "too young to be in any danger of attack of the 'hollow shell' disease," and would be good enough to "take care of the older and softer gladiator."

And Mr. Rice's opinion was that Dempsey was sure to be outboxed by Sharkey:

> At the age of thirty-two, with only twelve rounds of fighting in three years, he is up against an opponent who may easily prove to be the toughest customer he ever tried to beat up—an opponent who is eight years younger, and who has had thirty-three fights while Dempsey was blowing himself to a pair.



P. & A. photo

Sharkey's out!

Contrast all the foregoing now with the dicta of New York *Daily Mirror's* battery of experts—Mr. Jack Conway, who prides himself on picking them right about ninety-five times out of a hundred; Mr. Fred Keats and Mr. Murray Lewin.

"I pick Sharkey to win, probably by a knockout," Mr. Conway says. He adds that Mr. Keats and Mr. Lewin also picked Sharkey.

> It will be another struggle of age against youth [Mr. Conway continues]. Dempsey is thirty-two. He has fought one bout in the last four years. He has lived an easy life.

In another column Mr. Conway says that if the fight is on the level he doesn't concede Dempsey a chance.

The next night Mr. Conway wrote this:

> We can now turn to baseball for awhile. We think it safe to predict that the Yankees will win the pennant.

The fight story I saw in the *Mirror* was not signed—but perhaps it was an early edition. It told of the left hook to the jaw, and then described the low blow as follows:

> Jack sprang from his corner and launched the most vicious body attack of the campaign. One savage smash to the body caused Sharkey to double up. His hand shot in the air with a protest to Referee O'Sullivan. . . . Like a flash of lightning Dempsey was on him. His argument was cut short by a terrific left hook, the hardest punch the former champ ever delivered in all his fighting life.

The *Mirror* writer, too, hadn't believed that Dempsey would win. He gives you such pictures as these in the first six rounds:

> The veteran was all in.
> Dempsey slowed down.
> Dempsey . . . was an easy mark for Sharkey's blows.
> Dempsey's tired arms stopped punching. Sharkey hooked a left to jaw.

I couldn't stop with only these few papers. I still wanted to know what really happened. So I went to the New York *Daily News*, and the New York *World*, and the New York *Telegraph*.

Paul Gallico in the *News* gave me a thrill because he expressed exactly what had been in my mind after listening to McNamee.

> Jack Dempsey, the most colorful boxer of the present generation [his lead said], returned to the wars last night at the Yankee stadium, and knocked Jack Sharkey, a young, strong, confident, well trained athlete, into a quivering jelly. Sharkey lay prone on his stomach, simply destroyed, after six rounds of fighting and forty-five seconds of the seventh round.
>
> There was no fluke about it. Sharkey had claimed a foul, dropping his guard for a fraction of a second, and in that split second Dempsey whizzed his left over in a half hook, half uppercut, and there were two distinct crashes—one as an iron fist struck flesh and bone, and the other as Sharkey fell flat on his face, absolutely out.

Oh, then he did fall on his face!

Gallico didn't find Dempsey a hollow shell either. He didn't believe that Sharkey had the fight won. He says:

> On my score sheet the first round was noted even. Dempsey won the second, third, and fourth. Sharkey broke through to take the fifth, and the sixth I called even, though it might have gone to Dempsey by a shade.

He declares that the right

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-SEVEN]

"—have you ever had a real 'outdoor' appetite?"

Eat heartily—and enjoy it!

Motoring days bring "outdoor" appetites—and, consequently, very often Indigestion.

Who can escape the lure of the road-stands that slap you in the face at every turn of the road?

So be prepared to help your stomach bear the abuse it gets by having handy plenty of Pep-O-Mint Life Savers when you take a trip. They really are a wonderful aid to tardy digestion.

* * *

Indigestion is a miserable thing. So many people suffer this way. If they only knew that simple, old method our grandfathers used—peppermint.

And now it is available in a new and really convenient form—Pep-O-Mint Life Savers; the little candy mints with the hole.

It sounds very simple and old-fashioned. But Pep-O-Mint Life Savers really do the trick. Try them after meals when that heavy, logy feeling comes over you—or to relieve the discomfort of indigestion. Pep-O-Mint is displayed at all good stores; also Wint-O-Green, Cinn-O-Mon, Lic-O-Rice, Cl-O-Ve and Vi-O-Let. 5c a package.

P. S.
Lots of folks are enjoying LIFE-SAVER FRUIT DROPS, Orange, Lemon and Lime. Have *you* tried them?

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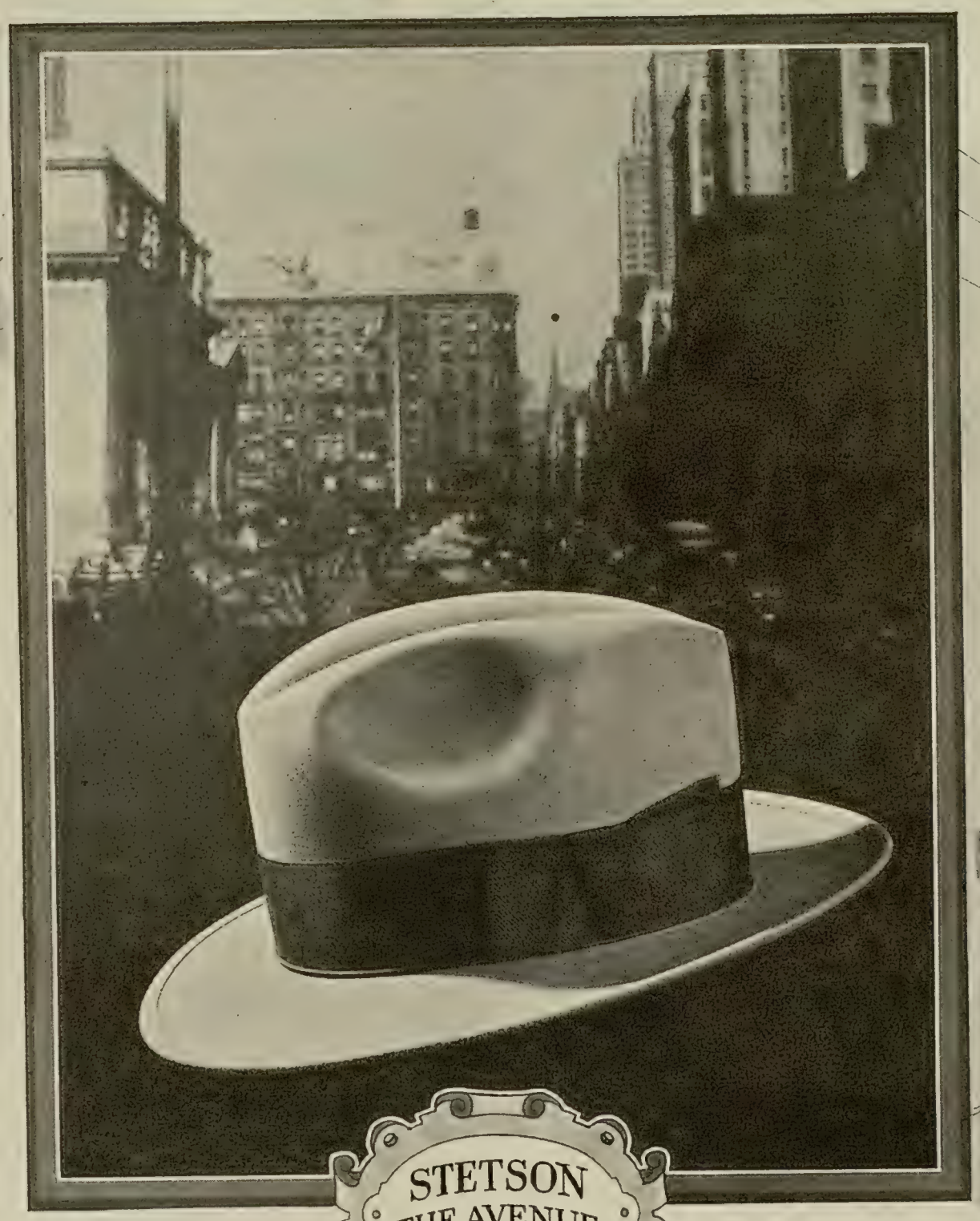

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STETSON HATS

Styled for Young Men

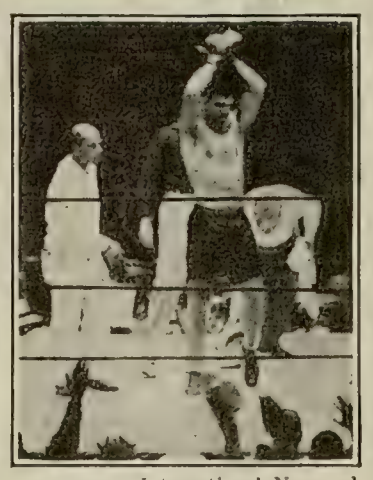
[CONT'D FROM PAGE THIRTY-FIVE]

"landed on the waistband" of Sharkey's tights.

> To me [he says], the punch looked right on the dead line, and the protective cup was undented, Walter Ryan of the *News* staff getting a good look at it.

Paul was one of the few sport writers who strung with Dempsey. Jack Farrell, also of the *News*, was another.

> Old Jack Dempsey, just a mere shadow of his great former self [is the way Farrell opened his story], matched his indomitable fighting spirit and his punch against the youthful and, as subsequent events proved, over-confident Jack Sharkey — and won by a knockout.



International Newsreel

The winner mitts the crowd.

Sharkey, Farrell says, "fell flat on his pan," after Dempsey had "ripped a right to the waistline" and then "let his right glove fly through space with a sort of a left hook uppercut motion."

Evidently Farrell couldn't say whether the right was foul or not; but he does say that Dempsey was a "pathetic figure" and that only his courage carried him through.

Marshall Hunt of the *News* had said that Sharkey would win inside of six rounds, "barring fouls." He wrote about the argument over the so-called foul, but did not commit himself.

Sam Taub of the morning *Telegraph*, who bet his reputation on Sharkey, saw it like this:

> Dempsey repeatedly had landed low punches during the entire scrimmage without once drawing a complaint from Sharkey, but once or twice bringing admonition from the referee. Yet when he made his last attack, with his strength fast ebbing, O'Sullivan, considered one of our best referees, totally ignored the low punches and enabled Dempsey to walk off with a knockout victory.

Taub gave Sharkey four rounds, and called two even.

There was an unsigned story on page one, however, which gave Dempsey all the best of it:

> The finish reminded one of the old Dempsey, as he ripped in with both hands and never ceased his activities until the bout was over.

There was only the *World* left of all the morning papers—Hype Igoe, Laurence Stern, and Benny Leonard, retired lightweight champion.

> The end was bewildering [said Igoe]. Dempsey, who was floundering toward his man, bloody-faced and grimly desperate, sent a crushing right into Sharkey's body. A look of horror flashed across Sharkey's face. He started to complain that the blow was low. He even started to sink toward the floor. The referee, Jack O'Sullivan, started to say something—hesitated as it were—and bang went Dempsey's left, clean to Sharkey's jaw. No matter what justice there might have been to Sharkey's claim of foul on that right to the body, the left turned the trick. That certainly was fair and above board, and Sharkey pitched full on his face.

But was there a foul?

I can't say whether or not Sharkey's claim of foul was justified. It did seem to be close to the belt line. I defy any man to say it went below the belt.

Stern says he'll string along with the "medic," the doctor who said he found no superficial evidence that a foul had been struck.

Benny Leonard, who had been sure that Sharkey couldn't lose, said that "Sharkey fought all wrong, forgot how to box, and allowed Dempsey to hit him at close quarters."

This is Leonard's account of the last few seconds:

> Dempsey reached out with a straight right hand and hit Sharkey low. Sharkey bent forward a bit with agony in his face, dropped his guard, and made a motion of complaint. There was no question about the blow being low. From where I was sitting I could see the blow struck. . . .
>
> There were a great many around the ring who knew that Dempsey was not entitled to the verdict. . . . The cheering lacked that spontaneous, delighted tone that was evidenced when Dempsey first entered the ring.

I read Leonard's pre-fight story, and then Igoe's, which began: "They're going to lead young Jack Sharkey out to victory at the Yankee stadium tonight. Youth, the incomparable, will be served."

And then I threw all the papers on the floor and went out to get an armful of evening papers to see what had happened in the Yankee stadium on the night of July 21.

I thought I might find two writers who would agree on something. I determined also to send for the papers of Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, St. Louis, Cleveland, Pittsburgh, and Chicago. I determined to see the moving pictures of the fight, too, in case I could not get an honest, unbiased, and unprejudiced story of the fight.

"Surely," I said to myself, "there must be a fight expert somewhere who won't contradict everybody else."

Was I kidding myself?

Mr. Doherty has now established two points. First, there was a fight. Second, Sharkey fell on his face. (The pictures prove it.) The evening paper experts continue the big battle royal in next week's LIBERTY. No punches will be barred.

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Yours very truly,
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A E Lockholder

The photographs show Mr. Lookholder's station in Oak Park, the world's largest "village" with over 58,000 population.

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GRAPHIC SECTION

News of the World

By RALPH BARTON

THE SORT OF PUBLICITY THAT GETS THE VOTES: First of a series of intimate snapshots of Dr. Elmer Glen Can, the Knights and Ladies of the Right candidate for President in 1928.

ONE OF THE PRETTY EVANSTON GIRLS enlisted in the work of collecting funds to rehabilitate the devastated regions of Chicago during the present gang armistice.

STUDIO PORTRAIT OF MRS. K. MARYLEBONE WAGGAMQUORT, newly created "Czarina" of the Marriage-Divorce-and-Alimony Industry at a salary of $100,000 a year.

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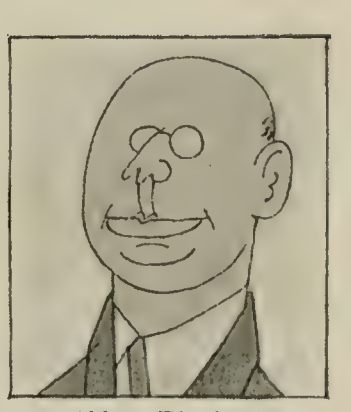
Albert Wainscott— three-bottle man.

Harriette Dong— government chemist.

P. Mitchell—ex-bartender, Knickerbocker Hotel.



Abbott Ripple— dry agent.

Every month bootleggers all over the country concoct new kinds of Fire-Water. You want to fill your cellar with what is generally considered the "best and quickest." But which is it? You are a busy and careful person and can not sample everything. To protect you the Case-of-the-Month Club was organized. All the important new mixtures are submitted *by the bootleggers themselves* to the Case-of-the-Month Club. These mixtures are tasted every month by the Selecting Committee, a group of impartial critics who have no business connection with the enterprise. They choose what *they* consider the most palatable hootch every month. Most people will agree that any liquor chosen by such a group is *likely* to be right.

One case (12 full bottles) of the chosen hootch-of-the-month is then forwarded to you in a plain wrapper together with a very carefully written report, *describing exactly what kind of hootch it is an imitation of,* and a *chemical analysis by a registered druggist.*

Without any advance in prices, the Case-of-the-Month Club renders you an extremely valuable and convenient service.

Thus, through this unique, thorough, and convenient service, you are assured against poisonous or slow goods. And what does this service cost? NOTHING! You pay the same price as if you were a bootlegger yourself or worked in the Prohibition Enforcement Department.

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A LOUDER and Tougher CARMEN

Dolores del Rio Plays a New Version of an Old Favorite

An Article by
FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

(Reading time: 4 minutes.)

WORD came out of Hollywood that William Fox's adaptation of Carmen, given the box-office title of Loves of Carmen, was destined to be a hit. The prospects seemed bright, since Loves of Carmen combined Dolores del Rio, the young Mexican woman who scored in Resurrection, Victor McLaglen, the towering Englishman who gained a personal triumph in What Price Glory, and the direction of Raoul Walsh, who manufactured What Price Glory into effective celluloid. All this, of course, aided and abetted by Mr. Fox's before-the-salary-slash pocketbook. In other words, Loves of Carmen is one of the last pre-economy specials.

DON ALVARADO as Don José.

Strangely enough, Loves of Carmen misses. The Hollywood master minds seem to have launched out to better Prosper Mérimée's original tale, along with Georges Bizet's opera. Not radical changes, to be sure—merely minor tinkering with the story of the passionate cigaret girl, her broken and discarded soldier lover, and the matador, *Escamillo.*

Carmen still dies at the hands of her maddened lover, *Don José;* but Mr. Fox has done some things to the lady that are hardly to be commended. He has undressed *Carmen* as no *Carmen* ever has been undressed before. Some of the pantomime is a little soiled, too, and the endless bickering and taunting between *Carmen* and *Escamillo* approach the heated repartee between those hard-boiled marines, *Captain Flagg* and *Sergeant Quirt* in What Price Glory. As Loves of Carmen winds its way through eight reels, this plainly visible calling-a-spade-a-spade grows wearisome.

Miss del Rio is disappointing as *Carmen.* She is hardly more than an elaborated *Charmaine* of What Price Glory. Victor McLaglen's *Escamillo* is just *Captain Flagg* with a sash and an estoc. Don Alvarado is immature as the love-sick *Don José.*

IS she going to kiss her or kill her? Dolores del Rio (center) in the new film conception of Carmen.

Our belief in the possibilities of Miss del Rio and Mr. McLaglen received a severe blow, although here the failure is one of story adaptation and direction, along with lack of experience and bad taste.

McLaglen has been developing slowly but steadily. He was born in London and raised in South Africa, where his father was bishop of a Cape Colony diocese of the Church of England. Victor was going to school in England when the Boer War broke out. He was only fourteen, but his huge size (he was over six feet, even then) got him by the recruiting office and into the Life Guards. Thus McLaglen remained at Windsor and never did see the Boer War.

At the end of his enlistment three years later, McLaglen went to Canada. He adventured through the silver strike at Cobalt. Then he wandered across the Dominion, picking up money here and there boxing and wrestling. Landing at Vancouver, he boxed Jack Johnson, then heavyweight champion, for six rounds on March 10, 1909. McLaglen lost the decision, but he remained perpendicular.

Joined by his brother Arthur, Victor wandered on to South Africa. The two reached Cape Town in 1914, just as the World War flared out. The brothers repaired to London. There, joined by Leo from China, Lewis and Clifford from South America, and Fred from Canada, they enlisted. They all saw active service, and they all returned, except Fred, who was killed in East Africa.

VICTOR McLAGLEN as Escamillo.

Returning to London after the war, McLaglen worked in several English films. Then he ran into J. Stuart Blackton, at the moment making a color film of The Glorious Adventure, starring Lady Diana Manners. McLaglen was given the rôle of *Bulfinch.*

Blackton brought McLaglen to Hollywood to appear in The Beloved Brute. His first real success was as the massive murderous moron in The Unholy Three, with Lon Chaney. His *Captain Flagg* of What Price Glory made him into star material.

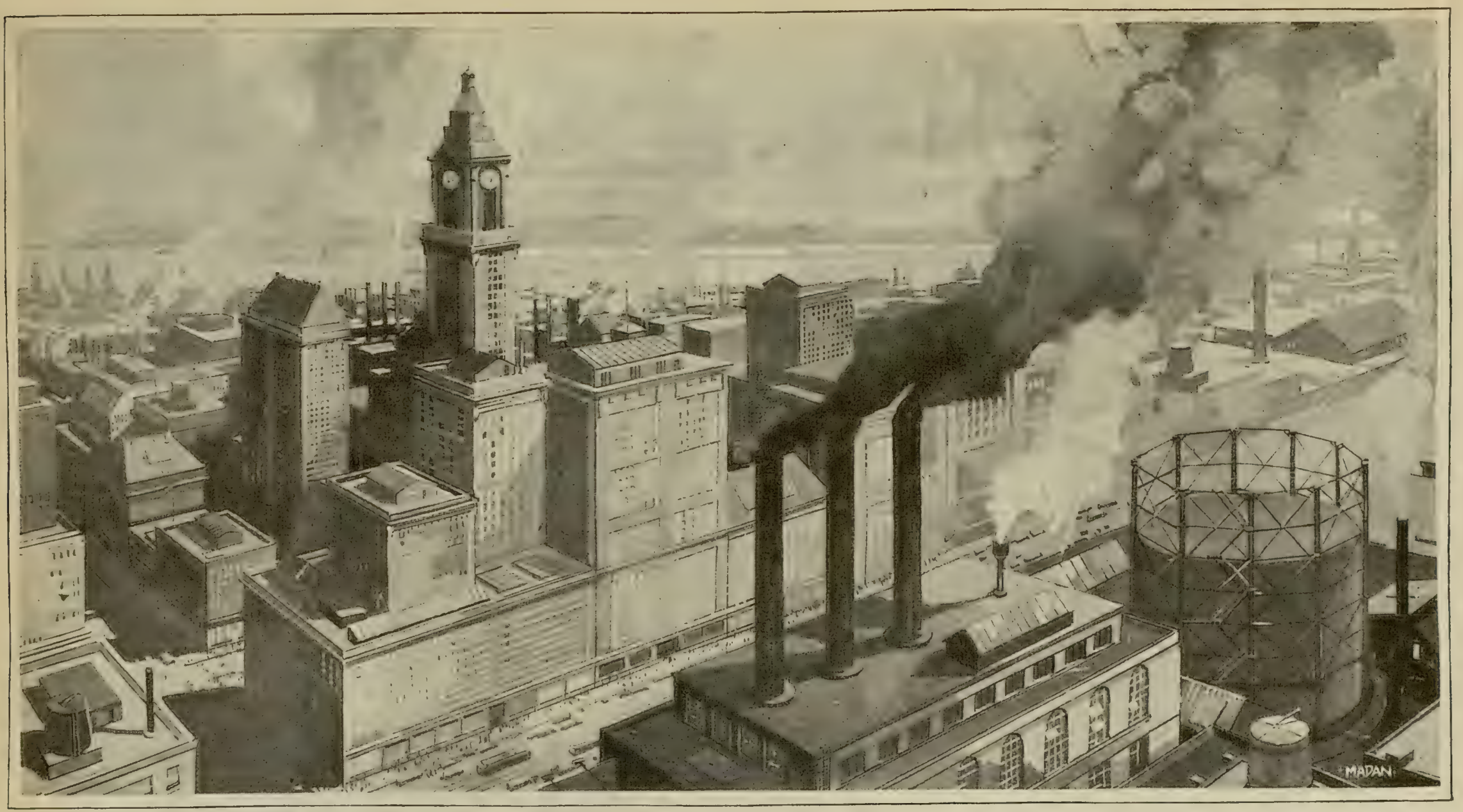
MCLAGLEN is six feet three. At that, he was the shortest of all his family. He tips the scale at 215 pounds. Despite his *Escamillo,* he is still a white hope—with the chance and the direction. Anyway, he has given up wandering and has applied for American citizenship.

Don Alvarado revealed possibilities in The Monkey Talks, but he is not up to the rôle of *Don José.* Although his real name is Joe Page, Alvarado is said to be another of the Mexican invasion that followed Ramon Novarro and includes Donald Reed and Gilbert Roland. Alvarado has been in Hollywood for a little more than two years. He is twenty-four, a former dancer, and was given his first job by Mae Murray.

Theda Bara, Geraldine Farrar, and Pola Negri have all tried the rôle of *Carmen.* To our way of thinking, Miss Negri's *Carmen,* done in German, is still the best of them all.

Do you know that—

Bebe Daniels is to do She's a Sheik, in which she kidnaps her man? . . . Rod La Rocque is to make a college yarn, Hold 'Em, Yale? . . . Norma Shearer is to be starred in a film version of Trelawney of the Wells? . . . Harold Lloyd has selected Ann Christy, nineteen, and exactly five feet high, as his new leading woman?



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Ben Bennett's BOY

Pictures by
RAY C. STRANG

The Story of a Reluctant Hero and a $20,000 Baby

By
CLINTON DANGERFIELD

(Reading time: 20 minutes.)

HATE, hot as the coals glowing in his forge, deepened with every day in Judd Bennett's heart.

This particular winter morning his jaws were clenched hard, gripping his self-control much as the iron smithy-vise near him bit down on a piece of waiting hickory.

Catching up his blacksmith tongs, Judd clamped them on a white-hot horseshoe lying on the coals, strode over to the big anvil, laid on it the white-hot shoe, and with quick blows from his hammer began to lengthen the calks.

Reed Minkler, squatting on his heels near by, glanced with jealous admiration at the giant looming above him. Minkler's critical gaze considered Judd's mass of cropped black hair, the arch of his fine black brows, the flash of the brilliant, stormy eyes beneath, the straight, haughty nose above a firm yet passionate mouth.

Minkler sighed in resigned envy. He shifted his cud of Red Mule and said slowly:

"Same as ye're th' best smith in this here valley, danged if ye ain't th' best looker too. 'N' 'tain't ever clothes. You look jist as good in them jeans 'n' blue cotton shirt 'n' brogans on yore feet as you do in yore Sunday pants."

The smith did not hear him. His angry thoughts were far away. Minkler resented this. He guessed well enough where Judd's embittered mind was ranging, and a thin, malicious smile cut across his wide, ugly face, and his little eyes twinkled. He drawled:

"But then, ye might as well be's plain as I am—seein' as them looks of yourn ain't saved ye from havin' Lishy an' Ben best ye clear all th' way through."

Just as Minkler had foreseen, those two hated names stabbed through the giant smith's inattention. He flung the finished horseshoe into the tempering tub, where it hissed sharply on contact with the cold water. Then he whirled on Minkler.

"Get yoreself outer my shop, you squattin' toad. I told you not to mention her nor him to me again!"

Minkler sprang up, a little daunted by the fierce tone, the resentful glow of Judd's angry eyes. But he had presumed too long on Judd's self-control really to be frightened. He said soothingly:

"I keep fergittin', Judd. Don't lay it up agin me."

"Then remember next time, or don't bring me no mule to shoe again."

Minkler nodded hastily, and Judd began to "fit up" the second shoe.

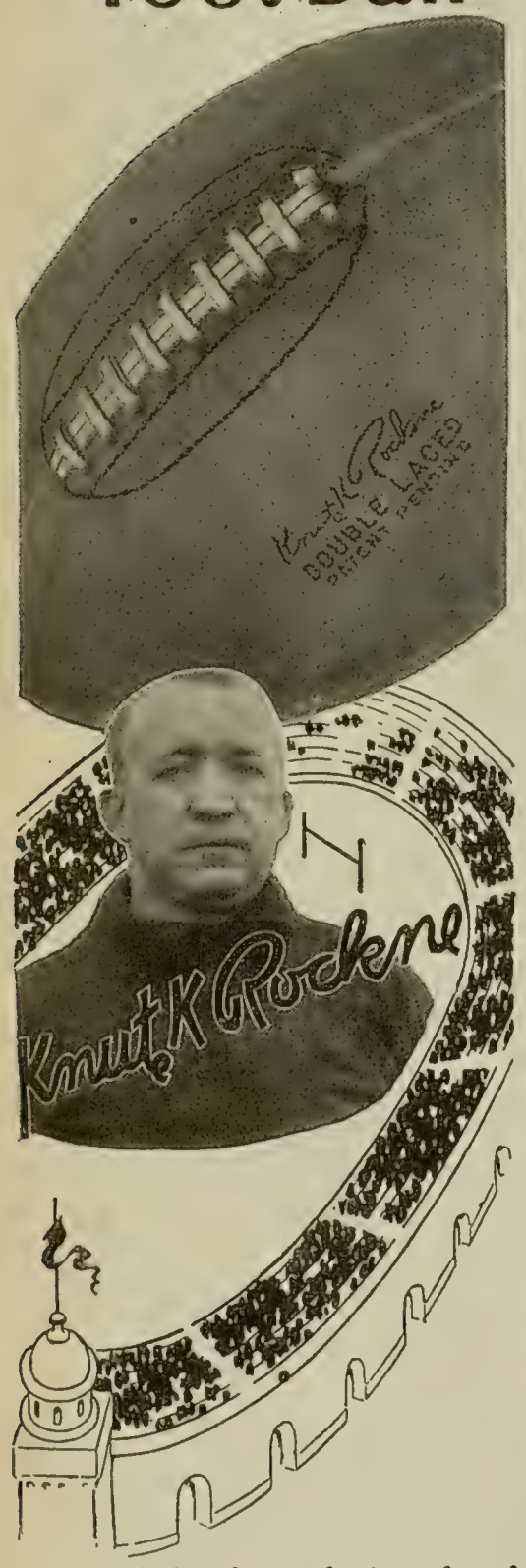
Outside the smithy a light snow melted in patches. It had been two springs since the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

SEIZING Minkler in his mighty arms, Judd pitched the man outside the shop.

Performance makes it

The World's Greatest Foot Ball



Because it has been designed and perfected with the aid of one of the most famous foot ball coaches of all time, Knute K. Rockne—*Because* it is the choice of many leading universities for official and all practice games—*Because* its double lining causes it to punt truer, pass farther and last longer—*Because* its valve type inflation makes it easy to maintain a standard air pressure—*Because* its double lacing features and fine workmanship make it second to none in construction, and lastly—*Because* its performance has proved it so, we believe the official Wilson Knute K. Rockne to be the finest foot ball the world has yet known.

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ATHLETIC EQUIPMENT
WILSON-WESTERN SPORTING GOODS COMPANY
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[BEN BENNETT'S BOY Continued from Page Forty-three]

long-standing spats between the two brothers, Ben and Judd, had begun to assume serious proportions in Judd's mind.

The more he brooded in his big smithy, among its litter of tools, wagon parts, and hickory waiting to be shaped, the more Judd felt that his limit was reached.

He had begun to isolate himself to escape the sight of Ben and of Alicia, Ben's wife.

When that one excitement of the buried northern Alabama valley—church-going—had its innings on Sunday, many a lovely country lass had been accustomed to look with secret longing at Judd Bennett. But now for weeks their shy glances had sought him in vain—not because Judd wasn't interested in pretty girls, but because his whole fierce soul was absorbed in protecting itself against that which was becoming, he felt, unbearable.

THE quarrel had been deepened by some grumbling on Ben's part about the dishing of a farm wagon wheel. Ben averred it had been badly done.

Judd had retorted that never in his life had he dished a wheel too much. He added wrathfully that the real trouble lay in Ben's being "too drunk to see straight."

Judd refused to alter the wheel, and Ben drove off, throwing sundry sarcasms back at his brother.

Presently the half-broken colt Ben was breaking to harness gave so much trouble that he forgot the wheel.

But he remembered it again a few days later, when the colt, while trotting fast to the same light wagon, shied out of the road, and the newly dished right fore wheel struck hard against a boulder and collapsed, dumping Ben out on the ground.

The wheel was old, but Ben chose to consider its wreck Judd's fault. He demanded damages.

Judd laughed in his brother's face. The resident farmers upheld Judd's attitude. Therefore Ben, his long, lemon-colored face and greenish-brown eyes a-sparkle with light venom, compensated himself by cutting sarcasms at Judd's expense.

Ben Bennett was shorter and not so strong as the giant Judd. But Ben's tongue was as agile as a snake's, and it never occurred to him that to provoke Judd might be dangerous.

The quarrel grew steadily.

As a side issue, Judd, who lived with an ancient aunt, did a little farming. Unfortunately, his ground adjoined that of Ben, and the little unavoidable mishaps of farm life began to swell to sinister importance.

Judd's game rooster flew into Ben's yard and assassinated—it could be called by no better name—Ben's new Plymouth Rock, which stood no possible chance against the cruelly effective spurs of the game-cock.

Then Ben's cow broke into Judd's little garden. For a whole night she trampled and devoured the vegetables and flowers that Judd had carefully tended in his spare time.

Ben refused to pay for the damage. What about his ruined wheel? Had he gotten any damages for that?

Judd began to suspect that the garden gate had been secretly opened, and left open, by Ben. He was wrong about this. It was Lishy, Ben's wife, who was responsible. She had skipped in, mantled by the dusk, to help herself to a radish, and had forgotten to close the gate. But she said nothing of this when the cow was discovered.

This wife of Ben's was a silly, cackling woman—shallowly malicious. She had once been palely pretty.

The quarrel between the brothers amused her. She fomented it. When Judd, now grown exceedingly sullen, refused to make a shelf brace for her on the ground that she had married a fool who didn't know good work when he saw it, Alicia Bennett repeated this to Ben with irritant additions woven into it.

Alicia was just then in a capricious state of mind and health. Sometimes she was exultant because she was to have a child; sometimes she was miserable because she felt so ill. She regarded herself as something to be treated with faultless consideration; and she received such consideration from Ben.

This was the case not only because Lishy was his wife, but because the birth of a son would be a really splendid triumph over Judd, and for this reason:

The parents of the two men had died, leaving their sons very little. But old Mason Bennett, their grandfather, had recently passed away at the age of ninety, leaving a will that the countryside found interesting.

For this will provided that if within two years a boy should be born to Ben and his wife, old

Mason Bennett's $20,000 would go, in its entirety, to Ben. If no boy arrived in that length of time, the money would go to Judd.

It had been Judd that his grandfather loved; but the old man craved racial immortality—he wanted the Bennett name carried on.

In his latter years, old Mason Bennett seldom saw the valley. He tended his shop in Birmingham during the day. At night he frequented the public library. Once a school-teacher, he had learned to love books above everything, and his reading had led him into interesting byways.

In his favorite newspaper he read with avid interest the confident statements that the Russian Czarina could thank Dr. Schenk's theories for the existence of her long-desired son. He hastened to buy a book on this subject.

He shrewdly reasoned that what the Schenk theory could do for a Czar's consort it could do for a farmer's wife.

So, when old Mason Bennett died, Alicia found the book hers—and a little fortune waiting for a son of hers to inherit.

The will barred a girl child because, ran the will, there was no excuse for having an infant who couldn't carry on the Bennett name when science afforded the certainty of a son. If Alicia neglected the book's teaching—if she left matters to chance and bore a girl—then the entire estate would go to Judd; because with "that much" money in Judd's possession, declared the will cynically, his boasted bachelor freedom would not save Judd from matrimony. Some wise girl would rope him into a wedding-ring, and eventually another Mason Bennett would carry on the family—if luck were kind.

But old Mason Bennett wouldn't trust luck if he could help it.

HAVING left a golden spur to Alicia's efforts, Mason Bennett died peacefully, murmuring at the last words about Ben Bennett's son—the Mason Bennett yet to be.

The will had an immediate effect on Ben and his wife. They read avidly. Faithfully they followed all that the scientist held forth, and it shortly became evident that the longed-for boy would, in a few months, be theirs.

Then Judd's sullen heart grew sorer. His hate of Ben flared whenever he saw Alicia; and he hated as deeply the scientist who had reduced to a certainty the coming of the heir. If the sex of the child had been left to chance, Judd could, he thought, have taken the gamble with philosophy. But there was to be no chance. The book had robbed him of that!

Day by day, as he plied his trade, shaping with mighty blows of his hammer the softened iron, or driving his drill through steel, or listening to the hiss of the tempering water into which some red-hot hinge or bolt was plunged, Judd's hate of Ben waxed and waxed until it began to take the form of a desire to kill.

He would now and then stretch out his great hairy arms and clutch at the air as if it were Ben's throat. Sometimes he thought how sweet a sound would be the cracking of one of Ben's ribs under his own irresistible muscles.

The desire grew with the increasing measure of Ben's fluent sarcasms. Ben knew just where and how to plant his barbs of speech.

He often made it a point now to idle at the smithy door among other loungers, that they might chuckle over his wit. He added sly sneers at bachelors whom no girl wanted, though Judd's popularity with the softer sex was well known.

When a slow, dull red mounted to Judd's tanned face, when his black eyes carried fiery sparks as bright as those that flew from hammered hot iron, when he

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FORTY-NINE]

he died and gave it to me. It was his engagement ring. I carried it with me in prison until the Armistice and then took it back to his widow, who was living in London.

"I was marched back to a big unit headquarters, where I wrote and addressed a post-card to my mother, telling her that I was all right, and asking her to tell Mrs. Follett that her husband was dead. The Germans promised to drop it over the lines.

"From there I was marched ten miles back along the road with a mounted uhlan carrying a lance behind me. I must have been a funny-looking sight walking into Douai with that ferocious escort and myself in a torn and petrol-soaked uniform with a lot of blood-soaked bandages.

"Along the canal into Douai, French girls came out and walked beside me at the side of the road. They gave me cigarets and said mighty nice things to me in French. Soon my French escort of women, girls, and little boys in wooden shoes became so large that the uhlan ordered them to stop following.

"The uhlan marched me up to Richthofen's airdrome in Douai, and some of the pilots of his squadron treated me very nicely — gave me coffee and something to eat. One of them told me that it was Richthofen himself who had shot me down.

Second Lieutenant F. J. Kirkham escaped death when his plane fell into a tree. His pilot, Lieutenant R. W. Follett (right), was killed.

"We never met. I left that night for prison and that was my address until the Armistice."

Kirkham's great disadvantage in the plucky fight he made during the descent is revealed in the final sentence of the flying uhlan's combat report, which reads:

> Requesting acknowledgment of my Forty-eighth Victory.
> Date: April 28, 1917.
> Time: 9:30 A. M.
> Place: Woods east of Pelves, southeast corner of Square 6998, this side of lines.
> Plane: English B. E. two-seater.
> Occupants: Lieutenant Follett, killed. Observer F. J. Kirkham, wounded.
> About 9:30 A. M., while pursuit flying, I attacked an enemy infantry or artillery flier 2,000 feet above the trenches.
> Above the woods of Pelves I shot the enemy plane down.
> From the beginning of the engagement to the end, my adversary was never able to get out of the range of my gun.
> BARON VON RICHTHOFEN.

The German ace liked a good gallery. He knew he was the "goods" in the air, and it gave him great enjoyment to put up a good show for interested spectators on the ground. The presence of a grand-stand inspired him to greater exertion.

Under the eyes of a special guest from headquarters he had shot down three planes and killed four men on the 13th of the month. Today there was some one on the ground watching him with eyes that reflected mixed emotions of pride, love, and fear.

The witness to that day's carnival of death was none other than his father. Richthofen was still young enough to enjoy exhibiting his prowess before the father whose ability as a hunter and as a marksman had been his boyish inspiration.

He could remember the many days in the old home in Schweidnitz, when his eyes would stray from his lesson books to the walls of the large drawing-room, on which were mounted several hundred bleached white skulls and horns that had fallen under the gun of the head of the family. He still loved the dusty glass cases in which stuffed eagles, falcons, hawks, and buzzards—all victims of his father's marksmanship—looked down upon him with their glass eyes.

HE reflected now that the walls of his rooms were hung with human scalps in the form of strips of fabric bearing the numbers of the planes he had brought to earth. On his desk was the ever-increasing collection of little silver cups of death, that kept pace with his conquests in the air. Showing the old man how he did it was a joy.

There was another development that piqued his pride that day. It had been reported to him through the Intelligence Department that his fame had become so great that the British had organized an Anti-Richthofen squadron for the purpose of driving him from the air.

I have been unable to find that any such organization ever existed in the British Flying Corps, and, at that time on the front, I never heard of it. It was well appreciated, however, among the Allied fliers that the man who "got" Richthofen would gain special distinction as an air fighter.

It is true, though, that the first man Richthofen killed the next day, April 29, was in the air with two others for the express purpose of dealing with the German ace. Of the three English air knights who flew on that special mission, Richthofen and two of his comrades shot all of them down, killing two and taking one prisoner.

How three English planes, sent out to "get" Richthofen, met in combat with the German ace and his brother Lothar, is vividly described in the next instalment.

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--instantly!

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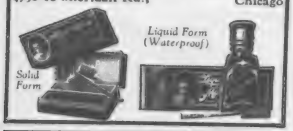

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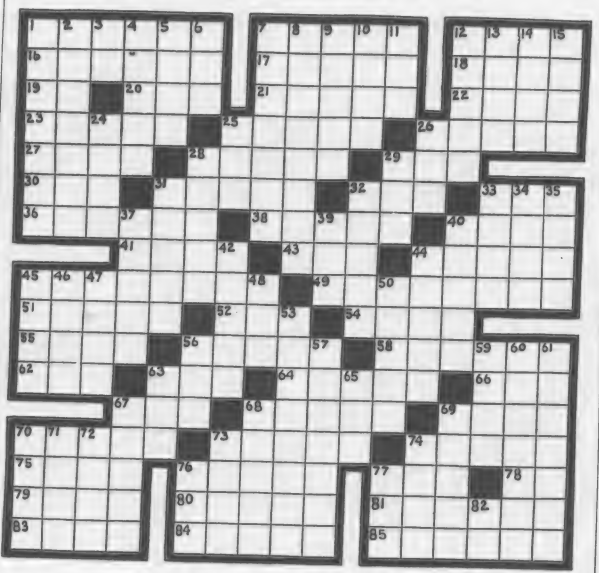
LIBERTY is not awarding $25 weekly for solutions to cross-word puzzles. The prize is offered for the best original puzzle design, made with the following rules in mind: It should not be more than twenty-one or less than fifteen squares in breadth or in height. Approximately one-sixth of the squares may be black and one-tenth of the letters unkeyed. The number of unkeyed letters, however, should be kept as low as possible. Abbreviations, initials, prefixes, suffixes, and obsolete and foreign-language words should be used sparingly and employed only when they have dictionary authority. Trade names and possessive forms of nouns are not sanctioned. Puzzles will be returned and inquiries answered only when accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelop. Address Cross Words, LIBERTY WEEKLY, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.



Prize Puzzle No. 52

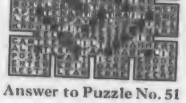
By MRS. J. G. ALLEN, Gadsden, Alabama

HORIZONTAL

1 To do harm to
7 Languishes
12 An unimportant quarrel
16 A regular customer
17 Proportion
18 An instance or circumstance
19 A pronoun
20 Augment
21 Spiritless
22 Scope or range
23 Inclines
25 Catkin
26 Vision
27 A perennial plant
28 Possessive pronoun
29 The lay, as of land
30 Opposite to the weather side
31 Intended
32 Middle
33 To plan in detail
36 Whirlpools
38 Frozen
40 Youthful court attendant
41 A fruit
43 A speck
44 Military student
45 Hesitating
49 Having no equal
51 Type of voice (plural)
52 The acme
54 Fruit of the blackthorn
55 A narrow opening
56 To deal with
58 To charge
62 Equality
63 To acquire at a price
64 Commonplace
66 A deer
67 A tag
68 Calm
69 To alienate the affections of
70 Curt; uncivil
73 To wait upon
74 Dreads
75 A high church dignitary
76 A carpenter's tool
77 A beverage
78 In a high degree
79 Verily
80 Pastoral
81 Rosier
83 To split
84 Shouts
85 Members of a secret order

VERTICAL

1 Saliva
2 Pandered
3 By
4 Barter
5 Coal-scuttles
6 Culminate
7 Fashioning
8 Bewailed
9 Expiate
10 To encircle
11 Inebriate
12 Frighten
13 Peel
14 On the ocean
15 Persons associated in any work
24 Poverty
25 An exclamation
26 Accomplished
28 Coating of a seed
29 Cover
31 Edible part of anything (plural)
32 Minute insects
33 Fabricated
34 Matures
35 Fondles
37 Imbecile
39 To cut off
40 Lost color
42 Entrance
44 Withered old woman
45 A clasp
46 Feminine proper name
47 To move
48 A digit
50 Select class
53 Fatherly
56 A container
57 Traverses
59 Conception
60 To make gross or rough
61 Muscles
63 Flying mammal
65 To freeze
67 Tendency
68 Pale bluish gray
69 Frees from noxious plants
70 A boom
71 Habitat
72 Disclose to view
73 To turn out of a course
74 An insect
76 To prize
77 The end of a sofa
82 Syllable sounded in solmization



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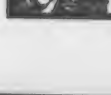

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LUCKY TIGER

HE was tryin to beat a taxi acros the street, and the mouse-trap changed the stile of his close.

Love Letters of an Interior Decorator

Some Touching Sediments from a Filling Station

Words and Pictures by
BERT GREEN

(Reading time: 6 minutes 20 seconds.)

Hotel Aberdaba.

DEER MARG,—

I would have mailed this letter to you last night but I busted my suspenders, and besides I feel so low that I could walk under a Pinkineese with a high hat on. I had to go to the dentist again and have my tusks fixed. You kno the nice shiny gold tooth I had put in the front—well it popped out the other night when I was tryin to open a bottle. You certainly hafta be true to your teeth Marg, or they will treat you false.

Every time I talk now I sound like a second hand bicycle pump. If I keep on having trouble with my potato mashers, Im goin to get em all yanked out and get a set of tin teeth like your old lady has.

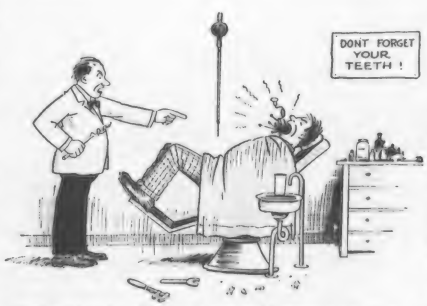
I got a good dentist though—he knows his onions. He used to be a steam fitter. He said that before he went into business for himself he used to be in a dental school up in the Bronx Zoo, where ever that is.

I got so now Marg that I dont any more mind goin to a dentist than I do bein run over by a taxi-cab. I feel so comfortable in the chair—just like on a red hot stove.

The last time I was there he had everything in my mouth but the radio. I looked like one of those machines for makin permanent waves. You kno what I mean—where you sit like a dumb Issac for a couple of hours with a lot of roman candles tied on your head—you kno—it comes under the head of pleasure.

The other day he sticks in my mouth a gadjet somethin like an automobile jack. Then he got out a thing what was a cross between an ice pick and a potato peeler and he shoves the workin end a foot in my gum and then he says, "That bottle of hootch you sold me the other day ate the leg off my desk"—and what could I say with a mouthful of hardware?

Then he digs out a coal chissel and a hammer and you could hear me holler to Sandy Hook. Then he squawks "What are you yellin about, you dident feel nothin," and with that he puts the sting on me for $eventeen smackers.



"That bottle of hootch you sold me ate the leg off my desk."

He had a room full of patients when I went in, but when I came out they was all gone. I guess they dident like the sound of my broadcastin. Hes a tough bird—he likes to work on you to hear you holler. I gues thats why he took up the saxiphone—he dont hear nothin.

So your girl friend with the crockery eye is mad at you. I told you not to tell her she had legs like pipe stems. Never tell nobody not to tell. It puts the idea in their skull. And she had a fallen out with her sweetie?

I dont blame her for airing that bird. The only thing he was ever good for was destroyin bon-bons. All he thinks of doin is dressin up in a fried shirt and crackin wise in a nut sundae garage.

I forgot to tell you Marg that our old friend Jimmy McNitny is spending a couple of pleasant weeks in the hospital. It seems that he was tryin to beat a taxi acros the street and before he knew it the mouse-trap had changed the stile of his close.

Everything is a Sam Loyd to him. He says that as soon as they get the crank-shaft out of his chest hes goin to swim the english Chanel. He dont have to be all wet, hes just got a bit scrambled—you understand Marg. Grape nuts.

A feller just called down from room number 62 and put up an awful holler for another bed. He said the matress was soft like a gun base. And a woman phoned she wanted a pitcher of nice fresh ice, because she wanted to try and make some of those "crankcase cocktails" she was reading about.

On the square she would drink the glue they put in the fire extingwishers if she could get it out of the hose. Shes older than Noah and is married to a milk fed guy about 22 years old. Shes had her face lifted so many times she would make a swell model for false faces. And oh what a cute figure—just like Grants toomb.

You know she loves that charlotte russe so much that if anythin ever happened to him I think she would have him stuffed and stick him in a corner.

THE Porter invited me out to his house the other night to supper—he lives somewhere over in Jersey, a place called Sackenhack. On the level we took a ferry boat, a rattler, and a buss, and then walked 2 miles. I thought I would have whiskers before we got there.

Then in busts his wife. She said she was out on one of those "tea fights." Where they play bridge all afternoon. We had a wonderful supper—canned beans, canned tomatoes, canned soup, and canned plumbs. Shes a great cook—all she needs is a can opener.

The wimen today Marg can be found in anyone of three joints—playin bridge, a delicatessen store, or a beauty parlor. And if you ever pull a fast one on me like that, Marg—youd find yourself under different management. But I dont think she loves him much because she had a pip of a black eye.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

FOURTH SPASM

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TABLETS FOR
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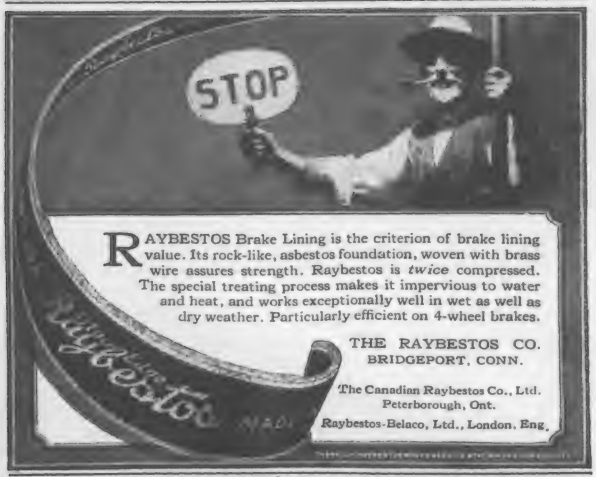
Especially effective for Sciatica—Neuritis — Joint — Muscular and other forms of rheumatism which ordinary treatments fail to reach. Druggists sell millions of Weldona tablets annually. Literature describing rheumatism from the Early Egyptian Days to the present mailed on request to Weldona Corp'n, 232 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass.

"O, Gee!-- Grandma's Coming Downstairs— Rheumatism's Gone"



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McCORMICK & CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

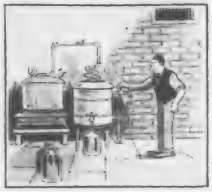
TO MEND BRIC-A-BRAC

[CONT'D FROM PAGE FORTY-SEVEN]

Marg, I got an awful trimmin the other day from a girl what looked like a picture in a movie magazine. And did she take me. She took everything but the under draws. Say, she could take Mack Sennett and Flow Ziegfeld and make em silent partners to Tiffiny. She could sell Mar Jung sets to a Scotchman. And what a line of maple sirup she had—short, blond, pretty, with one of those baby-come-to-me voices, and a figure just like yours, Marg.

Oh, what a steam heated mamma. Just one of those things that would jam traffick and make a traffick cop sleep on his hands. Im goin to tell you the hole story Marg and I dont want you to get mad. Wimin dont usually understand them things Marg, but with men its different. They are use to takin em on the chin.

Well, she blows into the hotel one night and asks for the best sweet in the house, and when I got a peak at them eyes I could see that she was very ruffined so I gave her the best flop in the joint. Then she rites in the register "Mrs. Sandy Mac Tavish, Scotland," and then she gives me the eye, and me bein in the business Im in, I figure that maybe we might do a little business together.



The next day she gets kind of clubby and asks a lotta sap questions about the place and tells me I look just like a sweetheart she lost in France and a lotta stuff like that, and then she says she would like to go down to the Metripolitan Opera house and hear Fritz Chrisler, and up to then I didn't know that the automobile agent could play the fiddle.

So I get big harted, figurin that she knows somebody on the boats, and goes for the rap on the opera, and everythin.

How anybody can pay money to hear a feller practice on the catgut like that is over my head. Gee I dont kno Faust from the Anvil Choras but I know good music when I hear it.

So after the show we have a bite to eat—$17.50. She ordered everythin from see weed to puddin and snails, too. Them are the things they can't ketch in Philedelphia, and we go back to the hotel, and she says "you have been such a nice sweet boy Im goin to invite you up to my room and give you a drink." Toot Sweet—thats French for "I should worry."

SO I sneaked up about 2 bells and she threw her arms around me and says "Baby, Im goin to give you what you never tasted before," and with that she pulls out from under the bed a big valease full of scotch labels pasted on it and opens it up and what do you think was in it? About a dozen of the prittiest bottles you ever looked at. With shapes like a piano lamp, all made out of that stuff what they make flower pots of.

Then she gets two wine glasses and pours out two stiff shots and says, "This is what the Prince of Whales drinks—down the hatch."

Im not kiddin you Marg, it was the finest scotch I ever hung a lip over. The kind of stuff that gives you ideas—makes you want to buy every lobster in a night club and neck your mother-in-law. Goes down like olive oil with a smell like hilyertripe.

So I figured if I could only get some of that stuff out of her by kiddin her along I could clean up. I dont want you to get sore just because I went up to her room Marg. Its business. We got to make these contacts. Shes all apple strudel with me. Youre the only one Im nuts about.

Well anyway after we had about a dozen shots, she tells me the hole works. She said her husband is a steward on one of the big boats and has a friend over in Scotland what ran the still for the Prince of Whales, and that he could get all he wanted as the Prince never knew how much liquor he had.

And as far as gettin the stuff over here was concerned, there was nothin to it as her brother-in-law was one of the custom officials on the dock. So she said if I was a very nice boy she would get me 25 cases cheap as she was beginin to fall for me, so I told her to go to it.

So two days later when the hootch came in she wouldnt take the money until she made me taste it to make sure it was the same stuff. Then she said she was terrible sorry but that her old man insisted that she go back with him on the same boat. So she kissed me good bye and checked out.

OY-OY-OY *did she take me.* That night when I poured out the stuff, every quart bottle had a lot of parifine wax in the bottom and only about a *half pint of good hootch floated on the top.* How did I know? I couldn't see threw those flower pots.

She took me plenty. She got the dough and I got the wax. Ever since then Ive been living in the Automat—machenery meals, where you put in a nickle and get the beans in the face. Theres one great thing about them Marg—when you look in the little windows a ham sandwich looks like a pot-roast.

I got to get that money back somehow, or Ill be sellin canary bird swings on Broadway.

Well, I got to go now and turn off the still. Remember me to your mother and father. I know how she must feel livin with a grouch like him. Also tell her that I couldent get the brazzier she wanted as they was all out of that size and they wanted me to order one in the tent department. Wishing you the same,—

Yours till your stockings run,
MIKE

Ps. Tell your old man that the Scotch to him is $5.50 per copy.

Another of Mike's mash (sour) notes will appear in an early issue of LIBERTY.

[CONT'D FROM PAGE FORTY-FOUR]
turned on Ben and savagely ordered him away—then Ben's cup of pleasure was full. How could there be any danger in "stirring up old Judd"?—Judd, the elder, who even in childhood had been trained to "bear with Ben because he's four years younger, 'n' not nigh as strong 's you."

FINALLY arrived a morning in which Ben surpassed himself in sneers. He was headed for town, driving his still capricious young horse; but he took time to halt at the smithy, to ask for a bolt length he knew Judd didn't have—and then sat idly on his wagon-seat, baiting his brother while the loungers listened and laughed. Like Ben, they saw only amusement in the baiting. No danger. Weren't Ben and Judd brothers?

At first Judd took refuge from the wounding malice in pretended indifference. But, as the arrows of cruel taunts flew faster and truer, he whirled suddenly, a long piece of iron in his hand, strode to the wide smithy door, and demanded of Ben in a choked voice:

"Where you goin'?"

"To town," grinned the other, a little startled by his brother's white face and burning eyes.

"What for?"

"Some medicine for Lishy."

"Then go! Get off my smithy ground. I ain't time to fool with you now. My word's out to finish this bolster by noon. But when you get back I'm going to kill you!"

Ben laughed. He took it as a huge joke. And, following his accustomed lead, the two loafers—just a couple of lazy young white boys and an old Negro—laughed also.

"Oh, you'll cool down 'fore I get back," Ben said easily, chuckling inwardly over his verbal success as he drove away.

Yet Judd's words were a stark statement of fixed intention, and Ben was alive that moment only because Judd had promised to finish a wagon bolster by noon for one Minkler.

Judd never broke his word. And now that he had promised to kill Ben later in the day, he would keep that promise, too. Blind with hate, he said to himself:

"If I stretch hemp for't, I don't care! It'll be worth it. An' Lishy won't need him. She'll have her boy—'n' all the money."

Noon came—a pleasant noon in the ending Southern winter. The wagon bolster was just getting its final sandpapering, when a rider galloped up to the smithy door, scattering horn peelings and hickory shavings. He halted a foam-lathered horse.

"Are you Judd Bennett?"

The smith nodded.

The man hesitated, squirmed in his worn saddle, then blurted out:

"Your brother Ben's dead. That fool hawse he was a-drivin' ran away, crossed a cyar track, 'n' a street-cyar wrecked th' wagon an' —an' Ben. A feller that knowed 'im is bringin' the body home—but they sent me ahead account of his wife."

The man's tale was soon verified. Next day Ben was buried.

Judd experienced no sorrow. He felt bewildered at first; then a sense of defeat bit into him. Where Ben's spirit might be now Judd wasn't sure. Sullenly he hoped his brother had gone to the orthodox hell the Alabama valley earnestly believed in. Yet Judd had a secret tormenting belief that Ben's ghost was near at hand, laughing inaudibly at Judd's balked revenge, chuckling inaudibly over Alicia's daily progress toward the final triumph of winning old Mason Bennett's fortune through Ben's coming son. That son, Judd realized bitterly, was, in a racial sense, Ben himself.

Judd noted that Alicia had spent but little time on her shallow grieving for the dead man. Her thoughts were centered wholly on her own present discomfort, her personal sense of success, her greedy craving for the gold which the boy baby's tiny hands would soon rake in for her over fortune's table.

WHEN Alicia passed the smithy on her way to the one neighborhood store for snuff or calico, Judd saw a slight strut in her walk, a self-important smile on her weak mouth. She was, just now, extremely ugly. But Judd saw that the eyes of all the valley women—

ALICIA found the book hers—and a little fortune waiting for a son of hers to inherit.

yes, and those of the men too—followed her, either openly or secretly: not in pity or sympathy, but in a jealous admiration for this woman to whom science had given the same golden key of knowledge that had blessed the Czarina.

And the ancient midwives common to the northern Alabama valley added to science certain signs and portents of their own which confirmed science. Even old Mis' Malkins, whose prophecies along this line had long been a respected marvel, joined her sister Fates in anticipating the coming heir.

The unseen boy filled with his hidden presence the entire mountain-walled valley. He was the dramatic apex of a long personal drama. In him met the far-away world of misty Czarinas and the keenly local interests of a secluded valley whose oak-set, flower-bordered roads had not yet been touched by anything more modern than some wabbly, infrequent bicycle.

At last the day came in which Alicia's title to that $20,000 should be perfectly clear.

Reed Minkler sat on an upturned box in the smithy, informing Judd of what a difficult task he had performed in fetching Dr. Prince.

"Them everlastin' spring rains," explained Minkler, "has riz the creeks somethin' scandalous. The creek bridge 'twixt here an' town is washed plum' away. So was the bridge over that little river by Doc's house. But we swum acrost. Doc's horse played him a queer trick, though."

Judd scowled. He was not even listening. His thoughts were struggling to escape brooding on that small stranger so soon to reach out an infinitesimal goblin fist that would snatch the whole pile of old Mason Bennett's gold.

Judd frankly loved money—not for the money itself, for he had no touch of the miser. He loved it for what it would buy; for the power it represented.

With that twenty thousand he could have carried out some plans dear to his heart.

He had on hand several inventions which he was sure were valuable, but which needed development, and he was too crude a man to seek capital in others' pockets, as a more enterprising inventor might have done.

HE was aware that he lacked fine manners and city-fine turns of expression. He was dimly conscious that his "Sunday clothes" were not "stylish." He was wholly unaware that his leonine shoulders and boldly handsome face would command admiration even in noisy Birmingham.

Judd was shy of big towns. But he felt that if he had not lost Mason Bennett's fortune things would have been very different. Armored with so limitless a sum as $20,000, he could have patented his inventions and have stayed in the city long enough to lose the genuine stage-fright with which it affected him.

Almost hourly his hate of Alicia had deepened. He suspected, justly, that she had made errands in order to pass his smithy, so that she might flaunt at him that change

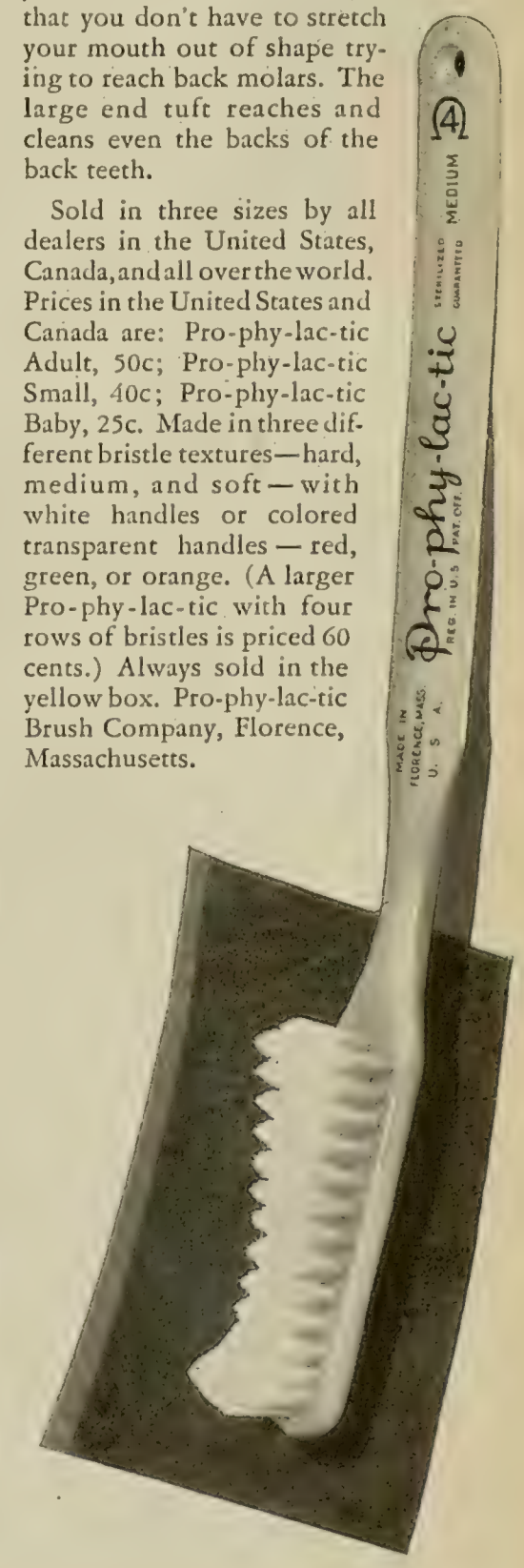
[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

To keep *all* your teeth

clean them all

THE Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush is scientifically designed to reach *all* your teeth. The curve of the bristle surface conforms to the curve of your jaw. The handle curves, too, so that you don't have to stretch your mouth out of shape trying to reach back molars. The large end tuft reaches and cleans even the backs of the back teeth.

Sold in three sizes by all dealers in the United States, Canada, and all over the world. Prices in the United States and Canada are: Pro-phy-lac-tic Adult, 50c; Pro-phy-lac-tic Small, 40c; Pro-phy-lac-tic Baby, 25c. Made in three different bristle textures—hard, medium, and soft—with white handles or colored transparent handles—red, green, or orange. (A larger Pro-phy-lac-tic with four rows of bristles is priced 60 cents.) Always sold in the yellow box. Pro-phy-lac-tic Brush Company, Florence, Massachusetts.



"I said to him, 'There is a check for $10,000 hidden in that book.'"

In 16 years we have not published *a more dramatic story than this*

THIS is the story of a man who almost threw $10,000 into the waste basket because he did not have curiosity enough to open the pages of a little book. (How much curiosity have you? Have you read one single book in the past month that increased your business knowledge or gave you a broader business outlook?)

The scene took place in a bank in one of the southern cities of California. The Vice-president, who had sent for a representative of the Alexander Hamilton Institute, said to him:

"I want your help in making a little private experiment among the junior officers of this bank. We have got to appoint a new cashier. I hate to bring a man in from the outside, and yet I am not at all sure that any one of our younger men is ready for the position. Here are the names of five of them. I want you to send a copy of 'Forging Ahead in Business' to each one, but without letting them suspect that I have had a hand in it. Then call and tell the story of the Institute's training to each one separately and let me know how he receives it.

"I enrolled for your Course in New York years ago," he explained. "It gave me my first real knowledge of the fundamental principles of business. It meant everything to me, and I have an idea that there is no better way to test a man's business judgment than to see how he reacts to the opportunity it offers."

The five copies of "Forging Ahead in Business" were mailed, and a few days later the representative of the Institute called. One of the five men was on a vacation; three had tossed the book into the waste basket. They "knew all about it already"; they were "not interested." The fifth had his copy on his desk unopened. To that fifth man the Institute representative said:

"You may not suspect it, but there is a check for $10,000 in that little book."

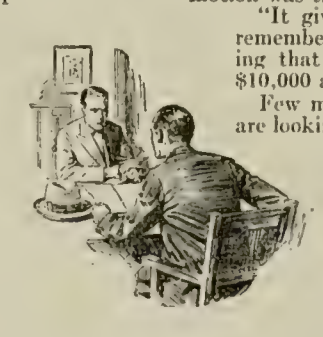
"Don't kid me," the other answered.

"I'm serious," was the reply. "I'll see you to-morrow."

The following morning the Institute man was called on the 'phone. "I think I found that $10,000 check last night," said the man at the bank. "If you're down this way to-day, drop in. I'd like to enrol."

A few months later the directors of the bank appointed him cashier: his upward progress had begun. One of the first friends whom he notified of his promotion was the Institute representative.

"It gives me a cold shudder," he said, "to remember that I was just on the point of throwing that little book into the waste basket—$10,000 and all."



Few men realize how eagerly business leaders are looking for the heads that stick up above the mass—for the men who by any sort of special training or ability have marked themselves for larger things.

For business nowadays develops the specialist—the man who knows his own department well, but who is so close to his job that he hasn't had time to learn the broad fundamental principles upon which *all* business is built.

Do you want more money? Ask yourself this: "Why should anyone pay me more next year than this year? Just for living? Just for avoiding costly blunders? I am devoting most of my waking time to business—what am I doing to make myself more expert at business?"

Here is the Institute's function in a nutshell: It first of all awakens your interest in business, stimulates your desire to know, makes business a fascinating game. And second, it puts you into personal contact with leaders, thrills you by their example, makes you powerful with their methods. Is it any wonder, then, that Institute men stand out above the crowd?

Thousands of men will read this page. Hundreds will turn aside, or cast it into the waste basket, as those three men in the California bank threw their copies of "Forging Ahead in Business" into the waste basket. But a few hundred will be stirred by that divine emotion—curiosity—which is the beginning of wisdom. They will send for "Forging Ahead;" they will read it, and like the fifth man, will find a fortune in its pages.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON INSTITUTE
957 Astor Place New York City

Send me the new revised edition of "Forging Ahead in Business," which I may keep without charge.

Signature.....
Please write plainly
Business Address.....
Business Position.....

IN CANADA, address The Alexander Hamilton Institute, Limited, C.P.R. Building, Toronto.

[BEN BENNETT'S BOY
Continued from Page Forty-nine]

in her which he felt modesty should have bidden her conceal.

He wished now that Minkler would hold his damned jaw. But Minkler talked on, shrewdly aware that his topic had a strangle-hold on his unwilling listener.

"That's a new horse Doc's got. Most horses, y' know, Judd, swim with their heads r'ared outer water—swim straightforward, and it's no trouble, ye know, to set on 'em. But this here new one (Doc he bought it from ole man Quinn), why, this here gray, the minit he got in deep water, he just turned sideways and swum thataway, a-soakin Doc in the water an' losin off his saddle-bags. Doc he helt on like a major, ef he is old, and I reskewed the bags, and we got here all right."

Suddenly Minkler broke off his narrative, which even he began to suspect was unheard, and, coming up to Judd, thrust a mocking face at the smith.

"Say, Judd," he grinned, "how you feel about that book trick they played on ye? Twenty thousand dollars! An' Lishy she's a foolish kinder woman; but she's been too much fer you, Judd. Say—how does it feel to hev a little ole boy child hist your money away like that?"

He got his answer; but in a more simply direct way than he expected. Judd whirled on him. Seizing Minkler in his mighty arms, he pitched the man ten feet outside the shop.

Minkler landed on his feet and broke into a stumbling run which grew faster and faster. He soon vanished from sight.

JUDD hadn't even looked after him. He returned to his forge, and was just starting the bellows when a shadow darkened the doorway and old Doctor Prince came quietly in.

Everybody called him "old," and in years and hard usage of himself he was so; but immortal youth and sympathy looked out of his gray eyes. His voice was still full-chorded and strangely young, although his body and face were weather-beaten into the kind of ugliness old trees and cliffs attain—an ugliness that is yet so composed, that it is, somehow, beautiful.

"Judd," began the doctor.

Judd let go the bellows handle and turned his angry, flushed face on the doctor. Then pride pulled him together. He shrugged his shoulders and laughed.

"Off duty already, Doc?" he said carelessly. "So the twenty-thousand-dollar boy is here, eh? Well, I wish him better stuff in his gizzard than his mother an' father were born with."

"Judd," reproved the doctor, "your brother is dead. Speak only good of the dead, because they can't defend themselves."

"It wouldn't have done him much good if he had stayed alive," said Judd coolly; "for if that street-car hadn't killed him I would 'a' done it that very day."

Looking into Judd's bitter eyes, the doctor realized that Judd really had intended to fulfil the threat

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Down with scalp-locks and cow-licks!

KEEP them down, keep every hair of your head neatly in place all day long.

The new Glo-Co is now on sale at drug stores, barber shops and department stores everywhere. There's nothing else like it. It isn't a messy, sticky cream which mats down the hair. It isn't over-scented. It is a refreshing, healthful, *liquid* preparation which keeps the hair lustrous, and fights dandruff too.

Glo-Co Shampoo is as good as Glo-Co Liquid Hair Dressing—your doctor would recommend it. If you can't get Glo-Co products at your dealer's, send $1 for full-size package of each preparation. Address Glo-Co Company, Dept. B-9, 6511 McKinley Avenue, Los Angeles, Calif.

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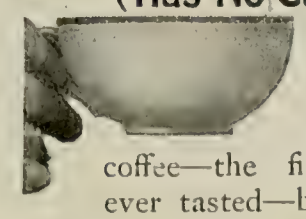
LIQUID HAIR DRESSING

HARMLESS Coffee
(Has No Caffeine)



"Drink real coffee—full flavored, aromatic coffee—the finest coffee you ever tasted—but with the caffeine taken out."

No one is denied the joy of coffee, in enlightened homes today! For coffee from which the caffeine has been extracted couldn't harm a child—nor keep anybody awake. It has no effect whatever on heart, nerves, or kidneys.

For coffee at its best, try Kaffee Hag. Your grocer has it; or clip coupon now.

KAFFEE HAG
1656 Davenport Ave., Cleveland

10¢

Send me postpaid, enough Kaffee Hag to make ten cups of real coffee; I enclose 10 cents (coin or stamps).

Name.....
Address.....

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY]

he had been heard to make to his brother the day he was killed.

A note of anxiety came into the doctor's voice—as if this perception pointed toward difficulties he hadn't foreseen.

"Why, Judd," he said, "did you grudge him the money that much?"

The giant picked up his hammer and gently tapped the anvil with it. Then he answered coolly:

"It wasn't the money, Doc. It was that sneering tongue of Ben's. He had been usin' it on me since we were kids, and always, because I was bigger though never smarter than him, I had patience—and I had patience. But he kep' a-pushin' my patience closer and closer to the edge, and the day he went in town for the last time, he pushed it clean over. Somethin' snapped inside of me. There warn't no more patience at all where it used to come from. Did you ever feel such a thing, Doc?"

The doctor sighed.

"Yes, I have," he said briefly.

"Maybe patience is like a spinnin' worm," continued Judd, still tapping gently on the anvil. "Comes a time the thread is done spun—that's all. So I says to Ben, 'When you come back I'll kill you; but first I got to finish this bolster.' But I never got no chance to touch him. When the bolster was done, he was—done, too!"

"I heard of that threat. They said it was a rough joke—that you must feel sorry about it after he was killed. But I see you meant it."

"Yes," said Judd, "I did mean it; and I have never been sorry."

"Ah, well," sighed the doctor. Then he came up to the anvil.

"JUDD," he said, "that was a fine quality in you which kept your hands off your brother so long because he was weaker than you—weaker physically, I mean."

"It may have been a fine quality," returned the smith impartially, resting his hammer on the anvil and leaning on it; "but it played out in the end, and so it wasn't very fine, after all!"

"I don't agree with you. Wherever strength spares weakness, it makes a man godlike for the time. Even if he relapses, he has still the remembrance that he was like a divinity for one part of his life."

Judd blushed faintly. The scarlet of his rage with Minkler had faded away, and now this tiny flush of pleasure just pinked his wide forehead a little. The doctor, seeming to see nothing, perceived it and continued:

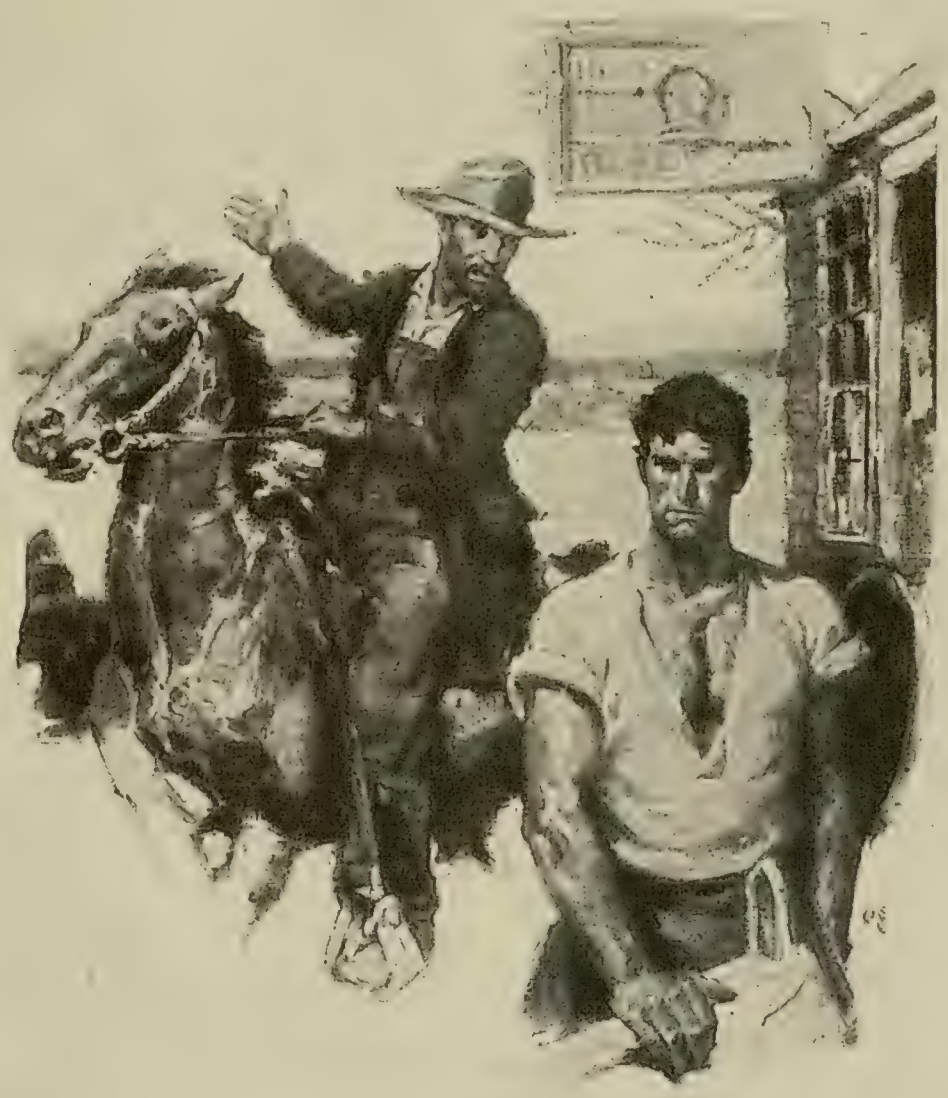
"Having spared a man—"

"No, doc; I would 'a' killed him at last."

"Having spared a man for so many years," went on the other resolutely, "it can hardly be in you, Judd, to crush a woman or a child."

"Oh, durn the boy! I ain't bearing him any malice," said Judd scornfully. "I s'pose Lishy is beside herself with joy!"

"She is beside herself with agony," said the doctor gravely. "The child is not here yet, Judd. In fact, I have come to you for help which you only can give."



"Your brother Ben's dead. That fool hawse he was a-drivin' ran away."

"M-*me* help you!" stammered the smith in astonishment and confusion. "I'm no doctor!"

"No; but you are something as necessary—more necessary just now. Listen. Crossing the creek, my saddle-bags fell in the stream. Minkler recovered them; but he handled them carelessly, and an instrument that I need, that I absolutely must have at once, Judd, fell out and was lost. I didn't know it until I arrived at Mrs. Bennett's. I hoped and believed it would not be needed. But things have not gone well. She and the child are in desperate peril, Judd. Unless I have that instrument the child will certainly die—perhaps the mother, too. But you can make what I want. See, here's a diagram. Get at it, Judd. You can do it in twenty minutes."

The giant smith dropped his hammer. Swift, comprehensive cruelty blazed in his stormy eyes and a wild triumph illumined his whole face as he snarled out:

"What! In *my* hands—is it! They with their scientific progress, their cheatin' learning—an' their insults—has all fell to this—that it's in my hands!"

"Altogether, Judd. Altogether in your hands."

The giant started forward. He caught the doctor's shoulder in a viselike grip that hurt sharply. Judd thrust a fierce face close to the doctor's and in the same guttural, vehement snarl rasped out:

"Tell me the truth, so help you God. You could save Lishy without that instrument. It's for the boy's safety you want it."

"Yes, Judd, for the boy—for his life. I can save Lishy without it—if I kill the boy."

"An' you've got the gall to ask me to save Ben's precious brat for Lishy—to the tune of twenty thousand dollars. You...."

"Judd—"

"Stop! Listen to me. I hope he can hear in his grave what we are sayin'. Why, Doc, you're a fool. Ben spent his life makin' mine a torment, an' now you want me to save his boy and give up my fortune!

"Why, Doc, this is Providence playin' into my hands! Let the boy die!"

Silence fell between the two men. Judd stepped back to his bellows. He laid his sinewy fingers on the hickory handle and coolly began to pump. Under the slow stream of air the fading coals glowed hot again—like hates revived and deepened.

Then the doctor said slowly:

"I know how you feel, Judd. I hated a man once. He poisoned earth, air, and water for me."

"If you felt as I did—in the end you killed him," said Judd Bennett shrewdly.

"Like you, I committed murder in my heart—like you, accident restrained my hand. Like you, I was never ashamed of the hate, Judd. But I got to be horribly ashamed of something else."

Judd stopped pumping.

"Of what?"

"Of the power I gave my enemy by hating him. I forged a rod of hate and put it into his hands and said: 'This is my hate! Batter my thoughts with it. Spoil my life with it. Ruin my peace with it.' You see, Judd, our settlement was very small—and where settlements are small hates grow big because there're so few distractions. Hates grow to mushroom importance—and mushrooms can be deadly. So for years I hated. And for years he could hurt me—through my own hate.

"ONE day I got tired of it all, so I just defeated that man—"

"Defeated? You beat him up?"

"Worse: I forgave him—and so reduced him to insignificance."

"You—but—"

"It was this way, Judd. I met him in the road, stopped him, and said I, 'Tom Payne, for ten long years I've hated you. I've let you poison my life. Now I'm tired of it. It's a stupid game. I sha'n't play it any more. Hereafter your faults will get no criticism from me, and if you want corn from my crib, take it; if you want money

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Years of exacting craftsmanship have won for Milano a reputation respected wherever men appreciate good pipes.

So sweet, so mellow, so *mild* is Milano that it makes the finest tobacco seem finer. Its bowl is hand-fashioned of fine Italian briar, a century old.

All popular models—plain or rustic finish—$3.50 up.

"INSURED"

Each Milano is "insured" for your protection by a special "policy", and the policy is "underwritten" by the little White Triangle on the stem.

WM. DEMUTH & CO.
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World's Largest Makers of Fine Pipes

"It's a W D C"
WD C TRADE MARK

A little each morning!

Rexall

Health Salt

This effervescing laxative thoroughly cleanses the system. So refreshing and pleasantly flavored that thousands really *like* to drink it. A little in water each morning—you'll feel fine all day! REXALL Health Salt is sold only at Rexall Drug Stores.

SAVE *with* SAFETY *at your* Rexall DRUG STORE

Liggett's are also Rexall stores

There is one near you — You will recognize it by this sign

[BEN BENNETT'S BOY Continued from Page Fifty-one]

from my purse, come ask, and you shall have it.'"

"What did he say?" gasped Judd.

"Never said a word. Just sat his horse with his jaw dropping, and when I rode away he was still sitting there. Afterwards he went home and told his wife I was crazy—a plum' lunatic.

"But I had found my real manhood. My hate was not his to beat me into puerility any more."

The smith looked savage.

"A baby is such a little thing—such a helpless thing," said the doctor absently. "It has no protection except in the fineness of others. Coming out of the land of mystery, it has nothing to do with already existent loves or hates. It is just a little weak journeyer—so very weak, so small!"

Again there was silence between the two men.

From outside, across the withered dog-fennel, a breeze wandered in and blew faintly at the coals. Judd did not notice it. Three plowboys clattered by homebound from their field, the trace-chains looped on the hames jingling musically as they rode. Judd never heard them. He only stood silent, unmoving.

Abruptly the giant stooped, violently caught up his hammer, and wheeled tempestuously on the doctor.

"Pump—damn ye! Pump! Whilst I hunt the iron for what you want."

Old Doc Prince pumped furiously. His eyes glowed bright as the forge fire. In less than half an hour he had what he had asked for, and went away with it, refusing to let himself know he was tired because he must have a steady hand and a clear brain for the work he had yet to do.

LEFT alone, Judd tore off his leather apron and flung it away, snarling to himself:

"Hell swaller that damned ole Doc. He's helped Ben to best me, after all!"

He went into the open and sat down on a wrecked wagon, brought there for repairs. He stared unseeing into distance, and he took no thought of his supper.

The old aunt who was his housekeeper came down to him, but she was afraid to speak, so sullen was his face. She discreetly left him. Much dwelling in the houses of others had taught her understanding.

"It's hard on him," she muttered to herself. "Twenty thousand is an awful lot of money! Enough to last forever. Ef he could 'a' had half, now, that would 'a' been fair."

Judd sat on, motionless. The sun sank in liquid lakes of rose and gold. In the early dusk, silver star silhouettes began to glitter here and there. A chuckwill's-widow called musically from across a honeysuckle-scented bit of wood.

But darker than the dusk was the night of Judd's brooding bitterness against his own folly in yielding.

This unbroken train of thought grew unbearable. He sprang up, went back into his shop, lighted a flambeau, and again made up his forge fire. Then he went to work. He often worked at night, and now work was better than thought. He wanted to tire himself and then to fling himself down and sleep.

THE flambeau burned brilliantly and the forge glowed generously. Judd's hammer was falling in powerful strokes when again Doctor Prince came in. This time he carried a swathed bundle. In the warmth of the smithy he began to unwrap it.

"Come, Judd," he said. "Come look at the kid you saved. It's a fine child, and the mother is doing beautifully!"

With a muttered oath, Judd dropped his work.

"I didn't think you'd dast bring the son-of-a-gun here," he said fiercely. "You go plum' too far with me, Doc."

"See, it's a fine child," the old physician persisted imperturbably.

He approached Judd, who perforce looked down on a tiny red, blotchy face, squinted-up eyes, sparse black hair, and feebly waving hands.

"The blasted little demon is ugly as the devil," said the smith bitterly.

"Come, Judd," teased the doctor, "don't cuss in a lady's presence. Ben Bennett's son—is a seven-pound girl."

THE END

POEMS YOU OUGHT TO KNOW

'Tis the Last Rose of Summer

By THOMAS MOORE

[Thomas Moore (1779-1852), Irish poet, achieved much fame in his lifetime, although only a few of his numerous works are read widely today. Much of his verse shows the influence of his musical temperament. He visited America in 1803.]

'TIS the last rose of summer,
Left blooming alone;
All her lovely companions
Are faded and gone;
No flower of her kindred,
No rosebud is nigh,
To reflect back her blushes,
Or give sigh for sigh.

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one!
To pine on the stem;
Since the lovely are sleeping,
Go, sleep thou with them.
Thus kindly I scatter
Thy leaves o'er the bed
Where thy mates of the garden
Lie scentless and dead.

So soon may *I* follow,
When friendships decay,
And from Love's shining circle
The gems drop away.
When true hearts lie withered,
And fond ones are flown,
O who would inhabit
This bleak world alone?

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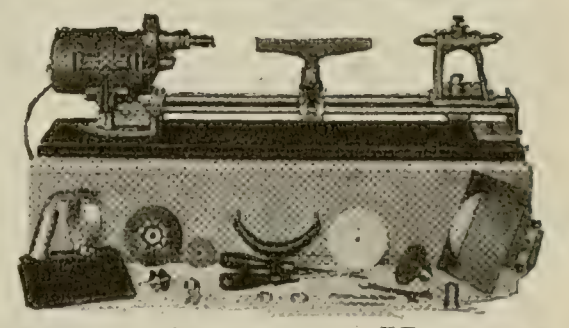

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( ) Blackheads ( ) Hollows

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BATHING Beauties

By EILEEN BOURNE

A NOTED American decorator was asked recently why, in her new house just outside Paris, she had built so large a bathroom for herself.

"Because," she replied, "a bathroom is really a woman's province of beauty. It should be spacious, alluring, equipped with every aid to feminine loveliness."

Not every one would devote to the bath either the space or the time implied by this decorator. Nowadays the average business or sports woman likes to take a quick shower and get on to something else. It must be said, too, that a shower is an excellent device for toning up the skin.

Yet every woman should occasionally indulge herself in a ceremonious bath, accompanied by an array of accessories such as to recall, in splendor, the magnificent splashings of that era when baths were baths—the days of ancient Rome.

To be sure, we can't, like Poppæa, watch from the pillared porch a train of asses bearing purest milk destined for the great bowl of porphyry in which we shall immerse our loveliness. Even given a choice, most of us would prefer turning on the tap. Yet we can, for a few dollars, achieve a degree of luxury that a Roman empress might have envied.

The value of the aforementioned ceremonious bath is twofold. It rests the nerves and cleanses the skin; and it also makes us feel beautiful, and gives new inspiration for the less ritualistic routine of daily care.

First of all, select one of those soaps of exquisite fragrance and smooth texture which are truly beneficial to the skin. If with a whisk you whip the surface, it will leave a frothy wake of suds, which will cleanse the entire body without touching soap directly to the skin.

In any of these soaps you will find your favorite fragrance. Probably, also, you will have at hand a long-handled soft brush for the back and a small one, curved and stiff, for the nails.

Rinsing offers a difficult problem. For one has to choose between bath crystals of such varied charm of color and perfume that the senses reel. Moreover, decision is complicated by the appearance of bath perfumes in lieu of salts, said to offer a more clinging fragrance.

A few drops of one of the heavier, more concentrated, and more expensive oils will scent the entire bath. The lighter and more aromatic liquid must be ladled out with greater generosity—three tablespoons at a time.

Once such anointing of the waters would have been thought extravagant. But nowadays we realize that these luxuries have practical value.

Do they not soften the water and make cleansing more thorough? Do they not refresh the skin and act as a tonic to it? Besides, these dainty crystals and perfumes have come quite within range of the average purse.

Furthermore, you need never be without them. For when you travel, and must leave behind that tall glass bottle with its pastel-tinted confections, you tuck into your bag a flat box of tablets. One cube will make your bath delicious.

Quite a range of odors is available in these delightful concoctions, but perhaps the aromatic varieties—such as lavenders and verbenas—offer the most dewy refreshment. Many women prefer to match the scent of soaps and salts and powder. The latter is now available in tin or pasteboard drums, which come with generous puffs, and is known as dusting powder.

It is well to pause, before the dust storm, to apply to any rough or hardened surfaces of the body a little cold cream well rubbed in. Then let the drifts pile up!

If in all these sweetening influences you prefer a modern blend of scents, it is advisable that at least there should be harmony between them. A violet soap would be neutralized by a musky bath oil and a dusting powder of rose.

THESE three elements represent the essentials of the bath magnificent. But there are a few touches you still might add to gild the lily. A special mat, for instance, on which you take exercises before immersion is meant to make them the part of temptation rather than of duty.

And then, there is a sachet bracquet into which you pour a magic liquid. This is absorbed by the substance of the bracquet itself, which then casts into the atmosphere a heavenly odor. Yes, indeed; the opportunities of modern woman would have made Poppæa weep tears of jealous rage.

HAVE you a question on beauty and personal hygiene you wish to ask? Miss Bourne will be glad to answer your queries. Inclose a stamped, addressed envelop for reply, and address Miss Eileen Bourne, LIBERTY WEEKLY, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.

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Twenty Questions

How Much Do You Know

? ? ?

LIBERTY publishes twenty questions each week. The following week these questions are republished, together with their answers and a new list of questions. Our readers find that trying to answer the questions is a fascinating and instructive pastime.

Give yourself five points out of a hundred for each question correctly answered, then see how high a score you can make.

1—How did the expression "not worth a rap" arise?

2—What is the largest active volcano in the world?

3—Who was the only Vice-President that ever resigned from office?

4—Why are London policemen called "bobbies"?

5—What is the salary of President Coolidge?

6—What man held the heavyweight boxing title the longest?

7—Which runs the faster trains—English or American railways?

8—What is the largest university, in number of students, in this country?

9—What is the largest baseball park in the United States?

10—What is the longest river in the world?

11—What is the size of the championship prize ring?

12—What counties constitute North Ireland and are outside the Free State Government?

13—What is the Lucy Stone League?

14—Can you name the dependencies of the United States?

15—How many government employees are provided to serve the President of the United States in the White House?

16—How many carats fine is absolutely pure gold?

17—What former State capital is now a deserted city?

18—How long, on the average, does it take a drop of blood to complete its trip through the body from the time it leaves the heart to the time it gets back?

19—When and where was the first restaurant in an airplane established?

20—How many States must ratify a Constitutional amendment if it becomes a law?

See Answers in Next Week's Issue

Here are last week's questions answered:

1—What American city is supplied with water through the longest aqueduct in the world?

A.—Los Angeles; a 233-mile-long aqueduct bringing water from Owens River, in the Sierra Madre Mountains.

2—What is the Bourse?

A.—The stock exchange of Paris.

3—What is the amount of blood in the average person?

A.—About twelve to fifteen pounds, or one-thirteenth of the body weight.

4—How high is the Statue of Liberty from the foundation to the torch?

A.—305 feet 6 inches.

5—Name the six continents in the order of their size.

A.—Asia, Africa, North America, South America, Europe, and Australia.

6—How long can an elephant stand on its feet?

A.—In captivity elephants may not lie down for weeks, and some have been known to remain on their feet for five years.

7—Why is it advisable to let a biting mosquito finish its meal?

A.—The mosquito at first injects a poison to dilute the blood. When the meal is over the insect usually sucks this poison back again. It is this poison that causes pain and swelling.

8—Where can fresh water be dipped out of the Atlantic Ocean?

A.—The Atlantic Ocean is fresh for fifty or more miles off the coast of Brazil, owing to the enormous amount of water that pours out of the mouths of the Amazon River.

9—Why does a sailor have thirteen buttons across the top of his trousers?

A.—They represent the thirteen original colonies.

10—Where did the phrase "watered stock" originate?

A.—Daniel Drew, a shrewd farmer, drove his cattle from his Dutchess County farm to sell them in New York, feeding them a lot of salt all the way and then letting them drink all they wanted to at the end of the journey. The stock was then sold by the weight.

11—What is the origin of the term "salary"?

A.—The term is derived from a Latin word meaning "salt money"—an allowance given Roman soldiers to buy their salt.

12—What is a horse-power?

A.—A horse-power is the power required to raise 33,000 pounds one foot in one minute.

13—How many different languages or dialects are there?

A.—There are said to be 3,424, distributed as follows: America, 1,624; Asia, 937; Europe, 587; and Africa, 276.

14—How many reputable words are there in the English language?

A.—Approximately 700,000 words; but these do not include vernacular, obsolete, and vulgar words, which will aggregate 300,000 more.

15—What percentage of automobiles sold in the United States is purchased on credit or deferred-payment plans?

A.—Approximately 80 per cent. Automobiles sold in 1926 were worth nearly $3,000,000,000, of which about $2,200,000,000 worth were sold on credit.

16—What surname is most prevalent in the United States?

A.—The name of Smith. According to a recent survey, there are 1,304,300 of the name. In all cities, save St. Paul, Minneapolis, and Chicago, where they are second to the Johnsons, the Smiths predominate.

17—How long did it take Columbus to sail from Europe to America on his first voyage?

A.—In all, seventy days. The three ships left Spain on August 3, but stopped at Teneriffe, Canary Islands, for repairs. On September 13 they sailed from Teneriffe, and reached the West Indies October 12, 1492.

18—When did newspaper advertising begin?

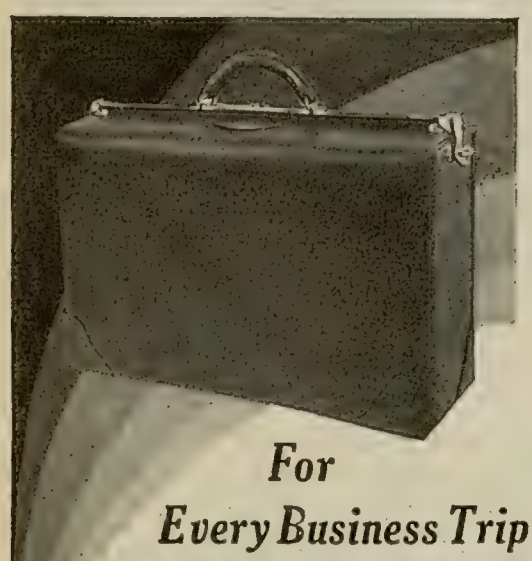
A.—What is probably the oldest known advertisement appeared in an English paper of December 13, 1695, and was inserted by a ship captain seeking an apprentice.

19—What nation has the lowest rate of taxation?

A.—Brazil has probably the lowest rate of any important country. The yearly ratio of taxation per individual is about five dollars. In the United States the tax is about six times as great, and in Europe from ten to seventeen times.

20—How can you tell poison-ivy from the Virginia creeper or American ivy?

A.—The leaves of the Virginia creeper have five leaflets, while those of poison-ivy are three-parted.



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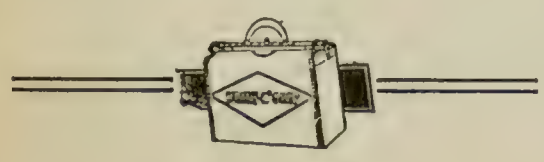

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Marmola is the modern, scientific help. It has been used for 19 years. Countless users have told others about its results and its benefits. Now people are using, as a result, a very large amount.

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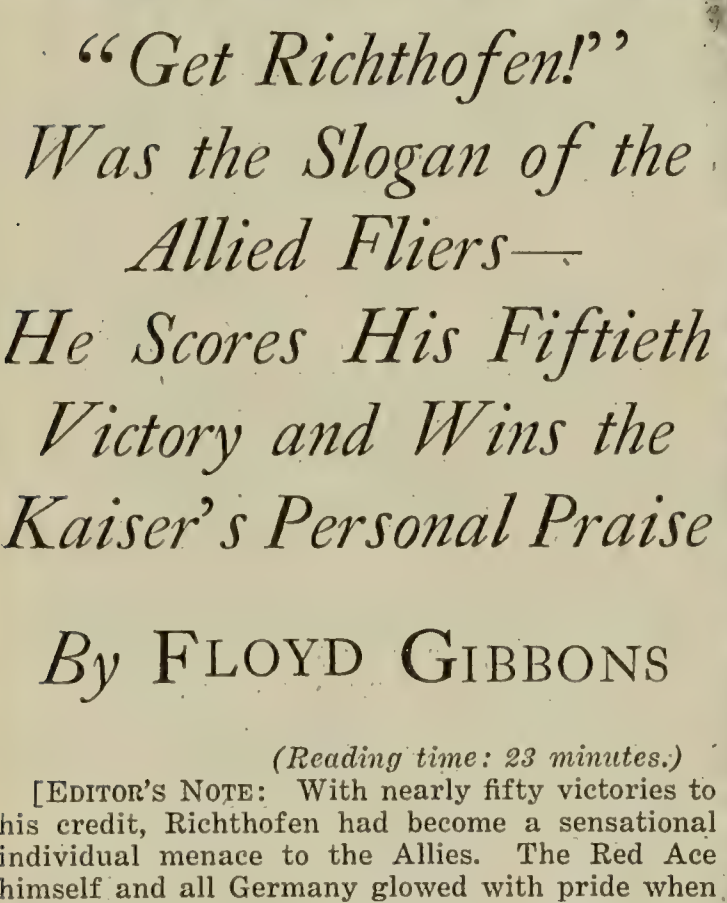
The Red Knight of Germany

"Get Richthofen!" Was the Slogan of the Allied Fliers— He Scores His Fiftieth Victory and Wins the Kaiser's Personal Praise

By FLOYD GIBBONS

(Reading time: 23 minutes.)

[EDITOR'S NOTE: With nearly fifty victories to his credit, Richthofen had become a sensational individual menace to the Allies. The Red Ace himself and all Germany glowed with pride when reports came across the lines that the Allied headquarters had issued orders to "get Richthofen."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Angekommen

An Kdg. Gen. Lt. v. Hoeppner A.O.K. 6. 20. VII. 8[illegible]

Ritter-Freih. von Richthofen

Jagdgeschwader Richthofen

durch A. O. K. 6.

Es wird Mir soeben gemeldet, daß Sie heute zum 50. Male als Sieger aus dem Luftkampf hervorgingen. Ich spreche Ihnen zu diesem glänzenden Erfolg Meinen herzlichen Glückwunsch und Meine vollste Anerkennung aus. Mit Bewunderung und Dankbarkeit blickt das Vaterland auf seinen kühnen Flieger. Gott sei ferner mit Ihnen.

Wilhelm I. R.

THE Kaiser's telegram to his Ace of Aces. Translated, the text reads: "It has been reported to Me that today you have emerged as victor for the fiftieth time in an air battle. I express My heartiest congratulations and My fullest appreciation for this glorious success. With admiration and thankfulness the Fatherland looks upon her heroic flier. May God be with you in future."

Friendly enemies—a party of German fliers visiting imprisoned Allied fliers (indicated by the arrows) at a German château.

There is no proof that any such order ever was issued. However, it was certain that high honors would go to the Allied flier who brought him down; thus private expeditions with this objective were common. Mr. Gibbons presents here vivid accounts of one launched by three English planes, which met with dire results.]

PART THIRTEEN

RICHTHOFEN and his brother Lothar are dead now; also their comrade, Wolff. But they left vivid accounts of that air battle on April 29, 1917, when they met three English planes which had sallied forth expressly to "get" the Red Knight. Another account was left by the one survivor of their enemies in that thrilling fight. He lives today in England. We will begin with the account which was given by Richthofen:

"We flew to the lines, hoping to find our enemy," he wrote. "After about twenty minutes, the first arrived and attacked us. This had not happened to us for some time. The English had abandoned their celebrated offensive tactics to some extent, having found them somewhat too expensive.

"Our aggressors were three Spads, one-seater machines. Their occupants considered themselves quite superior to us on account of the excellence of their apparatus. Wolff, my brother Lothar, and I were flying together. We were three against three.

"Almost from the beginning of the encounter, our superiority became clear. I tackled my

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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outlast all others

UP on the roofs, across the scaffolds, down the ladders—on lumber and lime, brick and steel—wherever the hammer and trowel are ringing—there, shoes are being put to a real wearing test—there, USKIDE is proving itself the "Wonder Sole for Wear."

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Resole with USKIDE—buy new shoes soled with USKIDE. USKIDE means comfort and safety with economy to you men who are hard on shoes.

United States Rubber Company
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USKIDE SOLES
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

By the makers of the famous "U.S." Spring-Step Rubber Heels.

[THE RED KNIGHT OF GERMANY]
Continued from Page Fifty-five

opponent, and could see how my brother and Wolff handled their adversaries. The usual waltzing began.

"We were circling around one another. A favorable wind drove the fighting away from the front and farther behind the German lines.

"My man was the first who fell. I suppose I had smashed up his engine. At any rate, he made up his mind to land. I no longer give pardon to any one. Therefore I attacked him a second time, and his whole plane went to pieces.

"His wings dropped off like pieces of paper and the body of the machine fell like a stone, burning fiercely. It dropped into a swamp, and I have never discovered the name of my opponent. Only the end of the plane's tail was visible and marked the place where he had dug his own grave.

"Wolff and my brother had attacked their opponents and forced them to the ground not far from my victim. We were very happy and flew home, and hoped that the Anti-Richthofen Squadron would return often to the fray."

The three British airmen in the combat related above were Major H. D. Harvey-Kelly, D.S.O., Second Lieutenant R. Applin, and Second Lieutenant N. W. Hamilton, all from the Nineteenth Squadron. Richthofen killed Applin, Wolff killed Harvey-Kelly, and Lothar took for himself the credit for forcing Hamilton to land as a prisoner.

LOTHAR'S account of the fight which, in the light of the story of the only living survivor, is inaccurate in a number of details, follows:

"The warm April morning was beautiful. We are standing near our birds, waiting for orders. The telephone rings. Enemy planes south of Arras! The engineers come hurrying to the machines and test them. The pilots rush along. Start.

"We arrive above and south of Arras at about 3,000 meters height. There are three Englishmen. They attack us, dropping down from a great height.

"My brother takes the first in hand, Wolff the second, and I deal with the third. As long as the Englishman towers above me he shoots incessantly. I have to wait until he is on my level; otherwise I can not shoot. Now he is quite near me. I am just preparing myself to shoot, when he suddenly drops down, down, down.

"Now my opponent is flying straight onward. I follow him. As soon as he notices me, he starts wild curves. . . . I shoot to scare him. Finally I grow tired of it. I try to hit him while he is flying curves. I shoot and shoot.

"In the meantime we tower at about 500 meters altitude. I force my opponent to continue his curves. When doing curves one's plane is forced gradually lower and lower until one either has to land or try to fly home in a straight line. My opponent decides to try the latter maneuver.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-SIX]

"Then I approach him. I start to press the trigger of my gun, at about fifty meters distance, but no shot can be heard. Damn! I had discharged all my shots—1,000 cartridges.

"'You must not let him get off!' is my idea. To have fought for fifteen minutes with a red plane and to have managed to get away unhurt would be too much of a triumph for my opponent. I approached him nearer and nearer. I calculate: Ten meters, five meters, three—now only two meters!

"FINALLY I think of a rather desperate measure—shall I knock off his rudder with the help of my propeller? Then he is done for, but with me it would be the same.

"Another theory: If I turn off the engine the moment I touch him with my plane, what then? At this moment my Englishman turns and looks in a horrified way at me. Then he stops his engine and goes down, landing somewhere near our third line. On the ground I can see his engine still running.

"If one has the misfortune to land behind the enemy's trenches, one always tries to destroy and burn one's machine. In order to prevent this, it is the duty of the pursuing pilot to shoot round about the landed machine so as to drive the inmates away.

"That is exactly what I did, and when the Englishman heard my bullets tearing through the air he skipped out of his plane, waved to me, and surrendered to the infantry.

"As I found out some time later, investigating a similar event, I most certainly would have been killed if I had tried to touch the Englishman with my propeller. For his sake, I must say he had no idea that my cartridges had run out.

"If he had turned, it would have been I who would have been compelled to flee. He had only discharged some fifty cartridges, whereas I, run out of ammunition, was utterly helpless.

"But I had succeeded and that was the chief thing. The next day I went to the squadron that had salvaged the Englishman's plane, a very good Spad, and had a good look at my captured treasure. But look as I might, I found no evidence of having hit the machine. And I had discharged 1,000 shots!

"I asked whether my opponent had been wounded, but I was informed that this was not the case. I had to laugh. The Englishman had gone down simply because I had scared him!

"In my book of victories I inscribed: 'On April 29, 1917, in the morning, near Izel, one Spad, inmate an English officer.' I never had a chance to speak to my victim, our camp being too far away from where he came down. Thus, most probably, he will never hear that I had no cartridges left.

"When I came home to camp that day, I said to myself: 'Surely you can not tell this story—no hit in a thousand!'

"My brother and Wolff had brought their enemy planes to the ground. I don't think I told anybody of my wonderful shooting.

"By the way, it is interesting to hear how many shots are required to bring down an Englishman. When flying for the first time with my brother, I noticed that he really began to shoot when his adversary was more or less falling. Until then he had used not more than twenty bullets.

"But this is by no means the rule. When attacking English planes, it is best to do so from the rear. If the English plane is flying straight on, a good shooter will hit him fatally after the first shots. But if his adversary starts to curve so that one cannot get him right in front of the gun, only a chance hit will bring him down."

The fact that two men frequently give different accounts after witnessing the same incident, is not considered sufficient to condemn either for an untruth, and Lothar's account differs in many essentials from that told by Lieutenant Hamilton.

Lothar also contradicts himself in his own story when he says that all of his ammunition was expended in the air, and later writes that he fired his machine gun around Hamilton's plane on the ground.

To one who has studied both the accounts and the characters of those who related them, it would seem that Lothar was not averse to making a good story at the expense of facts, in view of the propaganda purposes his story might serve at that time.

I believe Hamilton is honest enough to admit that he had experienced fear, but Lothar, in my opinion, is mistaken when he wrote that he had bluffed or scared Hamilton into landing. Why the English pilot was forced to earth is revealed by himself.

HAMILTON was a young branch manager of a leather manufactory in India, who went back to England in 1915 to fight. He enlisted and gained his commission in 1916. Attached to the Northumberland Fusiliers, he went through the first Battle of the Somme and then transferred to the flying corps.

"I was sent to England to train as a pilot," Hamilton declared, "and after a two weeks' theoretical course at Oxford was posted at an airdrome near Edinburgh to learn to fly.

"In February of 1917, after

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Lieutenant N. W. Hamilton, the only survivor of three English airmen who flew out to "get" the Red Knight.

Richthofen's fiftieth victory brought death to Sergeant G. Stead (left) and Corporal Alfred Beebee.

Captain F. L. Barwell, who attacked the flying uhlan and was killed.

Four conquests in one day ended Richthofen's sky fighting for Bloody April. This map shows where these combats took place.

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[THE RED KNIGHT OF GERMANY]
Continued from Page Fifty-seven

completing my air training, I went to France and was attached to the Nineteenth Squadron. I had been in C Flight, which, in common with the other flights at that time, had been divided into two groups of three machines each.

"We found that by patrolling in sixes, the enemy kept very clear of us. Our particular beat at that time was from 18,000 feet upward, with the baby Nieuports and Sop pups patrolling below.

"Even when reduced to groups we had little or no excitement, an occasional enemy machine taking photographs being our only bags; so that, after considerable application, we were given roving commissions.

"THE morning of April 29, 1917, I was on the early patrol and took my machine up, but at 10,000 feet we were lost in a thick bank of clouds. It was no use continuing, so I returned to the airdrome.

"In addition to being group leader I was squadron machine-gun officer, so that after a second breakfast, instead of returning to bed for a few hours, I returned to the hangars and pottered about with the guns.

"The whole squadron was fitted with Vickers, one to each machine. It is necessary to explain that each plane's gun was fixed along the port side of the engine and was synchronized to fire through the blades of the air screw.

"The gearing used was peculiar to the Spad, as the gun was built into the engine and the tripper bar tripped directly from the port camshaft, which operated over the feed-block cover. A double feed or any jam occurring in the feed-block necessitated a partial dismantling of the engine. This, of course, could not be done in the air.

"We used a continuous metal belt made up of sections, each section being attached to the next by the cartridge case, so that as each cartridge was extracted from the belt, that section of the belt was allowed to fall away from the machine. At first the belt was carried wound on a drum under the gun.

"In practise we found that after a burst of, say, twenty rounds, the drum having got up a bit of speed, there was a possibility of its forcing the belt on after the gun had ceased firing, and this would cause a double feed.

"While I was in the hangar, Harvey-Kelly came to me and said that the wing commander was hot-airing about Richthofen's circus having been seen over Douai, and he wanted three Spads to go up and deal with them.

"In the ordinary course of events the other group should have taken the job, as mine had already done one patrol that day; but, as the matter was urgent, I agreed to take my pilots up again.

"Harvey-Kelly and myself got off the ground together and hung around for a spell, waiting for Applin; but as he appeared to be making no attempt to follow us, we started off. We cruised about, looking for Richthofen and his circus.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[CONT'D FROM PAGE FIFTY-EIGHT]

"We had been in the air about two hours when a third Spad joined us, and, judging from the markings, I concluded Applin had found us.

"This was particularly praiseworthy, as Applin had had very little experience over the lines and it required considerable pluck for a more or less raw pilot to hunt for us by himself forty miles behind the German lines.

"He took up a position on my right rear, as we always flew in V formation, with No. 1 plane leading and No. 2 slightly higher than No. 1, and No. 3 slightly higher than No. 2. In this formation it was the duty of No. 3 to protect Nos. 1 and 2 from attack from behind.

"SOON after Applin joined us we sighted the circus about 1,000 feet below. There were eighteen planes flying more or less on a line ahead, slightly *echelon*.

"As we were only 4,000 feet up, I did not expect Harvey-Kelly would attack, but at the same moment we noticed six triplanes of the Royal Navy Air Service flying toward us. Harvey-Kelly immediately gave the signal to attack, but the triplanes sheered off and left me to it.

"The pieces were scattered over a large expanse of country," Richthofen wrote of the victory that produced this wreckage.

"Harvey-Kelly had already dived at the tail Hun, and I was turning to attack the center machine, so as to break up the formation and prevent the leading machine from getting above us.

"Applin was following me, when I saw him stall on his tail and go down in a spin, and then burst into flames.

"I looked up and saw that Richthofen in his all-red plane had been cruising about 2,000 feet above his circus, which incidentally was his usual position. He had evidently shot Applin down.

"I carried out my original plan of attacking the center machine, noticing as I did so that Harvey-Kelly had accounted for two Huns and was pretty busy with four or five more.

"I joined battle a second or two later, our position at that time being somewhere over Epinoy. I didn't see Harvey-Kelly again, as I was fully occupied with my little bunch and carried on a running fight until, over Douai, my gun jammed.

"I made a rapid examination and found my cursed drum had forced a double feed, so that there was nothing to be done except get away.

"I 'splitassed,' to get toward our lines, when they managed to hole my tank which, being under my feet, was force fed into the engine. The moment the pressure was released, my engine stopped, and, as it stopped on the turn, I stalled and spun.

"I got her out of the spin almost immediately, switched on to my gravity tank, and dived to pick up my engine. In doing so I naturally lost a bit of height and cooled my engine to such an extent that she wouldn't give me full revolutions, so that I was now much slower than my opponents, in addition to being below them.

"I held my bus down to keep up speed and steered for our lines, but very soon had four of the enemy on my tail. They managed to shoot away all my instruments and most of my struts and flying wires, so that before long I was practically flying a monoplane, as my bottom plane was flapping. Had I been flying any machine other than a Spad, it would have crumpled up.

"I was down to about 300 feet when they holed my gravity tank, and my engine stopped for good. I made a good landing just behind Oppy Wood, about a kilo short of the line, and while the Huns on the ground were running up to secure me, I endeavored to fire my bus.

"During this time, however, the four Huns in the air continued firing at me. Having no petrol left, I was unsuccessful in firing my bus, but I saw her hit by our own guns soon afterward, so that she was completely destroyed.

"I heard later that Applin was dead and that Harvey-Kelly died in a hospital three days later from head wounds. I also understand, but could never get authentic confirmation, that Harvey-Kelly and myself accounted for five Huns before we were shot down. Applin, of course, was killed before he could fire a shot."

Hamilton was twenty-five years old at the time of the fight. He spent the rest of the war in a German prison. He now lives in Surrey. Applin's father, since the death of his son, has moved from the old home in Southampton, and all efforts to locate the mother of Major Harvey-Kelly at her old address in Buckingham have failed.

RICHTHOFEN'S official claim for credit for the scalp of young Applin was written as follows:

> Requesting acknowledgment of my Forty-ninth Victory.
> Date: April 29, 1917.
> Time: 12:05.
> Place: Swamps near Lécluse, this side of lines.
> Plane: English Spad one-seater.
> No details, as plane vanished in swamp.
> Occupant: No details.
> With several of my gentlemen, I attacked an English Spad group consisting of three machines. The plane I had singled out broke to pieces while curving, and dashed, burning, into the swamp near Lécluse.
>
> BARON VON RICHTHOFEN.

The father of the German ace was waiting at the Douai airdrome when his two sons returned from the fight. He had seen Applin go

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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Thousands of successful people everywhere now drink Ovaltine regularly at home. In their offices. At soda fountains. It rejuvenates. It sets tired minds a-sparkle. We urge you to make a 3-day test.

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Wheeling, W. Va.

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LUX Toilet SOAP

[THE RED KNIGHT OF GERMANY]
Continued from Page Fifty-nine

down, and he had seen the other two English machines forced to earth.

Lothar jumped out of his plane first and, running over to the bearded head of the family, who stood erect in his major's uniform of field gray, he saluted and said:

"Good morning, father. I have just shot down an Englishman."

This greeting, sounding curiously cold to Anglo-Saxon ears, is quite correct, according to the code of the Prussian military family.

Richthofen followed his brother. He clicked his heels, and said: "Good morning, father. I have just shot down an Englishman."

Describing that curious meeting between father and sons, Richthofen wrote:

> The old man felt very happy, and he was delighted with our reports. He is not one of those fathers who have fears for their sons. I think he would have liked very much to have got into a machine and helped us with our shooting. We all had a meal together.

THE family reunion at table was interrupted by an air combat immediately over the airdrome. The Richthofens watched the fight from the ground.

Suddenly from out the mêlée above them, a German machine came plunging down in uncontrolled curves. It turned over and over, but finally righted itself. It reached the flying ground safely, but made a rough landing and turned over.

The elderly Richthofen walked hurriedly across the ground to the wreck. The machine gunner in the rear seat was dead. The pilot was slightly injured in the landing.

Richthofen senior was silent as he walked back across the field behind the group that carried the body of the dead observer. The incident was something that Richthofen would have preferred to have kept hidden from his father's eyes.

Grimness replaced the previous heartiness, when the interrupted meal was resumed.

Several hours later the German ace shot down and killed two English airmen. They constituted his much desired fiftieth victory, the record which he had wanted his father to see him make. Unfortunately for his plans, the fight took place beyond the range of the telescope with which the father scanned the sky from the Douai flying field.

The victims of this combat were young non-commissioned officers, although Richthofen raises one to the rank of captain in his report. They were Sergeant G. Stead and Air Mechanic Corporal Alfred Beebee, both of the Eighteenth Squadron, Royal Flying Corps. They flew an old F. E. 2b, armed with Lewis guns, and they were acting as an escort to photography planes.

Stead was nineteen years old and came from Manchester, where he had said good-by to his bride just eight days before his death. Those

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Good-Bye GRAY HAIR

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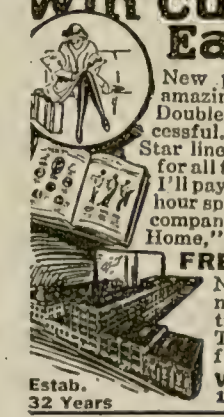

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SIXTY]

eight days constituted his entire career as a pilot in France.

Beebee's mother, who lives today in Birmingham, England, had brought him up with a respect for the truth, but that did not prevent the boy from swearing that he was nineteen years old when he was actually seventeen. With this misstatement of fact he enlisted and served eighteen months in the air. In that time he shot down seven German planes and won the Croix de Guerre.

"I don't know where my boy is buried," says Mrs. Beebee, "but I know he died a true English gentleman. The only information I ever received was this letter from his commanding officer."

The letter, so deadly similar to those received by the many women who paid for the war, reads:

DEAR MRS. BEEBEE:

I presume that you have already heard from the War Office that your son is missing. On April 29, 1917, he and his flight pilot, Sergeant Stead, were acting as escort to a photo reconnoissance. A number of hostile aircraft attacked the formation, which was split up, each of our machines fighting two or three hostile machines.

After this combat all our machines returned, with the exception of your son's and his pilot. No one knows what became of them, as all our machines were fighting hard and results could not be observed.

I very much regret that I can not give you any further information. If anything more is found out or heard about your son, I will let you know at once. By the loss of your son, this squadron has lost a very gallant and keen gunner. He was by far the best gunner-observer we had. Regretting the smallness of the information I am able to give, I am

Yours sincerely,
G. R. M. REID,
Major, 18th Squadron, R. F. C.

"Soldiers Three." Major von Richthofen (center), the father, was in the ground forces. Lothar (left) and Manfred were aces.

HOW the uhlan killed Stead and Beebee is related in his combat report, which reads:

Requesting acknowledgment of my Fiftieth Victory.
Date: April 29, 1917.
Time: 4:55 P. M.
Place: Southwest of Inchy, Hill Ninety, near Pronville, this side of line.
Plane: Vickers two-seater. No details; burning in first line.
Occupants: Captain G. Stead and unknown.

Together with five of my gentlemen, I attacked an enemy squad of five Vickers.

After a long curving fight, during which the adversary defended himself admirably, I managed to put myself behind him.

After 300 shots the enemy plane caught fire.

The plane burned to pieces in the air and the occupants fell out.

BARON VON RICHTHOFEN.

APPARENTLY not even the Germans found Beebee's body.

On the front below, where the Battle of Arleux was now forty hours under way, the day was beginning to fade; but up aloft there was light still, and Richthofen knocked down two more planes before sunset.

Number Fifty-one—his start on the second half-century—was an English artillery plane, but neither Richthofen nor the English casualty reports is able to reveal the identity of the airmen, because the wrecked plane, while burning on the ground, was blown to bits by shell fire.

Five other English planes of the same type were shot down that afternoon, so that it is not possible to specify which one was Richthofen's victim.

The flying uhlan had spotted two artillery fliers who appeared to be without escort. He signaled to Lothar to attack with him. The two brothers flew toward their prey with increased speed. They knew that their red-nosed Albatross machines were superior to those of their intended victims.

Before opening fire, both Richthofens looked around carefully to see whether any escorting planes were in sight. These two victims looked almost too good to be true—so good, in fact, that the ace had the fleeting suspicion they were bait in a trap. But the sky appeared clear above him.

It took several minutes' maneuvering to get into the favorable position under the tail of the two-seater. Then a short burst of machine-gun lead and the old English plane collapsed in the air. The German ace said later that he never had a more rapid success.

His combat report reads:

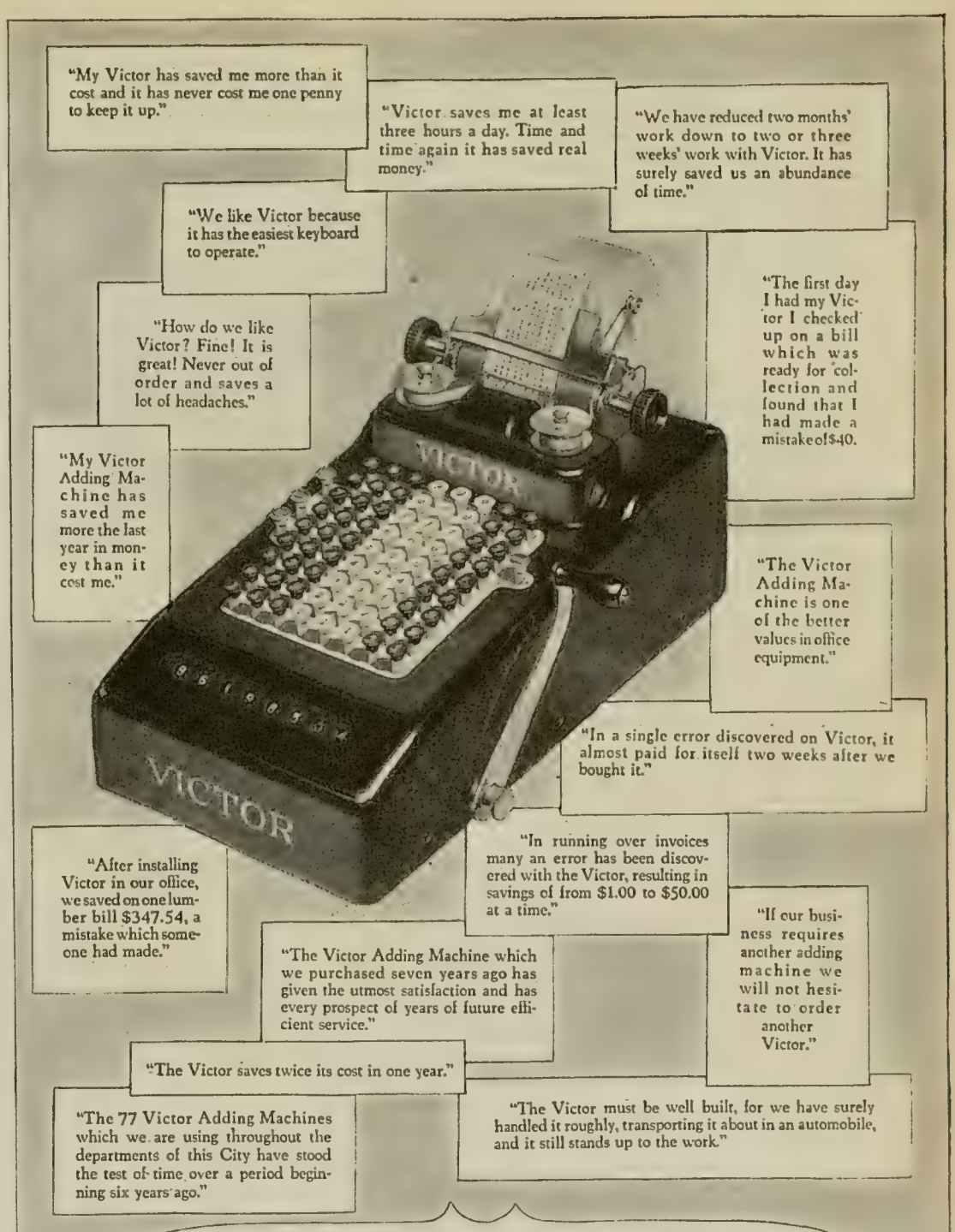
Requesting acknowledgment of my Fifty-first Victory.
Date: April 29, 1917.
Time: 7:25 P. M.
Place: Near Rœux, this side of line.
Plane: English B. E. dd. 2. No details, as plane under fire.

Together with my brother, I attacked two artillery fliers at a low altitude. After a short fight my adversary's plane lost its wings. When it hit the ground near the trenches near Rœux, it caught fire.

BARON VON RICHTHOFEN.

Lothar had engaged the other enemy plane, and the fight was going on hardly 500 feet away from

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



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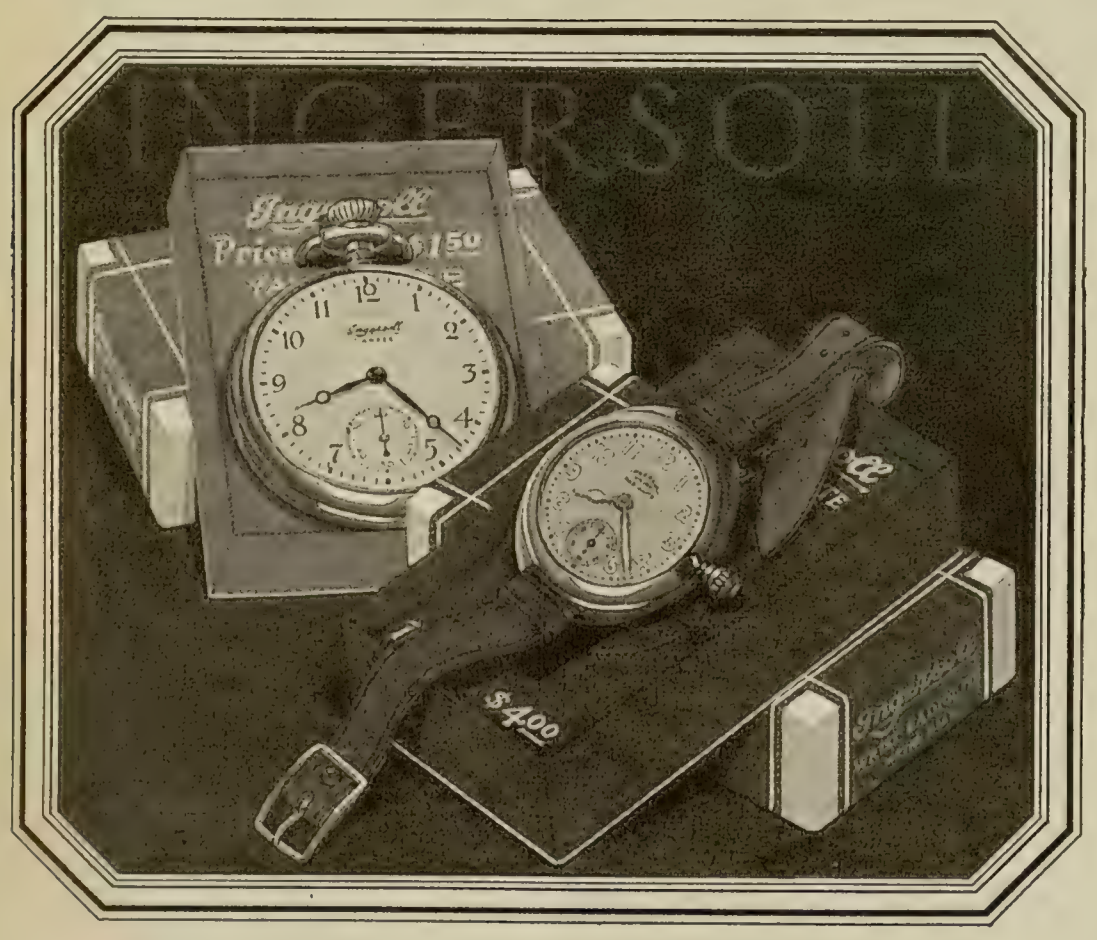

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[THE RED KNIGHT OF GERMANY] Continued from Page Sixty-one

the elder brother's moving position. He watched every development of the engagement.

> I had time to study the struggle [he related afterward], and must say that I myself could not have done any better. He had rushed his man and both were turning round each other. Suddenly the enemy machine reared.
>
> This is a certain indication of a hit. Probably the pilot received a bullet in the head. The wings collapsed and the plane fell. It fell quite close to my victim.
>
> I flew toward my brother and we congratulated each other by waving. It's a splendid thing when one can fly with one's brother like that and do so well.

NOT fifteen minutes later, Richthofen found himself attacked by a speedy pursuit plane of a new model and much more worthy of his attention than the slow artillery plane.

It was a new Nieuport from Squadron Forty, and the twenty-two-year-old youngster who handled the stick was looking for trouble.

The pilot was Captain Frederick Leycester Barwell. When war broke out, Barwell, just entering Cambridge, enlisted in the Queen's Westminster Rifles, in which he received his commission in six weeks. He was fighting in France by the first of November, 1914, and didn't get back to England until August, 1916, when he returned wounded to his father's home, The Tower, at Ascot.

In January of the following year he transferred to the flying corps, gained his pilot license on April 10, hit the front with the Fortieth Squadron on April 13, and was burned to death in the air on April 29, as the result of his fight with Richthofen.

The Germans buried him with honors at Beaumont, west of Douai, and one enemy infantry report had this to say about the fight:

> The combat lasted almost half an hour. All the troops in the neighborhood came out and watched this thrilling fight. The British airman persistently sought combat, and half a dozen times appeared to be nose diving to earth, but each time he flattened out and with admirable daring attacked again. We were full of admiration for the courage of this pilot.

Richthofen was able to avoid the shower of lead that spurted from the Englishman's Vickers gun as the speedy little Nieuport darted down from above. That miss cost Barwell his life.

The dive carried him below Richthofen, who from then on maintained the superior position above. It was the proud boast of the German ace that anything that was beneath him in the air, especially pursuit planes that could not shoot to the rear, was lost.

Barwell's machine was good and speedy. He did not concentrate his attention on Richthofen, but let fly at any black-crossed plane that he could get within range of. Through it all the German ace hung tenaciously on his tail.

The fight between the two swung eastward over Lens, with the rest of the jagdstaffel hovering on both sides between the lone Englishman and his lines. Richthofen resorted to a trick to deprive the Englishman of the advantage of his speedy plane.

He began firing his machine gun, although he realized he was not within range. The sound of the double Spandaus coming from behind made the English pilot relinquish the straight line in which he was flying. The Nieuport began flying a zigzag, curving course, hoping to prevent his pursuer from hitting him.

This was what Richthofen wanted. The zigzag course reduced the speed of the Nieuport sufficiently to permit the red Albatross to approach within range.

When within fifty yards of the Nieuport's tail, Richthofen steadied his plane and sent his eyes down the sights of the Spandaus. He aimed carefully and pulled the triggers.

The aim was true. A slight hissing sound was audible as the pressure escaped from a punctured petrol tank. Then a fine white vapor ribbon trailed from the Nieuport's tail. The nature of the end that followed a second later loses none of its terror in Richthofen's own words:

"Then I saw a bright flame and my lord disappeared below."

Officially the ace reported:

> Requesting acknowledgment of my Fifty-second Victory.
>
> Date: Apr. 29, 1917.
> Time: 7:40 P. M.
> Place: Between Billy - Montigny and Sallaumines, this side of lines.
> Plane: Nieuport one-seater. No details, as plane burned. Soon after having shot down a B. E. near Rœux, we were attacked by a strong enemy one-seater squad of Nieuports, Spads, and triplanes. The plane I had singled out caught fire after a short time, burned in the air, and fell north of Hénin-Liétard.
>
> BARON VON RICHTHOFEN.

Lieutenant Wolff, a crack pilot in Richthofen's jagdstaffel.

THE flying uhlan never learned Barwell's name. He was too busy that night celebrating, with his father, the great day that he had had in the air.

Not only was fifty-two an unheard-of number of victories at that time, but the downing of four enemy planes in one day was a feat he had never achieved before. Lothar having downed two, the brothers could say that between them they had wiped out one complete English flight.

Richthofen senior joined in the big dinner and glowed with pride and undoubtedly some happiness, due to the fact that his son was to go on leave the next day. There was to be a rest from the killing and a recess from the danger of going the way of his many victims.

AT 8 o'clock, in the midst of the dinner, the ace was called to the extension telephone in the mess-hall. He found himself in communication with the grand headquarters of the High Command. The following message was read to him:

> It has been reported to Me that today you have emerged as victor for the fiftieth time in an air battle. I express My heartiest congratulations and My fullest appreciation for this glorious success. With admiration and thankfulness the fatherland looks upon her heroic flier. May God be with you in future.
>
> WILHELM I. R.

The amenities of the air service. In this photograph, a German mess is shown feting two English fliers, brought down during the day.

Richthofen's personally inflicted casualty list for the month was as follows:

Killed (21)
Captain J. Stuart
Captain F. L. Barwell
Lieutenant J. C. Powell
Lieutenant H. D. K. George
Lieutenant L. Health-Cantle
Lieutenant M. H. Wood
Lieutenant C. E. Wilson
Second Lieutenant J. I. M. O'Beirne
Second Lieutenant G. O. Smart.
Second Lieutenant K. L. Mackenzie
Second Lieutenant G. Everingham
Second Lieutenant A. H. Bates
Second Lieutenant E. A. Welch
Second Lieutenant R. W. Follett
Second Lieutenant R. Applin
Sergeant R. Dunn
Sergeant W. A. Barnes
Sergeant A. Tollervey
Sergeant G. Stead
Corporal A. Beebee
Air Gunner P. Bonner
Wounded or prisoners of war (13)
Lieutenant P. Warren
Lieutenant A. H. Leckler
Lieutenant H. T. Adams
Lieutenant D. J. Stewart
Lieutenant J. S. Heagerty
Lieutenant E. C. E. Derwin
Lieutenant W. Green
Lieutenant W. O. Russell
Lieutenant W. F. Fletcher
Lieutenant W. Franklin
Lieutenant F. J. Kirkham
Second Lieutenant D. P. McDonald
Air Mechanic H. Pierson

Casualties Inflicted:

Number of planes shot down in April, 1917	21
Previously reported	31
Total	52
Wounded or prisoners of war in April, 1917	13
Previously reported	13
Total	26
Killed in April, 1917	21
Previously reported	33
Total killed	54

Richthofen's books of death balanced as above at the close of Bloody April.

IT was May 1, 1917, when Richthofen said good-by to his flying mates at Douai and retired from the front on a leave of absence which the High Command had insisted he take. His superiors had even ordered that he confine himself to the ground during his vacation, but this did not prevent the Red Knight from making the trip to Germany by air.

The cheers and congratulations of his pilots and mechanics rang in his ears as he flew away, this time a passenger in a two-seater observation plane, much slower and safer than the speedy little red Albatross, in which he had sent so many men to their death.

With the unprecedented record of fifty-two victorious combats, the German ace of aces went back to receive the plaudits and worship of the fatherland's millions.

Richthofen has lunch with the Kaiser. Hindenburg gives him a dinner. Ludendorff receives him. All Germany turns out to do him honor. Meanwhile, Lothar is shot down and narrowly escapes death, and is credited with killing Captain Albert Ball, the great English ace. These thrilling details are given in next week's LIBERTY.

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Hydraulic Compressed Brake Lining
"For Short Stops and Long Service"

"She's my *Nancy," I said. "And you're* my *Jimmy."*

Anyhow, *It's* My *Story!*

As Dictated by TONI, Jr., to ANTOINETTE DONNELLY

Pictures by DOROTHY HOPE SMITH BARLOW

(Reading time: 4 minutes 30 seconds.)

DEAR WORLD:

I bet you can't guess what I got!

It's something that a girl likes to get better than mos' anything else in the world.

Three guesses you can make!

No! It isn't a new hat. It isn't a new dress. It isn't a new pair of shoes!

It's a love letter! From my Mommy, who went away on a vacation to rest up after a year of me and other stren-u-ous duties.

A trisket, a trasket,
A green-and-yellow basket;
I got a letter from my love.
On her way she dropped it;
A little mail-man picked it up
And put it in his pocket—

And brought it straight to me, he did. I think it must have dropped on one of the pebbles that turned into a cake and shrunk *Alice* in Wonderland. It was only a couple of inches big, and came in through the crack under the door, just like *Alice* could get through cracks after she nibbled the cake.

MY DARLING TONI [it read]:

I hope you are a good girl and not making too much trouble for your Daddy and Aunty. I miss you very, very much and send you many, many hugs and kisses. MOMMY.

My Mommy must have forgotten to put in the hugs and kisses, because I looked all over the letter and in the envelop to find them, and they weren't there. I wonder if the mail-man kept them in his pocket.

Or maybe, as Aunty Toni suggests, she is saving them to bring back herself to deliver to me per-son-ally, which, like mos' girls, is really the way I prefer hugs and kisses.

After Aunt Toni read Mom's letter to me, I read it over and over myself, upside down and downside up, frontways back and backways front, it being all the same to me; I just being happy because I got a letter ad-dress-ed to me and to nobody else. It's *my* letter, and I have it hid in the doll carriage, where I hide everything I want to keep.

Every time I use *my* now, I have to stop and think, because they've been trying to educate me to use other pronouns like *his* and *hers* and *ours*, and I'm not very clear yet as to which is which and where it belongs.

My Aunt Toni is worried about the way I ap-pro-pri-ate everything and call it *my* paper, *my* book, *my* chair, *my* beads, when it appears, for some reason I can not understand, it often isn't mine at all.

Aunty says if she had a beau she supposes he'd be *my* beau; and, as gentlemen seem to be preferring them younger and younger, she'd better cure me quick.

She says perhaps this *my*-ing of mine is because I have the mis-for-tune not to have any brothers or sisters to share things with, which she does say is hardly *my* fault, but a fault, never-the-less, that ought to be rem-e-died as soon as possible.

It seems I did dis-grace *my*self and *my* bringing-up recently when I went to Jimmy's house. No girl would really want to disgrace herself with Jimmy, because he is tall, dark, and handsome. And he has an auto-mo-bile, which does make a young man very attractive to a lady, even if it is only a toy one. I mean a toy automo-bile, not a toy lady.

Well, Jimmy invited me to ride. Mos' young men, that is, par-tic-u-lar young men—and Jimmy was par-tic-u-lar to invite me—don't just pick up any girl and give her a ride.

"It's an honor," Aunty chided me. "And one not to be taken advantage of, either. You're just like a lot of other girls. When they get a young man to pay them any attention they take it for granted that he and everything that he has belongs to them."

When Jimmy helped me into his auto-mobile, I just fitted into the seat exactly, and I liked it so much I told him it was *my* car. He said I could ride in it, but it was *his* car.

I correct-ed him. It was *my* car. I was in it and he was only standing on the side, so how could it be *his* car? He said it was *his* car, and I said it was *mine*, and I would have kept on saying it—but Aunty took me out and made some remarks about the folly of a lady arguing when it's so much easier to get what you want from a man by wheedling or some such thing.

"You ruin your chances of getting what you want, arguing," she said firmly. "Now Jimmy won't let you play with any of his toys."

A glass of water fell the same way into Daddy's pie the next evening.

"They're *my* toys," I said. Jimmy said they were *his* toys, but I could play with *his* toys. But when I said again they were *my* toys, he just ran away to play with his little sister Nancy, who isn't any bigger than a toy herself.

I followed him, and when he said she was *his* Nancy, I said she was *my* Nancy.

"No; she's *my* Nancy," Jimmy said.

"She's *my* Nancy," I said. "And you're *my* Jimmy."

"A young man will stand only so much and no more," my Aunty scolded me. "Now, see: he's run away and left you all alone. And that's what happens to the argu-ing woman."

WELL, anyway, if Jimmy won't let me ride again in *my* car—in *his* car, I mean—I've got *my* letter from Mommy; and it is *mine*, because I answered it right away to cheer her up:

DEAR MOMMY:

Yes, I am a good girl. And I'm not giving my Daddy and Aunty too much trouble, because neither of them has been sick or anything, although both are talking about taking va-ca-tions as soon as you get back. That is, they say, if they hold out until you get back—which they hope will be sooner than expected.

Daddy wasn't very chummy with me this morning. The fact that I roused him at 5:30 couldn't have had anything to do with it, because it was as early as that yesterday and the day before and the day before that.

For a couple of evenings after you went away they let me stay up and sit at the table with them. It being lonesome without you, they were glad to have me sit in your chair and keep them company. But the cream pitcher fell into Aunty's lap acci-dent-ally one evening just after my hand was on it, and a glass of water fell the same way into Daddy's pie the next, so they said I could be spared at meal-time. Which is hard to understand, when I like their company so much.

I do hope you are having a good time and not worrying about me. Aunty says if, like a lot of women, you won't have a good time unless you worry, to worry about her and Daddy.

This is about all, except that there are a few dishes left in the pantry that I haven't been able to reach. But Anna brought the step-ladder up out of the basement this morning, so maybe when you get back you won't ever have any more dishes to wash, and you will have more time to play with

Your loving TONI.

P. S. Daddy says you better get good and rested, for there's another hard year ahead.

In my next week's LIBERTY there'll be some more of my ideas for my readers.

Only 1 *in* 3 reaches maturity

without running the risk of Goiter

Few mothers realize the alarming prevalence of simple goiter, with its ruinous effects on body, mind and looks.

It threatens two out of every three children between 10 and 18, girls particularly.

Simple goiter is caused by a lack of Nature's iodine in foods and drinking water. Restore it and goiter automatically is prevented, saving children from physical and mental decline.

Health authorities say that the safest and easiest way to restore this iodine is with a reliable iodized salt. Morton's Iodized Salt is such a product, for it is merely our famous salt that pours with a trace of tasteless iodine added for goiter prevention.

Get Morton's Iodized Salt from your grocer at once and use it on the table and in cooking. It costs no more than ordinary salt, yet the protection it affords makes it priceless.

ALSO PLAIN
if you prefer it.

You can still get Morton's Salt without iodine if you wish. Both plain and iodized come to you in a triple-wrapped package with a handy hinged spout that won't tear out.

Morton Salt Company
Chicago, U. S. A.

MORTON'S SALT

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WHEN IT RAINS
—IT POURS

The Winning Name for Lee Buttonless Work and Play Suits is WHIZIT

The winners in the Lee Prize Naming Contest were chosen only after consideration was given to every entry. Each prize was awarded on the basis of the name submitted together with the reason for the choice of the name. The Lee Company wishes to thank the thousands of persons who submitted names, for their interest in the naming of the new garments.

First Prize, $250—Geo. W. Mock, Seattle, Wash.
Second Prize, $125—Mrs. William Gallup, Casselton, North Dakota.
Third Prize, $75—Mrs. Mildred Steele, Elkhart, Indiana.
Fourth Prize, $50—Mrs. G. F. Ross, Brockton, Mass.

One Hundred Prizes of $5.00 each awarded to the following:

J. Corry Baker, Pueblo, Colo.
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Dean Hartzell, Klamath Falls, Ore.
Abraham Wolf, Aiken, S. C.
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Mrs. H. Sater, So. St. Paul, Minn.
K. L. Brant, Webster City, Iowa
Edwin C. Savitz, Easton, Pa.
Mrs. H. W. Ries, Collingswood, N. J.
Homer V. Geary, Albany, N. Y.
Wm. Kniesner, Danbury, Conn.
Herbert M. Snyder, Louisville, Ky.
H. B. Alexander, Minier, Ill.
James Mertel, Clinton, Mo.
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Haskell Ostroff, Lowell, Mass.
Mrs. Frank M. Adsch, Richland Center, Wis.
Bernard Brown, Wilmette, Ill.
Dan Church, St. Louis, Mo.
Guy W. Gitchel, Little Rock, Ark.
R. F. Rowe, League City, Texas.
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Henry Allen, Miami, Ariz.
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Frances Sawyer, Ashley, Ill.
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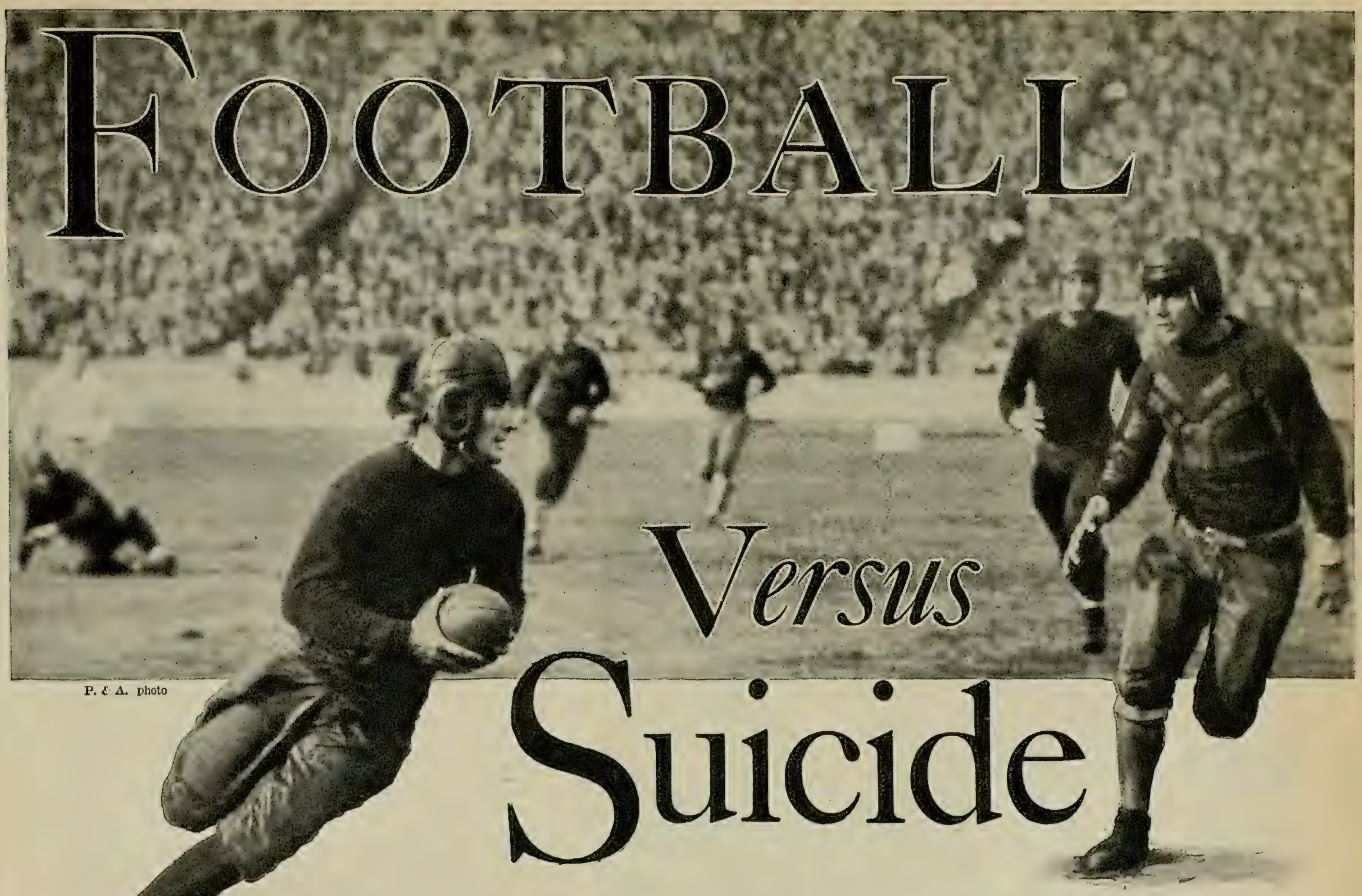
FROM thousands of suggestions this name has been selected to represent the already famous Lee Buttonless Work Clothing. From every state, indeed from every county, the names came indicating interest beyond our expectations. The convenience, durability, appearance and time-saving features of the new Lee garments with the Hookless Fastener, have won nation-wide approval. Thousands of working men have put them to the test and found them easy to put on or off and remarkably long wearing. Thousands of Mothers have saved time and trouble by dressing their children in the new buttonless play suits. Ask your nearest dealer to show you LEE WHIZIT UNION-ALLS, OVERALLS and PLAY SUITS.

THE H. D. LEE MERC. COMPANY

Factories: Kansas City, Mo., Trenton, N. J., South Bend, Ind., Minneapolis, Minn., San Francisco, Calif.

LEE Union-Alls, Overalls and Play Suits are also available in styles having buttons instead of Hookless Fasteners.

FOOTBALL Versus Suicide



P. & A. photo

A SCENE that would make any student forget his private troubles—the battle between Notre Dame and Southern California at Los Angeles last year.

Explaining How the Greatest College Game Makes Real Men and Keeps Them Alive

An Article by JESS B. HAWLEY

(Head Football Coach, Dartmouth College.)

(Reading time: 7 minutes.)

ANY discussion of football and its place in a college curriculum must be contrasted today with that other grim phase of overemphasis—suicide.

Since the first of the year, a startling number of college students have taken their own lives. In no case was the motive traced to the ordinary age-old causes of self-destruction, such as poverty, disease, or fear of the law. These have been young men with everything in life ahead of them.

Their parents have testified to the material well-being of their home environment. Their friends have declared their popularity. Their professors have admitted that their moral and scholastic standing was of the highest.

Clearly, then, something had gone awry in their mental and spiritual make-up. That intangible sense of proportion, which enables a man to see his life in relation to a community, had been unbalanced by some fatal overemphasis—an emphasis that might have been vital and healthy in its inception, but that went astray in morbidity and melancholia.

Few of these pitiful young suicides were connected with the great game of football in any way. The boy who has played ball on the corner lot every hour of daylight after grade school, who goes on to high school and college with the same boyish enthusiasm for athletics, simply hasn't time or inclination to moon around, agonizing over psychic phenomena. Life is too vital, too competitive, to allow him to sink into a mental morass.

And right here I want to admit that athletics in general and football in particular may be overemphasized in American colleges. But by whom? The college? The student body? The alumni? Or by the Great American Fan? Almost entirely, I believe, by the last.

The contributing causes to this are so obvious as to be hardly worth naming. Our system of journalism, with its blazing headlines; our movie news and views; our high-salaried press-agents; and our fanatical hero-worship of a champion—all these national appetites have found in the color and vigor of football a morsel of increasing delight.

And because a ball has started rolling that threatens the sport itself, many persons have turned alarmists, and, in the other extreme, have quite overlooked the rightful place of football in the college curriculum, in the morale of the student body, and in the life and activity of the college alumni.

No one would urge that athletic sports in general should be stricken from a college curriculum. Any one investigating their healthfulness has only to wander around any college campus, on a hazy fall afternoon, to learn approximately what proportion of the students take advantage of some form of outdoor exercise.

Every tennis-court is filled with leaping white-clad players. The golf-links are crowded with waiting foursomes at every tee. Up a side street jogs a band of cross-country harriers, trotting along in flapping trunks. If the campus boasts a lake or a river, several crews are out, bending at the oars. And of course the varsity and freshman gridirons are teeming with first, second, and third football squads hard at work.

A visit in the midwinter season would add hockey teams, indoor swimmers, and basketball-players to this list. Spring turns the campus into one big baseball diamond. Nobody can wish that this great outlet for youth's vitality should be denied the students.

YET there are still people who fail to realize that football is the sport that supports all of these other athletic activities, with the exception of basketball and, in some cases, hockey.

One great Eastern college has already mortgaged next fall's gridiron returns to build what is generally conceded to be the finest collegiate golf-links in the country. Another has used its football proceeds to put up almost a dozen squash-courts. And a third is spending vast gate receipts for equipment for intramural sports. And these are, remember, expenditures above and beyond the budget for

[CONTINUED ON THE SECOND PAGE FOLLOWING]

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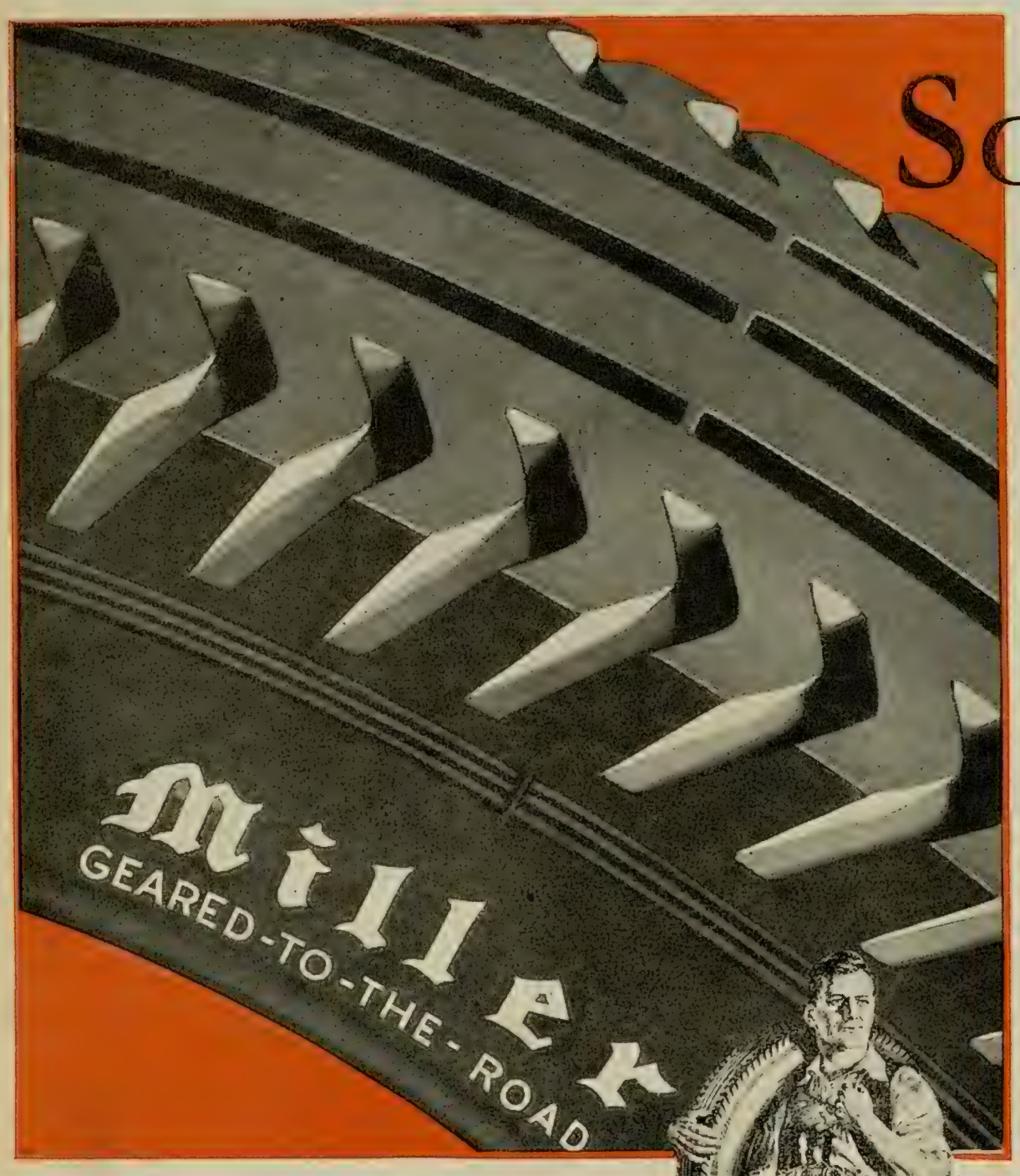
America's SCIENTIFICALLY CORRECT Balloon Tire

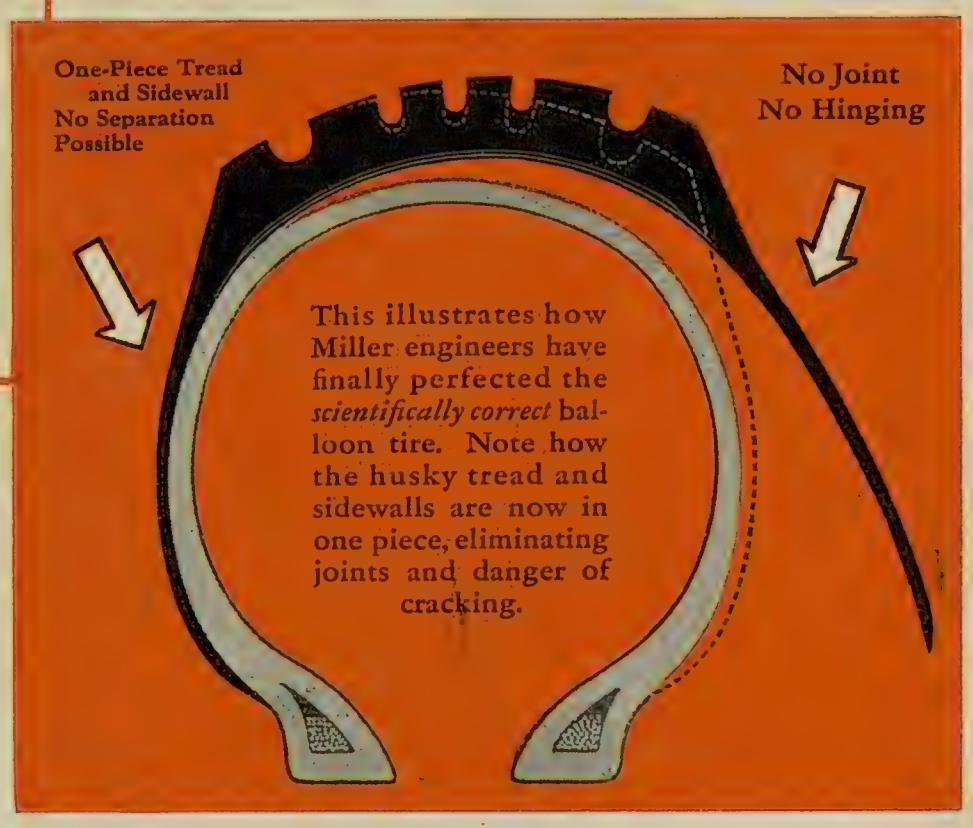


With

1 One-Piece Tread and Sidewalls

2 Road-Shaped, Geared-to-the-Road Tread

3 "Uniflex" Cord Construction



The Tire Builder says:
"If one comes back, I'm penalized"

SOME said the public didn't want to know how tires are built. We proved the fallacy of that. The public *has known* for a long time. And when Miller—with the aid of science—produced a balloon tire as it should be built, eliminating spotty tread wear, cracking joints, inside friction—and told a graphic story of that tire—public response was immediate and overwhelming.

Today—the three scientific advantages found only in Miller tires are known, talked of and demanded wherever tires are sold. That's because the public does want to know how tires are built—how more miles and less trouble is made possible—and is not satisfied to risk tire dollars on mere bulk and good outward appearance. Your Miller dealer will gladly show you a cut section of a Miller tire and demonstrate these three advantages:

1. One-Piece Tread and Sidewalls

Gone for all time is fear of cracking joints and the destruction that followed the old way. Now the husky Miller tread reaches all the way around the tire in one piece from toe to toe. *All joints and hinging centers are eliminated—no chance whatever for cracking.* Six months of actual road service on hundreds of thousands of cars *proved* the *scientific correctness* of this new Miller design.

2. Geared-to-the-Road—Road-Shaped Tread

The broad, road-shaped contact surface of the Miller exclusive Geared-to-the-Road tread runs *even with the road.* With light or heavy load—the entire width of this famous tread is *on* the road—taking wear evenly—and therefore *slowly.* Thus Miller banished uneven, spotty tread wear—the outstanding cause of short tire life. Not satisfied to stop there—a third unique result was obtained.

3. "Uniflex" Cord Construction

Insures uniform flexibility of all parts—completing a perfectly balanced tire. Built to resist curb and rut jolts—springs back from blows to normal shape with the quick, springy action of live rubber—leaving One-Piece Tread and Sidewalls, Bead and Uniflex Cord Carcass secure and intact. Thus the common cause of internal wear is eliminated—and miles added to balloon tire life.

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Miller *Scientifically Correct* **Balloon Tires**
REG U S PAT OFF

GEARED-TO-THE-ROAD • MILLER KNOWS RUBBER

[CONTINUED FROM SECOND PAGE PRECEDING]

covering the losses of other athletic sports—those losses that football annually defrays.

Then, too, few people realize that the glamour and competitive vigor of the intercollegiate football contests furnish the stimulus for intramural tournaments. Every one can not play on the varsity eleven, but scores can carry to intramural sports of all kinds the zeal and the will to win of the big contests.

This is the material side of foootball's place in the curriculum.

But there is another side of equal, if not of greater, importance. Perhaps you have your own answer to the question: Why is a college?

What do you hope a college education will give your boy? Book knowledge? Yes; but he could digest books in any walk of life. A degree? How few degrees there are that will be of much service to him in later life! An appreciation of life and a greater resourcefulness in living? That's better.

But why not go one step farther and hope for an actual groundwork for everyday life itself?

BECAUSE your boy will be acknowledged a man, legally and economically, on his twenty-first birthday, is no reason to suppose that the calendar will perform a miracle. He must bring to citizenship, to his niche in the social scheme, and to the world of business some actual training or groundwork.

One of the greatest evidences of such training is the potentiality of leadership. And athletics in general, and football in particular, might be listed among the greatest of discoverers of latent ability for leadership. If your boy has a spark of leadership in him, athletic training will develop the trait; and, in any case, he will learn a respect for that quality in others, and an unquestioning obedience to a leader's commands, that will stand him in good stead all his life.

Surely this training is as valuable as any course of study listed with the registrar.

Football's sphere in the morale of the student body brings us back to the question of emphasis—or overemphasis, if you will.

Student days are impressionable days. In spite of the blasé pose assumed by so many of the present undergraduates, human nature remains the same throughout the ages.

You may be pretty sure that emphasis will be placed on *something*. Would you have it placed upon gin and the stage door, or upon a manly and vigorous outdoor game? Would you prefer to have your boy engrossed in the natural, healthful interest surrounding a football team, or would you prefer his joining a group of callow intellectualists who meet in morbid curiosity over psychic phenomena?

You are lucky if his enthusiasm centers in a sport that typifies the everlasting manly virtues—courage, unselfishness, and co-ordinated mental and physical skill!

If hero-worship is inherent in most of us, let us rejoice in a game that furnishes heroes who, by the very nature of the activity in which they earn their halos, must be unusually clean-lived and clear-thinking.

This is an undisciplined age—so claim the pulpit and the press. Fathers and mothers are constantly bewailing the lack of parental respect and obedience in the youth of today.

Look around you. Take the homes of your friends, if you can not bear to turn the searchlight on your own family. In how many cases do you find any restraint effectively employed?

Step, by sharpest contrast, on to any college gridiron during the football season. Here is discipline more strict than that of the army. Competition is so keen that only the very fittest can survive. And not only the fittest mentally and physically, but spiritually too. Perhaps a greater stress is placed on unselfishness here than in any other sport. Team-work is the root and heart of a successful football squad.

The ability to fight against overwhelming odds; the stamina to give battle beyond one's physical endurance; the heart to refuse to be licked unto the final whistle—these requirements breed *men!*

The subordination of self—even more, the annihilation of self—in order that some one else may cross the goal-line—this is the groundwork that breeds *citizens!*

The pride in being even one small cog in the machine tends toward a sense of proportion that is one of the greatest factors for successful living. Apply this groundwork to the personnel of your business, and you have the combination for success.

Therefore I believe that football has a very definite place in the morale of the student body. In the general enthusiasm over this team which is representative of them all, a spirit of oneness evolves that fosters that intangible tradition called college spirit. A common cause is one of the greatest levelers and a true factor of democracy.

Football plays so large a part in the vitality of any body of alumni that its importance hardly needs comment here. It is the one most significant representation of the college in the public eye.

Consequently it acquires a glamour composed of all the old grad's fondest campus recollections. He goes to the game a prosperous, middle-aged citizen; but the kick-off finds him a boy again, and in his heart the fire and zeal of youth itself, all welded in a prayer to win.

Perhaps it isn't fair; but a championship football team will unite a body of alumni from coast to coast more thoroughly than will any amount of intellectual laurels that might be bestowed on the college faculty.

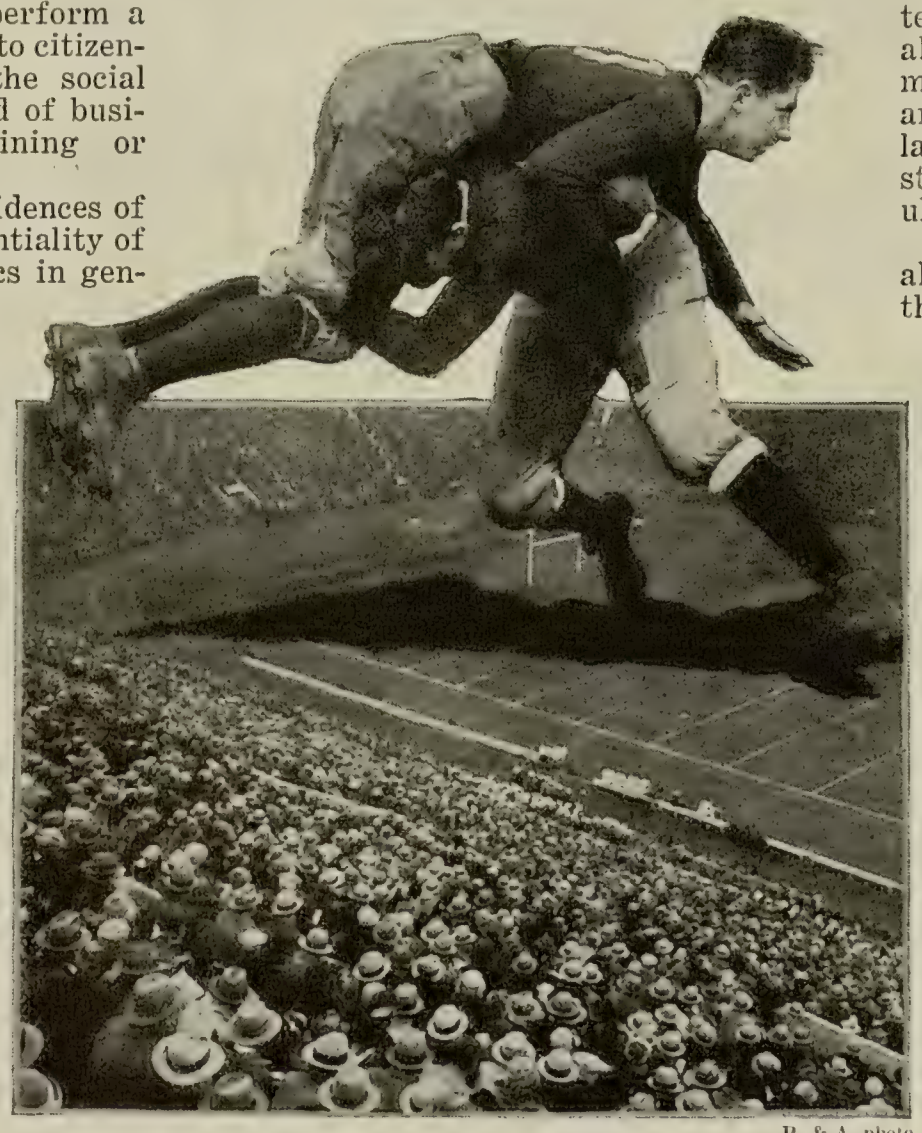
Perhaps this will not always be true. When the faculty can imbue any intellectual yield with the color, the appeal, and the constructive training for life itself, best presented now by collegiate athletics, then we may hold mass-meetings on the eve of, say, intercollegiate debates, and build bonfires in honor of the winning orators!

SO, the next time you happen to sit in on one of the prevalent discussions of the overemphasis of football, notice that, like every social activity big enough to become a national institution, this sport has incited many reformers; and reformers are nearly always destructive rather than constructive.

These will probably see no place for football in a college curriculum, though advocating the other branches of athletics, which could not exist without the financial support purloined from football's giant gate receipts.

College football is the most interesting and successful aspect of college athletics. So let's kill it, or at least wound it! Sure!

THE END



P. & A. photo

DOCTORS Princeton and Yale giving their strenuous treatment for mental and moral ills to the thousands of patients who jam their annual clinic.

"My Puppy Would Have Died—"

"Polk Miller Products Corp.,
Richmond, Va.

Gentlemen:—

Your products cannot be praised too highly. I know that my puppy would have died but for them. Would appreciate very much a copy of Polk Miller's Dog Book on the care and feeding of dogs. Thanking you in advance.

Sincerely,"

(From a letter in our files. Name on request.)

Keep Your Dog Well

If you want to raise your dog and keep him well, he should have careful attention. And he deserves it. But you do not have to be a dog expert in order to know exactly how to care for him. Nor do you have to spend any money to find out the best methods of treating all dog diseases. There are safe and effective remedies for every dog ailment and it is a simple matter to find out when and how to use them.

All dogs, puppies especially, should be wormed. Reasons are given on page 15 of Polk Miller's Dog Book

Famous Dog Book Free

Sergeant's Dog Medicines have been on the market more than fifty years. During all that time, our staff of expert veterinarians have been gathering notes on the care of dogs. This priceless information has been compiled into a book of intense interest to every dog owner. In clear, non-technical language it explains proper methods of feeding and caring for dogs. There are notes on breeding and the care of pups, a unique Symptom Chart that makes it easy to tell what ails your dog when he is sick, what to give him and how to care for him. This famous book has saved the lives of unnumbered valuable and beloved animals. We urge you to write for a copy which will be sent free to any address.

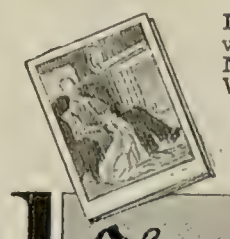
Guard your dog against sickness with Sergeant's Condition Pills. Read carefully page 20 in the Dog Book.

Expert Advice Free

Moreover, if your dog should develop a condition that puzzles you, *write us at once.* State age, breed, sex and all symptoms. Without a penny of expense to you, our expert veterinarians will send you a personal letter containing instructions for the proper treatment. You do not have to be a user of Sergeant's Dog Medicines to get this service. It is free to every dog lover.

Mange is highly contagious among dogs. Proper treatment is given on page 27 of the Dog Book. Use Sergeant's Mange Medicine and Sergeant's Arsenic and Iron Pills.

Sergeant's Dog Medicines, standard for more than fifty years, are sold by dealers everywhere.



If you cannot obtain them, write us direct. Address Polk Miller Products Corp., 1467 W. Broad St., Richmond, Va.

Write for your free copy of Polk Miller's Dog Book.

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Write for FREE sample of our No-Tar-Odor Mange Medicine for Human Hair and Scalp.

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SALTED PEANUTS

A distinctive bob, "set" with Stacomb

Socially Confident

Hair "set"—at its best

Appearance is the servant of success—everywhere. Be sure of your hair.

You *can* keep it in place—smart, *right* . . . Use a little Stacomb daily!

Your hair won't be greasy and artificial looking, with Stacomb. Nor dry and rancid, as water makes it. This new liquid counteracts dandruff—keeps the hair gloriously healthy.

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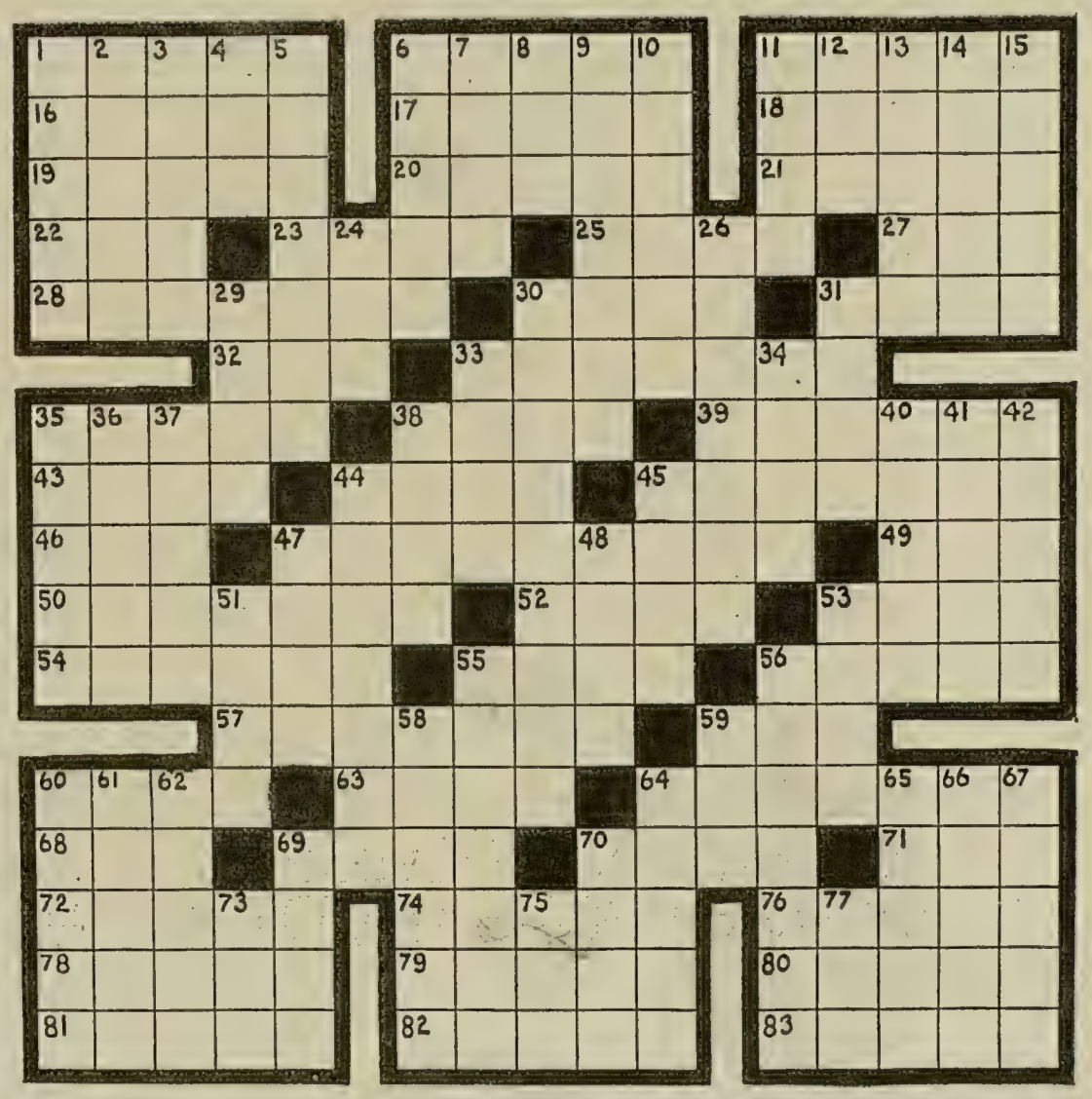
$25 *for* CROSS WORDS

VACATIONS over, LIBERTY Cross-Word fans are now all set for new conquests. Read the rules again and go after a $25 prize. Remember that the design must interlock all over—that is, it must be possible to go from any point in it to any other point by way of the white squares. Unkeyed letters—that is, letters that help to form a word without being a part of any other word—must be kept at a minimum. To have your puzzle returned, or answers mailed you, enclose a stamped, addressed envelop. Address Cross Words, LIBERTY WEEKLY, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.



Prize Puzzle No. 53

By CHAS. S. PAINTER, Ocala, Florida

HORIZONTAL

1 To sharpen, as a razor
6 Purchase and sale
11 Affected by a sharp, sudden pain
16 Commonplace
17 Less thick or dense
18 High estimation
19 Endeavored
20 Device for spreading ink
21 English spy executed by American Revolutionists
22 To chill
23 Lean
25 Remunerated
27 Usage
28 To reform
30 Tear
31 To regard with care
32 Twenty-five thousandths of an acre
33 A French coin
35 Asterisks
38 Waves
39 A variety of tea
43 A quick, light step
44 Murmur of a domestic animal
45 A disease-breeding bacterium.
46 Combining form meaning resembling
47 Predetermine
49 Afternoon collation
50 Category or classification
52 Ancient Norse navigator
53 Followers of a creed
54 A sequence
55 A monarch
56 Product of a pine (plural)
57 Triad
59 Food from the taro root
60 To swing
63 Lairs
64 Songs
68 Concealed
69 Of highest excellence
70 Market
71 To cut off
72 Viper
74 Emblems
76 To abscond
78 A vat for mash
79 Species of lyric poem
80 Regenerate
81 Terminated
82 To hinder
83 Plants

VERTICAL

1 One of a series of steps
2 An instant
3 Congeals into hoarfrost
4 Devoured
5 Hawkers (variant spelling)
6 A triad
7 Rancid
8 A large flatboat
9 Makes lower in tone
10 Wandering
11 A food fish
12 A unit of weight
13 Inordinate
14 The Scandinavian language
15 Avidity
24 A monkey
26 Utterly foolish
29 A stringed instrument
30 Apprehends again
31 Steering device
33 A fish of the mackerel kind
34 To wander about abstractedly
35 Facing the direction from which a glacier impinges
36 Edible part of an animal's stomach
37 Helper
38 Petitions
40 Made of oatmeal
41 A kinswoman
42 Flies
44 To exercise superintendence
45 A brace
47 Support for a bridge span
48 A conveyance for hauling
51 Incorporated municipality
53 To pollute
55 A ferrotype
56 Cutter attached to a plow (plural)
58 Settled in a nest
59 Equality
60 Tremble
61 To expand
62 Summed up
64 Meaner
65 Solitary
66 Drugged
67 Vomits
69 Brought up
70 One of the people of Media
73 The mother of Abel
75 A metallic vessel
77 A shelter

Answer to Puzzle No. 52

Women Wanted-

Show *Sensational Corset* Earn $55.00 a Week

Right in your community is a wonderful chance to earn extra money. No experience required. You now may earn $25 to $75 a week, spare or full time. Amazing new garment, stylish and comfortable, is sensation everywhere. Moulds any form to slender lines! And ultra modish! Yet prices less than stores!

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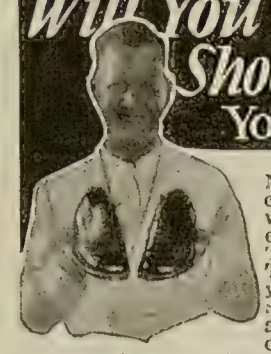
37,000 women wear this wonderful Grecian Health garment who had banished corsets forever! No wonder it's a sensation! If you are looking for your very own income, write at once. We furnish beautiful FREE style book, your own corset and full instructions. Act today.

GRECIAN HEALTH CORSET CO.
Dept. E-9, 65 E. Randolph St., Chicago, Ill.

Will You Wear These Shoes and Show Your Friends?



Men! Women! Here's your chance to get your own shoes without cost, and to make the easiest money of your life. Take orders for genuine **Tailor-Made Shoes** from your friends and neighbors. Shoes tailor-made to fit six actual foot measures. Choice of 60 different leathers—made in 70 styles in men's, women's and children's shoes. Unlimited market. Amazing value because sold direct from makers. Every pair guaranteed to fit perfectly and give comfort and satisfaction.

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LINDY *and the* French FANS

The True Story of the Unexpected Outburst of Gallic Frenzy Over the Transatlantic Flier

By

HENRY WALES

Pictures by RALPH BARTON

(Reading time: 11 minutes 45 seconds.)

LINDBERGH Cocktails—Price 7 Francs. Harry, the genial Scot proprietor of the New York Bar in Paris, wrote out the placard on that pleasant Saturday afternoon at the end of May, when reports said the Flying Fool was winging his way across the Atlantic.

"Aw, don't put that sign up now. Wait till he gets in. That would be a terrible jinx. Remember your Nungesser cocktail, and look what happened."

One of a knot of Yanks lined up to try Special Mint Juleps with Real Rye—Price 12 Francs, tried to persuade Harry to have a heart until the aviator actually arrived.

"That guy will never make it, and if he does get across the ocean, he'll either land down around the Spanish frontier at Bordeaux or up in Scandinavia somewhere," said another member of the group.

"Don't be a mug. This bird is going to make it, sure," interjected an ex-proprietor of a Montmartre dance hall, "and I'm on my way now to Bourget. Anybody comin' in my car?"

"Lots of time," was the answer. "He can't get in before midnight, and there'll be nobody there but maybe some gendarmes and the Ambassador. If there is, they'll sure throw stones at this guy after that Nungesser mix-up."

"Just a mug, as usual," replied the cabaret man. "Why, these French will give this bird the biggest hand they can if he makes it."

And so the party hurried out to Le Bourget airdrome.

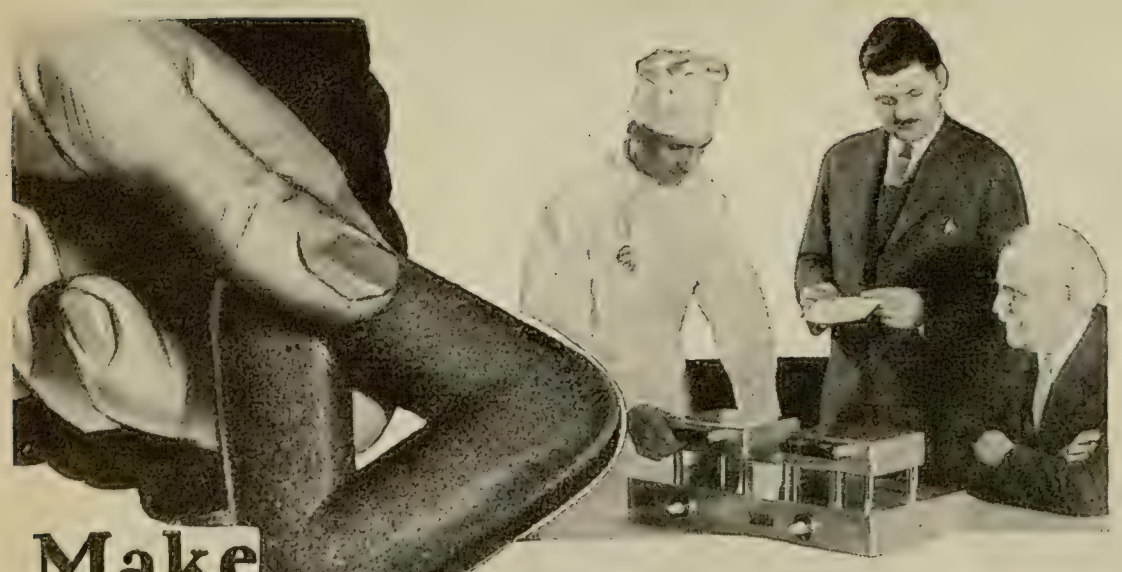
Nobody was there; nobody, except a few French gendarmes, a bunch of newspaper reporters, and a flock of photographers, stills and movies, and—oh, yes, the American Committee to welcome and take charge of the flier.

Dr. Hipwell, the American dentist, was there as chairman; and Dr. Bove of the American hospital, with his hypo ready to jab Lindbergh and restore him to consciousness if he should collapse after the long ordeal.

Six o'clock in the evening, and still nobody, except some more reporters and a smattering

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

The new-fangled electric stunt spelled out the news to thousands on the boulevards.



Three Chicago food experts invent a delightful new food that is revolutionizing the doughnut business.

Make up to $1000 A MONTH From Amazing NEW Food Invention

THIS new food dainty opens up to wide awake men and women everywhere a startling opportunity to make sure, clear profits of $50 to $250 a week and to own a steady, growing business for themselves. Hundreds have proved that the plan we have for you will succeed if you will simply supply half the energy you spend working for somebody else.

A Real Food Sensation

The Greaseless Doughnut is an entirely new food. Not a drop of oil or grease is used. It is a crispy, delicious, fragrant, appetizing doughnut cooked by electricity. More captivating than old-style doughnuts ever were—rich as pie or cake—yet easily digested as bread. People literally fall over one another to buy these new dainties. That's why Minch made $3,000 in 3 months. Costopolis, Illinois, takes in $6 to $7 an hour in the evening. W. Castor, Chicago, becomes the owner of a big wholesale and retail shop in less than 2 months. Druggists, bakers, department stores—men and women at home, or in tiny corners of floor space rented in shops—all kinds of people get into this amazing new business and immediately start to coin money.

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The facts and proof we have to send you will open your eyes to a glorious, independent future. Imagine a business that often earns back the entire investment in a few days! This is too good to put off. Write at once for the surprising, fascinating details of the plan that awaits your judgment without obligation to go into it. No one making less than $1000 a month can afford to overlook this offer.

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Rnsh me details of your new Brown Bobby plan aud how I can start my own business at once.

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[LINDY AND THE FRENCH FANS Continued from Page Seventy-one]

of the American colony. In the restaurant building, where the scribes and camera fiends were wrangling for tables and service, there were Margaret Hawkesworth and her fiancé, Captain Charley Wynn, whose father had been a member of Roosevelt's Cabinet. And then Adolph Zukor, the picture magnate, arrived with his wife; and Ruby de Remer and her husband, the Scranton millionaire, Ben Throop; and Al Kauffman and his wife, who had been taking care of Eleanor Ambrose, the widow of Maurice, the dancer.

"The frogs are certainly giving this bird the air—if he ever gets here," the Yanks remarked one to another as time passed and, except for more Yanks, no crowd materialized.

Some one telephoned to the Ritz bar in Paris about that time and asked Frank, the barman, what he knew, because Frank always knows everything; or, if it's something that slipped his mind, he can always ask Lou Hauser, because nothing ever slipped Lou's mind.

"They say this feller Ginzburg—what's his name?—has passed over Plymouth and is reported near Cherbourg," said Frank.

"Lindenburg has passed Cherbourg and is right on his way. He'll be here in a cuppla hours," tipped the Commercial Cable Company's man, after talking with his Paris office.

And then came the crowd.

FRENCH afternoon newspapers began batting out extras, and their circulation departments, composed of ex-bike racers, distributed the sheets all over town. Newspaper bulletin-boards smeared announcements over their windows, and the new-fangled moving electric-light stunt, spelling out the words, flashed news to countless thousands on the boulevards.

In a twinkling every taxicab in Paris was commandeered. People formed groups of four or five or six, packed into the taxis, and started out on the Rue Lafayette for the city gate and the main highway to Le Bourget and the north.

LINDY and Louis Blériot, the first to fly over the English Channel.

Private cars, too—limousines laden with gents in evening clothes and women in décolleté gowns and fur coats and pearls and service-stripe bracelets and emeralds, changed their minds when they heard the reports, and, instead of going to Ciro's or the Café de Paris, or wherever they were dining, or the Opéra or the Moulin Rouge or the Folies-Bergère, told their chauffeurs to drive right out to Bourget, and step on it, too.

The cops were pretty gentle at Bourget that night. Most any one that murdered the French language in asking to get inside the fence on to the field because he was an American and a personal friend of Lindbergh, was let through. And the French lined up by the thousands behind the ten-foot wire fence.

"That's funny; every frog and his little brother and Aunt Gaby are turning out to see this guy," Yanks remarked to one another as time went on and the crowd thickened. "Why, there must be millions of French here!"

Sure enough, the crowd was French—99 per cent of it, anyway. All kinds of French—poor folks, *père* and *mamma* and *les gosses*—from the suburbs between Paris and Bourget, littered with munitions works during the war; now just factories. They walked—two kilometers.

Then the Parisians—the small wage-earners who had intended to go to a cinema with their *femmes* or *amies*, or maybe remain at home and arrange their fishing-rods and lines for the angling of the morrow—Sunday; or maybe arrange inner tubes for the weekly bike ride. The bulletins of the approaching American flier, who had conquered the Atlantic and even then was roaring down the Seine valley, lured them out the North Road to Bourget, ten miles from the city's gates.

Also the society people—the cosmopolitan mixture of dukes and counts and bookmakers and professional dancing partners and ex-jockeys and bankers' sons and actresses and ex-models and nice girls and bad girls—they abandoned their evening in queer spots in Montmartre or road-houses along the St-Germain road.

None of the late starters ever reached the airdrome. Fifty thousand automobiles, half of them taxis, were stalled solid from the fortifications ringing Paris to the entrance to the field. They rode over sidewalks. The *agents de police* made cafés take in the chairs from the terraces to make more room; but they could not budge that jam until hours later, in the early morning, when the machines gradually disentangled themselves.

"*Le voilà!*" (There he is!) a hundred thousand throats screamed, as the distant hum of an unseen engine revealed that a plane was over the field. Round and round, thrice he circled the field, getting the lay of the land. Powerful arcs swept the drome, massed in batteries in front of the landing-space before the big administration building, where Ambassador Herrick and French officials were waiting.

And as the Spirit of St. Louis alighted on the opposite side of the field, more than half a mile away, the crowd started with a roar.

First the Yanks, inside the wire—boys, girls, old ladies, venerable gents—and in the lead were the gendarmes. It was the first transatlantic flier they had seen, too.

Crash! Down went the wire fence—1,500 feet of it—and off started the thousands of French who had been pressed behind it.

Lucky thing for Lindy that a group of French military pilots and mechanicians from the Thirty-fourth Regiment of Aviation, whose hangars, opposite the civilian side of the field, were near the spot where the American pilot put down his monoplane, reached him first. Sensing the danger immediately, as the crowd pressed forward, threatening to crush him and his machine, they hoisted him on their shoulders and fought their way away from the plane.

The maelstrom swirled around the group of men bearing Lindy. The seething crowd round about bellowed its cheers, "*Vive Lanbare!*" Those near the Yank yelled—in French, of course—their admiration and joy and congrats. Men fought forward just to get near enough to touch him, and, once beside him, struggled desperately to remain with him.

The boy who didn't know any one in Paris makes some acquaintances—Herrick, Doumergue, Briand, Painlévé, Poincaré, Foch, and Joffre.

THE French captains and lieutenants actually wept as they begged their countrymen to let them extricate the hero.

"*Il s'étouffe!*" (He is stifling!) they cried over again. "*Pour l'amour de Dieu, vous voulez le tuer.*" A girl, out of reach herself, thrust forward at arm's length her tiny baby so the infant might touch the Yank. As the crowd swayed, she almost fell to the ground beneath the heels of the pack. But the little French military fliers saved her.

"*Je pleurs!*" (I weep!) shrieked ordinary tired business men, stamping up and down in their excitement. "*C'est inouï!*" (It's unbelievable!) squealed ladies, extending their arms to heaven to witness their astonishment.

"Name of a rat, nothing was ever heard like it in the history of the world!" reiterated another solemnly, but with incredible rapidity. And, swelling beyond all other remarks, came the universal expression, "*Formidable—formidable!*" which word Lindy was to learn at once.

Lindy, never again to be called the Flying Fool, was spirited into an army hangar while a bogus aviator was rushed through the crowd to be presented to the Ambassador. Two hours later, in a little five-horse-power car, he was motored swiftly to Paris along back roads, miles from the congested main highway.

And, as the traffic jam gradually broke up and the jubilant mob worked its way back to Paris, there was more celebrating. Staid French people who never before had set foot in Montmartre, much less paid 175 francs for a bottle of champagne, when the cheaper sweeter grades for weddings and similar functions could be bought at the *marchand de vin's* for 22 francs, swarmed into the gyp joints on the hill where generally only visiting tourists can be fleeced, and drank and danced until dawn.

There was nothing geographic in France's reception of Lindbergh. He was just a boy who had flown alone for thirty-four hours over the ocean.

And the fact that Nungesser and Coli had disappeared trying the same exploit a fortnight before, added to the rejoicings for Lindy.

The ill-fated attempt of Nungesser made France realize the danger and difficulty of the flight.

And, contrary to general belief, there was no blame placed on America for the failure. True, several Paris afternoon newspapers, facing a parliamentary investigation as to where they obtained the information that led them to publish extras stating that Nungesser and Coli had circled the Statue of Liberty and had landed in New York, tried to divert attention from themselves and asserted that the United States Weather Bureau had withheld information from the French aviators.

But, generally, these statements attracted little attention. It did not take the French long to form their own conclusion about those false reports.

Exactly the same factors that make Lindy a hero in America endeared him spontaneously to France, and to Belgium and England, too. His smile, that marvelous boyish expression of happiness at achieving his aim; his lack of swank or high hat, captivated Paris. His unruly locks, forever ruffled, try as he would to smooth them down; his tall, straight, spare frame, and his shy, modest bearing, would attract men and women of any country.

So France fêted Lindbergh, not as an American, but as a man. They would have extended the same reception to a German; in fact, because of the Teutonic ending to Lindy's label, many insisted he was of German descent; that the Swedish business was the bunk. One London paper wired its correspondent to confirm the rumor that Lindy was a Jew.

FLAG-WAVING, nationalism, and politics played their part in the drama afterward. Washington discovered the value of this "ambassador without portfolio," and cabled Herrick in secret code to exploit the hero to the utmost, in order to link up more firmly America's diplomatic relations with France, weakened since the war.

France, too, jumped at the occasion offered to patch up differences which reached a climax a year ago, when the franc dropped to two cents and American tour-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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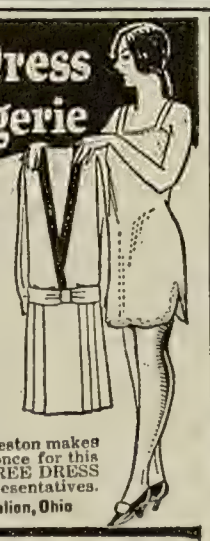

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[LINDY AND THE FRENCH FANS]
[Continued from Page Seventy-three]

ists, and English mistaken for Yanks, were hooted and even stoned in Paris.

So Lindy got the Legion of Honor and two kisses, one on each cheek, from President Doumergue at the Elysée Palace; and a luncheon and two more kisses from Aristide Briand, the wily foreign minister at the Quai d'Orsay; and a warm hand-shake and a lot of praise from the usually cold fish, Premier Raymond Poincaré, at his finance ministry in the Louvre; and more accolades from War Minister Painlévé and General Gouraud; and a big squeeze and an autographed photo from Marshal Foch; and well wishes from old Papa Joffre, and a little album besides; and the freedom of the city and a reception at the Hotel de Ville, when the Mayor nearly fainted from excitement for fear Lindy and Herrick would fall out of the window when they mounted to the sill in response to the cheering multitude in the Place below.

THEN England awoke to the importance of the whole thing. After two days, during which time London newspapers printed Lindy's exploit and doings in tiny items at the bottom of columns, His Majesty's Ambassador, Lord Crewe, called at 5 Avenue d'Iena and said:

"My dear Herrick, you know we must have this chap come over and see London, you know."

So Lindy said yes, as he had when King Albert sent word he must go to Brussels. And then the State Department and the White House went right into the tourist business and began figuring where else Lindy could go to fix up foreign relations in Europe.

By this time the ambassadors and ministers of all the European states were besieging the embassy. Sweden, of course, insisted because Lindy's daddy had been born in their bailiwick; and none of the other Scandinavian countries would hear of him passing them by.

Then Mussolini sent word that Slim must drop down to Rome; and King Alfonso said he'd be sore if Lindy missed Madrid.

It looked like a great season for barnstorming, and then the beans spilled all over the place. In looking over the aerial routes, Lindy saw that to go south from Copenhagen toward Rome, he would have to fly over Berlin, and he had a secret desire to see these German planes, so he checked Berlin.

"What, land in Germany? Never!" said the French when they heard of it, and Ambassador Herrick, who has lived in France so long he thinks pretty much the same way, agreed.

That crabbed the European tour. Lindy wanted to spend two days in Belgium; in fact, he wanted to spend a lot of time in Europe; but the English decided the Yank must land at Croydon on a Sunday to give them the opportunity to produce as big a crowd as jammed Bourget the night he arrived there. So Lindy spent only one day in Belgium.

A tremendous crowd was on hand at Croydon—quite a surprise to many, after the mediocre interest evinced by the Belgians—and the bobbies were swamped as the crowd went forward on the gallop exactly as the supposedly more volatile French had a week before.

It came time for Coolidge to go out to the Black Hills, so a cable came to Ambassador Houghton in London, telling him to start Lindy back at once, and back to Washington, not New York.

The cruiser Memphis, suggested the week before as the boat to fetch Lindy back in state, had been declared out because that cruiser went to European waters for the express purpose of bringing back to the United States the body of Admiral Wadhams.

The Leviathan, flagship of the United States Lines, was sailing on Tuesday, and Houghton took it; but she was going to New York, so a date for Lindy to call on the King was fixed up for that day. On Thursday the George Washington, America's second best ship, was sailing, but that wouldn't do either, although for a day the Presidential suite was reserved.

Finally it was the Memphis again, sailing from Cherbourg for Washington direct.

"Orders are orders. I've been in the army a bit and I know you can't fool around when you get orders," was Lindy's comment.

THE embassies in Europe primed Lindy to give the big boost for France and Belgium and Britain, particularly for France, when he got back, and Lindy delivered the message. He said France likes us and we should like France.

France likes Lindy all right, and likes the average American, too, when he doesn't toot sweet everybody to death, demanding nothing but service wherever he goes.

Now that the franc has doubled in value, and reached four cents, the French are no longer roasting the Yanks and the Limeys as representing the dollar and the pound sterling.

But the fact that Lindy is a Yank is not denied by the French, and so his visit has done a lot of good for visiting Americanos. What a mug any one was who didn't think he would get a hand!

THE END

On the road to Le Bourget.

TIME for a NEW DRESS!

By MARY BRUSH WILLIAMS

WE are past that critical stage in our yearly reaction toward the fashions when we feel that we must have just any kind of new clothes to help us live out the summer. That was our condition about a month ago. We are now displaying some more specific symptoms with regard to the styles. We are tired of all that skirt-and-sweater stuff, along with all of the other makeshift outfits of hot weather. It is rather comfortable to contemplate something with a little body to it which is all of one piece and color.

As the English not overeducated woman would put it, we "feel like a new dress." We wish something so perfect in line and fit that there isn't a single defect in it which we have to be forever thinking about covering up with a coat or a long scarf or something, as we can do with winter things that go wrong. At the same time, we do not wish it to be too informal and careless in outline, like our summer "rags," which weren't expected to have much form to them, anyway.

Something to wear with a fur piece, and to be proud of displaying, is what our fancy turns toward at this time of year, and, as usual, the French are on hand with suggestions to meet it.

Here are five such hints just off the steamer and fresh from their great laboratories of style. With a fox fur round one's neck, any of these may be worn right along until the first cold wave strikes us; and then they may be banished to second place under the new fur or cloth coat of winter, which will then become our most important daytime garment.

Even the suit may have this history; and certainly, if I were going to have two dresses at this season, it would be one. If I were going to have only a single costume, I am not sure this would not be it.

Of all the ways of dressing at this time of year, an informal suit such as the one illustrated, of a downy wool gray mixture, comes nearest to providing the smartest style. It looks as if it had "come easy" and was not a care and a responsibility in its upkeep. Of course, it is, but this is another matter.

With a frilly white blouse, it acknowledges the new feminine note of softness; and with another blouse of white jersey it shows its ancestry in sports styles—which we are going to be very slow and very loath to give up.

After all, separate blouses may very profitably constitute a feature of one's wardrobe now, and they are something to which to give one's careful consideration. Many of them are so long that they are almost the costume, and to be well dressed one must have them of just the right importance—very emphatic, yet not overemphasized—of a length ending just above the very short skirt. Sometimes the skirt itself shows the knee joint and, as a Frenchman writes, the wearer looks from the rear like a child playing in the Tuileries Garden.

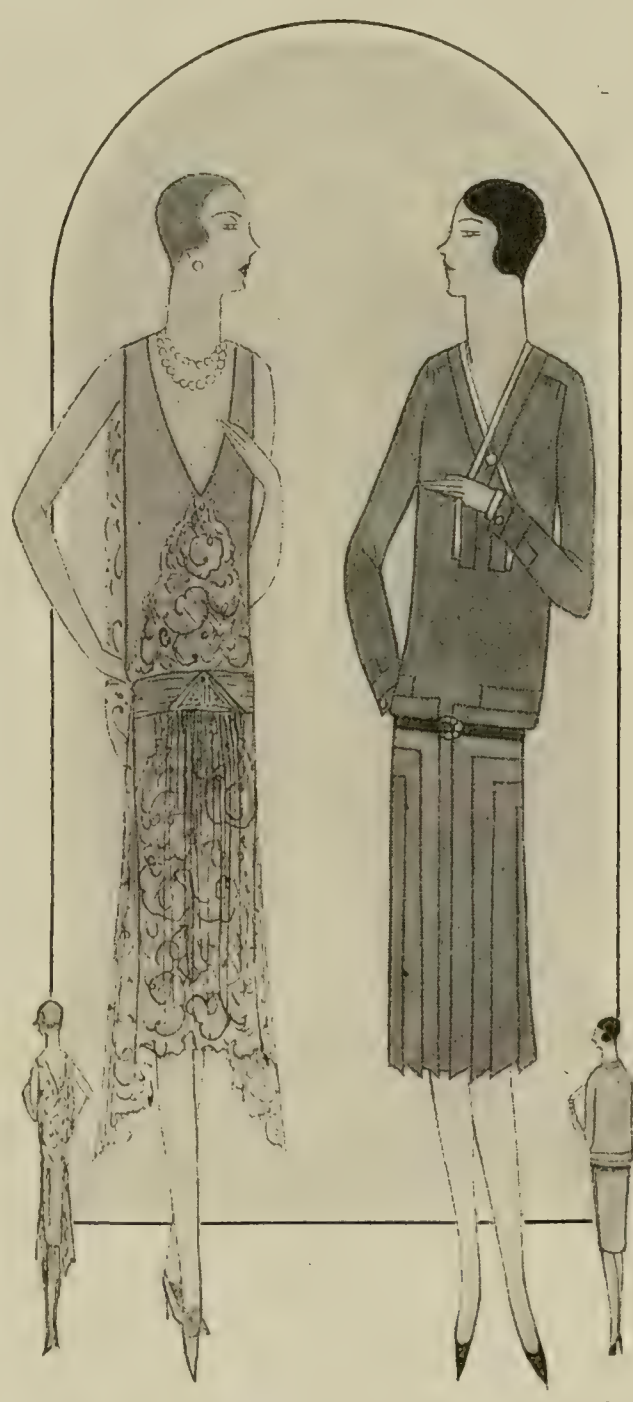
Needless to say, he deplores this, and asks that the blouse may be so fashioned as to give one a "discreet and elegant appearance," with a skirt below the knees.

The coat blouse of the illustration surely is fashioned to do this. It is sometimes of black-and-white figured velvet, and sometimes of another material. Such a blouse bids fair to be very smart for winter, replacing in a measure the little jacket, sometimes sleeveless, which has been so popular in one form or another ever since the "smoking" made a hit with us all.

ONE of the very smart blouse designs of the coming season, in velvet or silk.

SUITABLE for autumn wear under a coat or with a fur neckpiece.

A COAT and skirt of soft gray wool with a white wool jersey blouse.



BLACK chiffon lightened by an appliquéd lace apron.

THIS blue crepella frock has trimmings of rose.

The idea of using a pearl earring as a stud originated with Premet, and, as the French correspondent writes, it is "certainly both amusing and decorative." In the accompanying frock of black or dark blue crepella, the narrow flat little necktie and cuffs are held by a large pink pearl earring pushed through a tiny eyelet.

There are inner bands of rose Georgette to add freshness and becomingness, as the correspondent writes, and there is a pearl buckle in the belt, which is an inch wide and made of the material. The message of this dress would seem to me to be that all of the old jewelry round the house might be used for fall trimmings.

THE dress of black chiffon and lace has the latter appliquéd on the front of the tunic in the form of an apron, and across the top of the back like a cape. It also hangs in two long ends down the side of the dress and below the skirt, like scarfs. This dress would be just as pretty developed in beige chiffon and blond lace.

There is also a sketch showing what the artist designates as "a nice little dress to wear in the early autumn under a tweed coat or with a fur piece, and later under a fur coat."

Fall Styles Will Flatter the Figure

By BETTINA BEDWELL

MME. BESANCON DE WEGNER, chief designer for and wife of the owner of Drecoll.

Paris, August 14.

ONE of the great authorities on women's attire at this epoch, Paul Poiret, characterizes fashions of the past few years as "deplorably poor and mean"—scant in proportions and impoverished of decoration. New modes for fall are being fertilized, and Paris is presenting richer, more varied, and opulent fashions than the stark styles condemned by Poiret—fashions that are going to flatter the figures and faces of women all over the world, says Mme. Besançon de Wegner, who is the creative head of the great French house of Drecoll.

Women are ready for this change. They have begun to curl their hair, and in some cases let it grow into the "crowning glory" it used to be. They are putting feathers and flowers on their poor little skull-fitting felt hats.

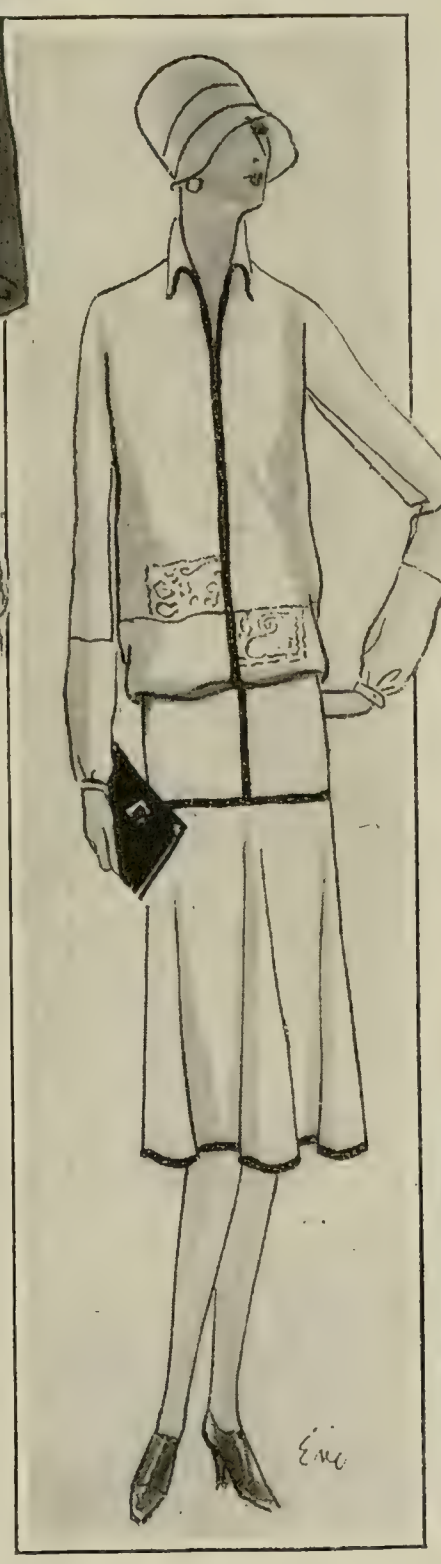
Mme. de Wegner thinks the wishes, conscious or unconscious, of women themselves have inspired these new and more luxurious styles.

Changes that Paris proposes to make include more luxurious fabrics, subtler and more enhancing lines, and more flattering trimmings. Mme. de Wegner says:

"I like simple clothes, but I think that straight, sports clothes spoil the atmosphere of afternoon parties. They imply no imagination or individual flair for beauty.

"This fall we shall have skirts a trifle longer, and certainly more ample. Strictly tight skirts are not graceful, and nobody can make them so. Hemlines, too, will in many cases be uneven. With velvet it is almost impossible to make a straight-around hemline, anyway. The great difficulty of the dress with an uneven hemline has been that it is not easy to wear under a coat. This season we shall get around that by making the hemline of the coat uneven also, to cover the skirt—as in the hemline of the coat shown in the sketch here, one of my winter models.

DRECOLL coat with flared silhouette.



A SPORTS frock of green jersey.

"This black velvet coat is decidedly longer on the right side than on the left, following the same line as the dress that goes with it. The coat flares on the left side by means of a series of circular ripples, which flatter the figure much more than any straight, boxlike line can do. The flat, shaded gray astrakhan fur that forms the bands is more becoming than a one-tone fur."

This is a decided change from the narrow, wrap-around coat which we have worn for a long time, but certainly not for the worse.

"And about colors," said Mme. de Wegner, answering my question, "we have had too much blue and red. The chances are we shall see very little of them this winter at least. Black is always distingué, and we will wear beige too, because there are such a multitude of tones of this color—one for every woman. Gray will be good, too, but is more limited.

"The caramel-beige that I have used for the afternoon frock of crepe satin shown here is suitable and smart for many women. This frock has the ingratiating lines that are going to characterize new fashions. The panel drapery from the left shoulder to below the hemline will flatter any figure, thin or stout, and the yoke and sleeves in one piece are so arranged as to round out the square and angular lines of many figures.

DIAGONAL lines slenderize this velvet gown.

ROUNDED shoulder lines and a flaring hemline are details of this beige satin frock by Drecoll.

"For sports frocks, which will be worn in their proper place, and not in the afternoon, I like the so-called 'poor' materials, like jersey or kasha. The sports frock I have selected for LIBERTY, to illustrate this phase of the mode for fall, is of green jersey, with trig bindings of narrow woolen braid. The lines follow those of more formal costumes. The rectangles of self-colored embroidery relieve the sports frock from its former monotonous barrenness.

"It will always be smart to be slender, and lines of fashions are created to preserve slimness and create the illusion of it when it doesn't actually exist. One of the best devices to slenderize the body line is the broken or diagonal line, which I have used in the black velvet evening gown."

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CORN FLAKES

Successful Home-Made ICINGS

By ETHEL SOMERS

BOILED icing is the most popular, and at the same time perhaps also the most variable, of all cake coatings. It seems that only the most experienced sugar cooks are exactly sure of their product, for they alone understand the underlying principles. Sugar cookery, when it is thoroughly understood, is simple and highly interesting. Granulated sugar, the basis of all icing, is a complex sugar built up of several simple sugars which crystallize in small granules. The problem of making granulated sugar into successful icing consists of four main steps.

In the first place, the gritty sugar crystals must be completely dissolved in water. Next, the excess water must be boiled out in the presence of acid (cream of tartar or vinegar) in order to transform the grainy sugar into a simple sugar which on beating crystallizes into a creamy icing rather than a grainy one.

With a power beater a two-layer cake can be satisfactorily frosted from one egg white.

Amateurs have better results when the beating is done on a platter, since they can watch the texture more easily.

To do this successfully, it is essential that every single sugar crystal be dissolved either before the sugar-and-water mixture is put on the fire, or most certainly before it starts to boil.

Once the sugar is dissolved, the solution must be cooked quickly without stirring. If cooked too slowly the icing produced will be gummy and lifeless instead of thick and glossy.

Then the sugar solution must be removed from the fire when the proper degree of cooking has been reached, the temperature depending upon the proportion of sugar and egg white used in the recipe. This exact stage is difficult to determine without a thermometer.

If icing is cooked too long it crystallizes into a grainy frosting, while if it is insufficiently cooked it will not harden.

Lastly, the saturated syrup cooked to just the right stage must be slowly beaten into the stiffly beaten egg whites. Egg white beaten until dry tends to crumble, while if it is beaten until stiff, but not yet dry, it remains elastic, and during the beating will stretch and enfold the sugar syrup in a most gratifying manner.

Learn through practise to master the art of making boiled icing, a good recipe for which will be found on page 59 of 100 Standard Recipes. The variety of recipes given herewith may then be added to your repertoire.

Fluffy Boiled Icing

1 cup fine granulated sugar
½ cup water
⅛ teaspoon cream of tartar
⅛ cup egg whites or 2 egg whites

PREPARE as for plain boiled icing, except that it is safer to use a measured quantity of egg white for this delicate icing and cook the syrup to 248° F. in cold weather or 254° F. in damp or warm weather. This icing should be stiff enough to hold its shape and yet be creamy on the inside.

To Make an Unsuccessful Icing Edible

SHOULD the boiled icing be too soft to thicken, set the bowl of frosting over a tea-kettle and boil the water underneath while the icing is beaten *vigorously* until the desired stiffness is reached. Such icing will not be superior, although it is satisfactory. Should the finished product be too hard, so that it thickens before the spreading can be finished, add from ¼ to ½ cup of hot water or cream and cook and beat over boiling water.

Caramel Icing

PREPARE as for Plain or Fluffy Boiled Icing except that half of the sugar is put into the saucepan and is stirred and cooked over a moderate flame until the sugar caramelizes or turns an amber brown. Add the remaining sugar and water and proceed according to the given directions. Vanilla flavoring is appropriate for use in caramel icing.

Divinity Icing

TO make Divinity Icing use corn syrup (light or dark) for half of the liquid—either white or brown sugar may be used—and boil to the highest temperature given in the recipe.

Marshmallow Icing

ADD ½ pound of marshmallows, cut in quarters, to the Plain Boiled Icing or ¼ pound to the Fluffy Boiled Icing after beating in all of the syrup. The marshmallows are best cut by using a pair of shears. Dip these in and out of cold water between the cuttings.

Fluffy Marshmallow Icing

ADD the quantity of marshmallows given for Marshmallow Icing to the hot sugar syrup just before it is beaten into the egg whites. Simply add the marshmallows. *Do not attempt to beat* the marshmallows into the hot syrup, as this would result in a grainy product. Amateur cooks who have difficulty in making icing, frequently find that the marshmallow addition makes desirable results easier to obtain.

Maple Icing

ADD maple syrup in place of the water, or use finely cut maple sugar in place of the sugar of the recipe, or boil plain maple syrup (no additions made) to the proper stage and pour it into the egg whites. These give maple icings of varying strength and consistency.

Coffee Icing

SUBSTITUTE strong black coffee in place of the water called for in the Plain or Fluffy Icing.

Bittersweet Icing

SPREAD melted chocolate (either bitter or a blended chocolate as preferred) over a Plain or Fluffy White Icing. Care should be taken, in melting the chocolate, to put it over *hot* but *not boiling* water, so that the chocolate never becomes hotter than 80° F. Any difficulty in smooth spreading may be overcome by dipping the spatula in hot water. This coating is particularly delicious if the icing is vanilla, coffee, or peppermint flavored. In using peppermint flavor, one must bear in mind that peppermint is usually an essence and hence only a few drops instead of a teaspoonful should be added.

Tutti-Frutti Icing

ADD ground or chopped nuts and fruit in amounts up to two cups. Raisins, dates, prunes, or figs are desirable fruit additions. Likewise candied cherries or thoroughly drained maraschino cherries.

Nut or Coconut Icing

ADD from ¾ to 1 cup of chopped nuts or cocoanut to the cooling icing or by scattering these over the top of the finished frosted cake. For example, a green-colored icing sprinkled with chopped pistachio nuts is very attractive.

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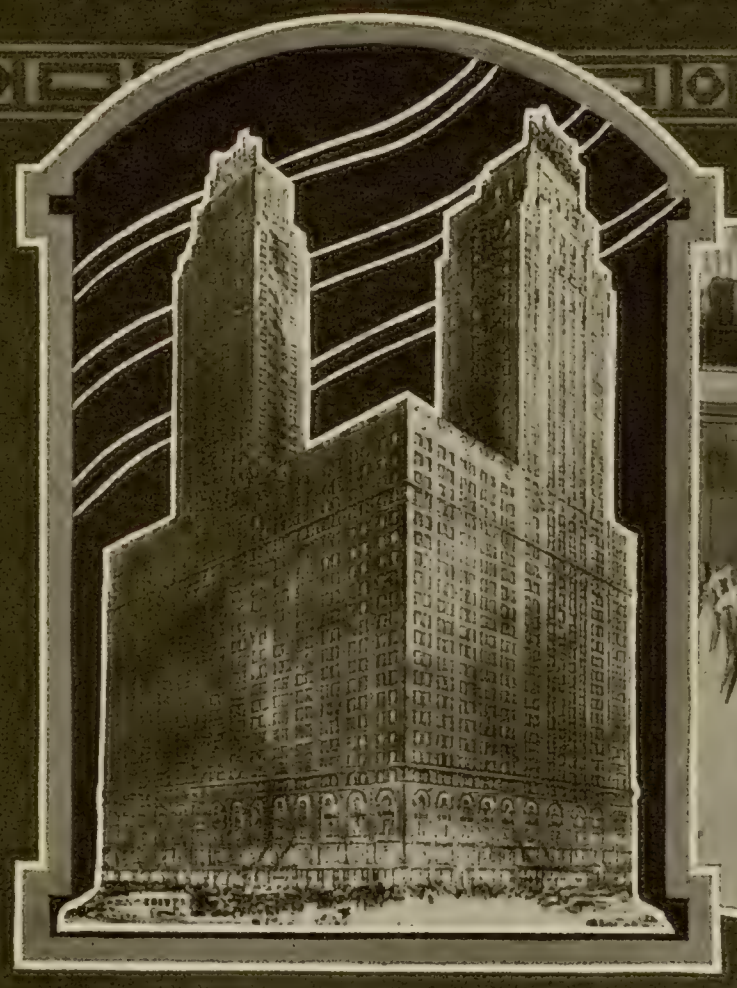

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CLARK AND MADISON STREETS
"IN THE HEART OF CHICAGO"

A RIDE in the Country

Pictures by
HAROLD VON SCHMIDT

ON the platform across the hall, a dozen sleek fat Negroes rocked and pawed and tootled madly.

A Mile-a-Minute Romance

A Serial by

GEORGE KIBBE TURNER

(Reading time: 21 minutes 30 seconds.)

WHEN young Speed Thatcher lost his heart, his head went on a leave of absence, and he stole a neighbor's car to take Pats Schuyler to a dance. Speed planned to return the car, but the police blocked this move. The rumor spread even to the ballroom that they were looking for an auto thief.

Desperate, young Thatcher announced to Pats that he had stolen for her sake and was headed for hell. Then he dashed for his coat and was off on stolen tires.

His idea was to reach Beaut Thibaut, in Bridgeton. Beaut was a "Lounger," or head thief, one of the directors of a car-stealing syndicate, and Speed decided to ask him for a driver's job.

When he had reached the outskirts of Bridgeton he noticed a movement beneath the rug in the back of the car. The rug lifted, dropped, and there stood Pats, declaring herself his "child wife" and hell-bound with him. A girl on his hands! Now he must ask the Lounger both to take him on and to help him get Pats home.

But once found, that dressy thief acceded to both requests promptly—too promptly. He directed Speed to lose the car he had stolen, and to go to a certain garage for another car.

Then the Lounger arranged a meeting at the apartment of Neyda, his girl. There, young Thatcher and Pats saw a strange sight. Two new members of the thieving gang arriving, the Lounger asked them for a thousand dollars, to finance his trip south. The Carnelli brothers, he said, were out after him. He had got one of the Italians jailed, and had taken Neyda from him. They wanted his blood.

Refused his thousand, he coolly drew a gun on his fellow thieves, while Neyda frisked them. Leaving them bound and gagged, the Lounger, Neyda, Speed, and Pats got into the great stolen car, young Thatcher at the wheel, in a mad drive southward, the Italians following.

Once the Carnellis' car came within pistol range, the Lounger fired: the Italians' car swerved and struck a telegraph pole.

But what drove Speed crazy was Pats' accepting drinks from the flask of the Lounger!

PART SIX

WAS it to keep down her nerves—after the recent strain—or just recklessness, or defiance of him, or what? Well, whatever it was, it was about through. Her career on the downward path beside him was about to end, when they struck New York.

He set his teeth and drove along—through the empty country and the black-and-white patterns on the main streets of electric-lighted towns that lay, like bright beads on a chain, along the railroad they were following into the great city.

"Nothing yet, huh?" the Lounger asked his companion on the back seat sarcastically—evidently after feeding himself another drink.

"You wait."

They drove on. It was colder now. The high wind, through the driver's open window, grew more keen. Ahead of them, a great rosy light, like a distant conflagration, appeared on the roof of the southwestern sky—the lights of New York.

They slowed down for luck, so as not to take any unnecessary chances as they drove toward the city.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

"YOU'RE not going to hell with anybody—with him, or me, or anybody else!" young Thatcher told her thickly.

[A RIDE IN THE COUNTRY
Continued from Page Eighty-one]

"What's that?" came the sharp voice of the girl behind—always gazing from the back window.

Speed Thatcher, too, had seen in his mirror a light following them.

"What?" said the man beside her at the window sharply, and then laughed.

"Did you think that was them?"

"No; certainly not."

"It's just that one-eyed flivver that was standing at the curb back there a mile or so."

"Say it is," replied the girl. "It's following us, just the same."

And they still watched; and Thatcher with them, as much as he could see in the mirror when they moved their heads.

THE Lounger spoke first again—a little louder. For the thing kept after them, just about so far away.

"What do you claim it is? It certainly isn't them!"

"No; but it might be somebody they sent after us," the girl said.

"Who?"

"Some of that mob they are in with—in rum-running and hot cars down the line—along the southern route."

"The southern route!" repeated young Thatcher to himself. His education was not yet completed in those combinations that run for hundreds of miles out of the Big Town, handling hootch and stolen cars in gyp garages, for crowds like the Carnellis.

The little car with one eye kept its regulation distance behind—the only moving thing back down the long, vacant white-and-black-striped street.

"Some of their mob, without a doubt," Neyda stated, from her window.

"What makes you think so?"

"You don't know how thick those wops are in together—what a system they've got all in around here," said the woman who had once been the "girl friend" of the head Carnelli.

The one-eyed flivver still followed, like a hound on a trail.

"How would they get them to sick them on us so soon?" inquired the Lounger, still disputing.

"The telephone's still working, ain't it? How do the police get you, when you break away ahead of them?" Her voice was ever harsher and more sarcastic.

The voice of the man answered. "All right, let's take a look," it said. "Get down."

He reached again for the weapon in his side pocket.

"Ease her up," he told Thatcher.

Young Thatcher did so, with slight enthusiasm.

"They're stopping, too," said the voice of Neyda, still at her back window.

"Step her up," said Thibaut finally. For the following car had practically stopped.

The one-eyed flivver started after them again, doing its best.

"Well, what's the idea?" the Lounger was inquiring of the girl behind. "Why didn't they come along, if they were after us?"

"You know what it probably is?"

"No. What?"

"They're trailing us, without a doubt—saving us up. The Carnellis are picking up and coming after us, just as I said."

He didn't believe it.

"Well, what is it—if it isn't that?"

"Here—cut that out!" directed the Lounger sharply. Young Thatcher had jumped the car up to fifty miles automatically. "Do you want us to get pinched?"

The one-eyed flivver trailed on—but always at its proper distance, too great to be dangerous. They passed down the vacant streets, not too fast; and always after them, just so far away, it trailed on behind.

"They make me laugh," said the master navigator from the back seat, "if they think they can trail us through here!"

The Big Town was there. The long gasoline trail lost itself in thousands of black-eyed buildings, a hundred vacant streets. A train went thundering by overhead, disappeared, and left the emptiness more vacant. A solitary taxicab, a hunting yellow monster with jeweled eyes, slid out around a corner and was gone. The faithful flivver still followed on.

"Now—let her go! Around here!"

Speed Thatcher shot his car around the corner—hurried on.

THE flivver came jumping, rattling after. They turned and twisted into various streets. The thing still followed, without an error. They made a dozen turns before they shook it.

Thibaut spoke of this, when they finally seemed to have done so, and straightened out south into the city:

"I don't understand it—how they kept on spotting us. You'd almost think we had some special mark on us."

"Couldn't it be the color of the different State number plates?" young Thatcher suggested.

"Not at that distance—under that red tail light."

They were dodging through another empty side street while he was saying it—just to make everything sure. On the corner was a solitary policeman. As young Thatcher turned the

corner he caught sight of him staring. He even stepped into the street to get a better look.

"Did you see that cop stare at us?"

"Why?" asked the Lounger from behind.

"You'd think we had something strange and wild about us."

"Oh, stop asking me riddles!" said the Lounger.

He was again visibly cheered, now that he had shaken his last hunters, and was taking steps to become more so—treating himself and trying to treat Pats Schuyler, who was the only drinker in the party besides him, so far, to another drink.

She refused this time; but he took his.

He directed Speed Thatcher to keep on driving south.

"Where are you going now?" his girl friend on the back seat asked him sharply.

"I'm going to drop in a minute at Gladland," he said, "now we're passing through, and ask Sulky Mac about the line-up now in Florida—just what graft's left down there."

"What—with these murderers after you?"

"Yes—a long ways after us!" he said. "If at all!"

"Then what was that one-eyed flivver doing on our trail?" she wanted to know.

But his spirits by now were too elevated to consider that subject.

"Ah, how do I know? What difference does it make, anyhow? We've dropped them."

"Yes; and you're going right in again—into another hotbed of them—just for luck."

He pushed her aside.

"Keep on going," he told Speed Thatcher, directing him; and then turned to Pats Schuyler at Speed's side.

"How'd you like to have a look-in, for a minute, on the honest-to-God night life of New York?"

"I'd love it," she told him.

Speed Thatcher stiffened, listening to them.

"Fine; have another drink."

"No, not now. Later, maybe."

The voice of the mock-boy behind broke in now—harshly humorous.

"Oh, Gawd—another one!" it said.

II

THERE was silence, after that, on the back seat as they dashed southward into the city. They passed through Central Park, out on to Broadway, and then turned left into the dimmer section just north of the well known white lights.

On their left, in the still duskier street they entered—across from the high black side wall of a theater—a dull electric sign announced Gladland. From above it, into the silent, empty street, came the faint bumps and whining of a jazz orchestra; and noiselessly, across the row of ground-glass windows in the second story, the silhouettes of the turning dancers slid by in a never-ending silent procession.

"Well, here we are," said the Lounger, disembarking. "Are you getting out or not?" he asked his companion on the back seat, after a pause.

"I don't know whether I am or not. How long are you going to stop off in this murderers' roost?"

"As long as I want to."

"You know how strong the Carnellis' mob are in here."

"Sure; I know all about it."

While they were making their decision young Thatcher passed around behind the car toward the sidewalk. As he did so, he stepped back, staring.

On the back of the big car two words were scrawled in letters of thin fire:

"Ha-Ha!"

And, under that, what seemed to be a wild attempt to represent a skull and cross-bones.

The whole design lay a little to the left of the center, slanting down—scratched in haste, apparently, with a stick dipped in phosphorous paint, or, more likely, just a handful of wet matches.

Young Thatcher, the short hairs beneath his collar slightly ruffled by his first glimpse of this crazy spectacle, signaled silently to the Lounger, where he stood, still debating with the mock-boy at the front door of the car. For he thought, of course, that it must have some connection with their hunters, the humorous murderers in the yellow coats.

"For the love of God!" said the Lounger in a muffled tone.

"What?"

"Shut up. Wait till we get these janes inside. This one of mine won't go a step if she sees this."

Turning abruptly, he stepped back again, to start her out of the car. "Come on—if you're coming!"

She emerged at last, wrapped in her leopard-skin coat, like an injured queen—Pats Schuyler following, in her now slightly disheveled but still attractive white coat.

The two tripped on delicately ahead into a dingy entrance beneath the Gladland sign and the dancing shadows, up the bare, crooked stairway, past a morose man ticket-taker in a seedy gray-blue uniform, and came into the source of the dancing shadows—a wide, low-ceilinged hall, full of raw light.

On the floor, the host of figures came and whirled and passed. On the platform across the hall, a dozen sleek fat Negroes rocked and pawed and tootled madly.

The men shipped the girls to the dressing-room, and then went and stood beside the rail that separated the dance floor from the outside lounging space, mostly empty during the dance.

It was a scene full of novelty in many ways to young Thatcher, but not so much so as to divert his mind from its previous preoccupation—the unraveling of the exact meaning of the mad hieroglyphics on the big stolen car outside.

"Who put that thing on the back?" he inquired finally.

The Lounger did not withdraw his gaze from where it was fixed, across the shifting mass of dancers, evidently in search of some one. He answered in a tone entirely divested of emotion:

"Those damned crazy apes."

"Why? What was the great idea—of writing it out on our car?"

"How do I know? I ain't a wop."

He stopped—his eye still searching. "It's just their idea of humor, probably—a funny wop joke!"

"Yeh?" said young Thatcher questioningly—urging him to go on; which he finally did, talking over his shoulder, absent-mindedly:

"They heard somebody say, probably, that I was telling it around that I had passed them the ha-ha, see?"

Thatcher still watched him without speaking.

"So out they go—the wild-eyed apes—and paint it on the back of the car—intending to come along and get us, and leave us inside with that on the back for a funny epitaph."

YOUNG Thatcher's mind went back to that yellow figure he had seen sliding off into the dark shrubbery from behind the car, just before they started out from Fleetleigh.

"Funny!" the Lounger was continuing. "They're almost human. They'd 'a' been laughing their heads off now—if it hadn't been for that miscalculation at that under pass."

"What about now—about this thing that girl of yours is so scared of here?"

"You saw me get them, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"How'll they get me, then—after they're dead?"

He stopped. His voice changed as he spoke again:

"Look. Wait here for the girls. There's my man now."

He passed along to the space beyond the rail, diagonally across the dancing floor, toward a big man stationed by a refreshment booth.

Young Thatcher stood still where he had been stationed, reflecting. A humorous place, this underworld on the rubber tires; and this Lounger, this dressy murderer, quite a successful joker up to date!

He raised his head and looked around at the night inhabitants of Gladland.

They did not seem especially glad. Young girls, mostly—dressed kindergarten style, their dresses almost shorter than their hair—danced seriously with lean, still-faced young men in sack suits, but with very ornamental neckties and hair-polishes.

"Hello. Where's Beaut?" asked Neyda's voice behind him.

The two girls were back again. Thatcher took them over to one side—to a sort of alcove full of chairs, overlooking the dance floor.

"Look," suggested the mock-boy. "Why don't you take your girl friend out for a turn while we're waiting?"

A chance to see her alone! Nothing could have been more opportune. He had to see her.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[A RIDE IN THE COUNTRY
Continued from Page Eighty-three]

A crisis had arrived in this crazy expedition. Up to this time he had relied upon his countermove, his plot to send her or drag her home—by force, if necessary. But now—in an hour or two—even this would be impossible. In fact, it might be so already.

The girl was not very keen to dance—fearing, no doubt, a return of their continuous debate; but in a minute or two he had her out among the sad-faced dancers, starting it again.

"Say, what's this last idea? What do you think you are doing?" asked young Thatcher, striking directly, at once, on the subject of his latest anxiety.

"In what way, for example?" asked the girl distantly.

"Well, the heavy flask work, for instance—the recent extreme alcoholic debauchery with that individual on the rear seat!"

"What would you prefer to have me do, after that murder—pass out entirely?" she inquired.

"All right. But what's the use of continuing—of playing up to him to the extent that you've been doing?" Speed continued, not fully convinced by her answer.

"You ought to know—you forced me to it!"

"I!" he exclaimed—and stopped still.

A COUPLE sliding up vivaciously from behind glanced off as he stood rigid, eyeing her.

"Certainly. What would you do—if you were in my place?"

"In what way?" he asked, staring.

"If I was trying to drop *you* from the merry party—to send you home, and go on alone, on my downward way!"

He flushed—his worst fears realized.

"So that is why you're making foolish eyes at him?" he inquired.

"Come on," she said, instead of answering; and forced him along.

"Is it?" he demanded.

"Why not? Absolutely. What could a poor girl do—abandoned, tricked, betrayed by the one she trusted?"

"In other words, you were afraid I'd send you home, and so you—" young Thatcher said—and stopped, choking.

"Absolutely. Yes," she said, growing ever more flippant. "I saw the time had come for the abandoned child wife to use the well known lure upon another—or be left behind entirely."

Young Thatcher stopped again—was batted rudely on by others. The blood rushed to his eyes at this last revelation.

"I would," he said. "I certainly would play up to that murderer. He'll be quite a help to you in your proposed trip to hell—before you're through!"

He stopped—just in time to escape permanently maiming a couple sadly and conscientiously dancing the Charleston in a corner.

"I must have misunderstood you," he continued sarcastically. "I thought you said you were particular—more or less exclusive about your company on your way to hell!"

She flushed; but her purpose was unaltered.

"Don't worry about me," she said. "I can take care of myself."

The same old chatter of the wise, wise female infant of today—prattling as it plays on with its matches in the powder factory!

"But, incidentally," young Thatcher told her thickly, "you're not going to hell with anybody—with him, or me, or anybody else!"

The dance hall grew red before him—even the Negro orchestra.

"For you're going home," he announced loudly—"if I have to stun you and drag you back unconscious!"

He barely avoided collision and entanglement with a tall, thin girl in short blue skirts and long blue stockings, engaged in an orgy of melancholy twirling with a short and accomplished male dancer who had a face the color of a grub.

Young Thatcher's partner disengaged herself.

"Come on," she said in a hard, brief, businesslike voice. "Let's adjourn before we kill somebody."

Was there nothing in the world she was afraid of?—no danger that the mock-wisdom of the modern girl child would not drive her on to flirt with?

He stumbled after her through the melancholy dancers outside the railing, and over to where the other girl was seated.

"It's your turn. He's fed up with me. He wants to dance with you," said young Thatcher's retiring partner—offering him in willing sacrifice to the other woman.

Neyda looked him over with a clearly critical eye, and was about to speak, when the orchestra stopped playing. Then slowly she turned her gaze toward the edge of the hall, where the Lounger had disappeared, with uncomplimentary remarks on his delay.

Urged once more, the mock-boy consented reluctantly to dance.

"Well, we might as well do something—while he's completing his arrangements to get us all killed," she said; and went out beside Speed on to the dance floor—a striking figure

in the jade-green dress she wore to match her eyes and earrings.

III

YOUNG Thatcher danced out into the mirthless throng with the girl in the jade-green dress. Although physically near him, she seemed actually far away, almost absent—her mind and eyes absorbed, apparently, by her observation of the dancers, and still more the edges of the hall.

In an effort to break in on her unknown anxieties, Thatcher started in with a mild general observation on their surroundings.

"What's the trouble with this crowd? What makes them all so sad?"

"Jazz fighters!" she said briefly, casting her eyes about.

He followed her glances—still noting the infant girls especially.

"Jazz fighters!" she repeated, evidently remarking his interest. "You'd be more or less fed up yourself if you found yourself here every night, fixed as those kids are, cast away in this Port of Missing Flappers."

She stopped her extended speech, evidently regretting it—her eyes once more searching the horizon for the Lounger.

Young Thatcher studied the short-skirted, slender-legged little dancers with the childish hair and fed-up eyes, in the light of her remarks.

"They're nothing but kids," he said to her.

"The younger, the crazier."

"How do they all get here?"

"Oh, they drop in—like all the rest of us—with these sheiks on the rubber tires."

He looked over the fastidiously dressed youths—and then back at her.

"Loungers," she was telling him, with a sharpening voice, "sheiks of the rubber tires—like this one I'm hitched to. Like we all are today! The easy-money boys with the stolen cars; all these dressy murderers in rum-running and bootlegging and the stick-up game—that can take us out and give us all the merry, merry times you see going on all around you here."

Young Thatcher studied the sleek, slant-eyed youths with the patent-leather hair.

"Automobiles—that's the answer to us all!" said the Lounger's lady friend, summing up her statements.

She danced much better than young Thatcher—very lightly, very listlessly; her well decorated face close to his, and her eyes and spirit very far away. It was like dancing alone—supporting a beautiful, absent-minded spine in midair.

Suddenly the spine stiffened to acute attention under his palm.

"There's another one!" she said to herself—in a half-whisper.

"Another what?"

"One of those wops," she said, still staring.

"Not the Carnellis?"

She didn't answer him—her attention focused suddenly in another direction on the dance floor.

"Well, we are in luck. This is my fortunate night," the scarlet lips before his said, and broke into a harsh laugh.

YOUNG Thatcher's eyes searched anxiously for the cause of her new alarm.

"What is it now?" he asked anxiously.

"Beaut's got that kid of yours out on the floor. God knows when we'll get started now!"

He followed the direction of her hard green eyes, and saw the two—his child wife and the natty killer—dancing together.

"What'd I tell you?" the girl in his arms was asking.

"About what?"

She laughed harshly. "About your novelty in kidnaping—your kidnaping her home. There's competition—a new kidnaper has started in."

With a sinking heart, Speed looked over where Pats Schuyler, that crazy kid, was carrying out her last plan—playing up to the head of their expedition, to keep from being snatched back home by himself.

Pats was playing up to the Lounger with her usual pep; and her partner was responding in kind.

Young Thatcher's partner gave the knife in his bosom another quarter-turn.

"Like all the little cuties all over," she was commenting harshly. "They fall without exception to these big, awful murderers."

"Oh, nothing like that," said young Thatcher, still more hoarsely—his eyes never off the two she spoke of.

"No; certainly not," his instructress in women's emotions was continuing. "Take a look at them now."

He did so, past his partner's left jade earring, with dispiriting results.

The worst was going on. His child wife—playing, devoid of fear, with dynamite, as ever—was now employing all her childish arts and

" Here's where we get ours, probably," said the new-style Helen of Troy cheerfully to the Lounger.

crafts with wild abandon, capturing the interest of the murderer. She was engaged now, while dancing, in demonstrating her new vanity case, sprinkling out the powder from the shaker arrangement and applying it to the Lounger's nose.

" How does that strike you? "

He did not answer.

" Oh, they're all alike."

" No; she's different," young Thatcher croaked finally—his eyes still fastened on his charge's dangerous and displeasing conduct.

" Sure; they all are," said the mock-boy harshly. " I was, myself. Twelve hours ago I was on top of the world. Helen of Troy, New York, with two bands of murderers committing murder for me! And now where am I? All tied up for the rural delivery—about to be dropped off by the countryside with you, when my last murderer makes up his mind where to drop us, when he sails on to Florida with his latest fancy, this wild new kid of yours."

" I'd kill him first! " young Thatcher heard his own voice suddenly say for him.

His companion, the new-style Helen of Troy, laughed with harsh enthusiasm.

" You kill him! " she exclaimed. " Listen. Do you know how many he's shot before this wop tonight? "

" No," said Speed Thatcher—his recent heat turned suddenly cold.

" Three, anyhow. And two of them over girl friends."

" Well, at that, he doesn't scare me," young Thatcher answered. But his voice was not convincing, even to himself.

" And you on the seat in front of him, driving! " continued his companion pleasantly.

They danced for a time silently—each following different trains of thought.

" But cheer up! " said the girl finally. " You won't die that way, probably—that's one consolation. These wops will kill us all first, most likely—if he keeps on hanging back here vamping her. They're all round you—thick as the grass in father's hay-field. I've seen three already."

" Not the Carnellis! "

" No. A mob that plays in with them on the rum and hot-car running on the southern route—down the line, where we're booked to go after here."

" Kill us where? Not here! "

" Not here. No, naturally. We'll get it outside, maybe. Or, more likely, not till they get us out into the woods down the line—outside the street lights. Giving us a ride in the country," she said.

Young Thatcher stopped still on the floor, at the sudden cry and harsh, frightened oath from the scarlet lips of his partner.

" What is it? "

" That wop."

" What? Not one of the Carnellis? "

" No. Their right-hand partner here in New York. Come on! "

They cut across the floor, and danced the two others down. Young Thatcher's partner danced alongside of the Lounger.

" What's the idea? "

" Joe the Snake! He's out there, looking you over! "

" Yes he is! "

She indicated him turning away—seeing them discussing him, perhaps.

" Now will you get out of here? "

He made a play of objecting.

" Or will you stay and demonstrate the big brave murderer to little Susy of Hick's Corners, here? "

When he finally agreed to go—after further show of how little it affected him—the close friend of the Carnellis was gone.

They passed out into the dark, empty side street.

IT was a threatening spot—the deserted cross street with the long dead wall of the theater on one side, and on the other the dancing shadows on the ground-glass windows.

" Here's where we get ours, probably," said the new-style Helen of Troy cheerfully to the Lounger, who was walking on ahead with her.

He proceeded in silence—his hand in his right coat pocket.

They stepped across and down the street a little to where the big stolen car was parked beside the blank brick side wall of the theater.

" Who's that? " the mock-boy whispered sharply.

A dark figure that had stood behind the car moved away, now they were coming. Neyda passed around to see what it was the man had been examining, and discovered, for the first time, the ornaments of the humorous murderers on the back of the automobile—that " Ha-Ha " and the supposed skull and cross-bones under it.

" What's that? "

" Another funny joke of your friend Angelo's wops."

" It may not be so funny—before we get out of here! "

She hurried back to the car door—looking up and down the dark street.

The Lounger pushed her into the car.

" It's not so funny to them as it was when they put it on there—back in Bridgeton, before we gave them the telephone pole."

His statement was not exactly accurate, young Thatcher saw—with something of a start. For underneath the original scrawl appeared two new inscriptions made since their absence in the dance hall—made with the same instrument as the first one. Separated by rough lines, the two slanted down in opposite directions—evidently written by different hands:

The Deth Wagon
- - - - - - - -
On there Way

Were the blunders in spelling offset by a terrible accuracy in what the words foreshadowed? Don't fail to follow this breath-taking journey in next week's instalment.

40 Fathom FISH

© 1926, B. S. F. Co.

Now any Housewife can serve Fish fresh from the ocean

Theodore Szarvas, Maitre d'Hotel, and Louis Diat, Chef de Cuisine, tell how savory fish dishes are cooked at famous Ritz-Carlton Hotel

AT the smart Ritz-Carlton Hotel in New York, gather the distinguished people of the world. The accomplished, the wealthy, the leaders of society, the lovers of good living.

High among the attractions of this noted hostelry, is its supurb cuisine —the delicious French and American dishes prepared under Theodore Szarvas and Chef Louis Diat, who are internationally famed for regaling the epicure.

Under the skill of these two men, food takes on a rare, fine flavor which is the very essence of good cooking.

Theodore Szarvas

Louis Diat

Fish à la Ritz

ONE of the favorite foods at the Ritz is fish — fresh ocean fish, served as only these two culinary geniuses can broil it and sauce it and make it a flaky, toothsome delight.

"How do you do it?" we asked them. "Fish that is served in so many homes is dry and flat. The tenderness, flavor and 'life' of it seldom reach the table. How can the average housewife cook fresh fish so that it will taste like yours?"

"Monsieur, would you really wish us to tell her?" asked Louis and Theodore. "Shall we write for her our own fish recipes *à la Ritz*? Shall we show her how to serve the delicious fish in her home just as we serve it here to our guests? Voila, it shall be done!"

Secrets in Recipe Book

And now there is ready for you this tempting Book of Recipes for cooking

FREE
Recipe Book

40-Fathom Fish. A family album of tasty "shore dinners"! So easy to prepare, too, because 40-Fathom Fish comes to you cleaned and ready for the fire. Not frozen fish, but prime haddock fillets, fresh from the depths of the blue Atlantic.

Ask your local fish, meat or provision dealer for 40-Fathom Fish—economical, quickly cooked, light and easily digested—the ideal summer food to prepare as well as to eat. These clear white sides of fish steak—"the chicken of the sea"—will be a savory treat to your family and guests.

Place your order for 40-Fathom Fish today and send now for this new free Recipe Book. 40-Fathom Fish is available any time and anywhere from the Atlantic Seaboard to the Western Plains—fresh. Buy it, cook it, enjoy it the Ritz-Carlton way.

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Please send me your free Book of Recipes for cooking fish as it is served at the Ritz-Carlton Hotel in New York.

Name .....

Address .....

The Great County Fair

Mrs. Ingalls' Chocolate Pie Takes the Prize

An End-of-the-Summer Chapter in LIBERTY'S Popular Cover Serial

FOR THE LOVE O' LIL

By Leslie Thrasher

THE great County Fair's exciting bedlam:

"Thweet thider—nickel a glath!" a red-faced boy barked from a booth. "Git all cooled off! Barrelth thipped to your own home."

"Let's see everything," Junior Morse told his cousin.

"Yeah," said Charlie Ingalls, enjoying the flavor of six chewing-gum balls rotating around his tongue. And the boys wiggled like two eels through the crowds of curious Clinton Countyites.

"*Nas*-turtiums! Jumbo seeds! Ten cents a package wid directions fur growin' second-story high plants wid giant blos-*SUMS!*" This was bellowed by a youth with a made-up red tie whose stretched-out elastic draped below his celluloid collar.

"Free pen pernts given away without charge with every half-dollar bottle o' George Washington's Hen Tonic!" a man in red velvet, ruffles, and white wig yelled through a megaphone. Then he ducked behind a counter to remove his wig and mop his hot bald head.

Popping bottles—hoarse yells of venders and exhibitors—cackling hens—and the crackle of clay-pigeon shooters' guns.

"This way to the prize hens! See the feathered beauties," a farmer sucking a corn-cob pipe bawled out.

"I wonder how Amy B. likes being on display?" Junior asked, as the boys bucked the tide of pink lemonade suckers.

Amy B. was the Ingalls' show hen, who laid eggs in spite of her hectic life during the summer régime of the two boys.

"There she is!" Charlie said above the uncouth chicken-yard din of cluck-cluck, cawk-cawk, coo-coo, cluck-cawk-coo! Each precocious hen was aiming at supremacy in farm operatics. And Amy B., with drooping head, nodded wearily from a red, white, and blue perch. A canvas sign waved opposite the chicken display:

ONE MILE OF PIES!
All Made by the Housewives of Clinton County

The boys went in. Row upon row of pies, their crusts embellished with fancy edges. Fruit syrups, méringues, and spiced fillings all blended into one unforgetable, delicious, mouth-watering odor. And Mrs. Ingalls' luscious chocolate-cream pie had received the blue ribbon.

"Daredevil Dinny, the Famous Rough Rider of the Sky!"

Everybody jumped as a man suddenly made this announcement from a ladder swinging overhead. Then they rushed outside to acquire stiff necks from looking heavenward.

Daredevil Dinny was doing breath-catching air stunts over the Fair Grounds!

Everybody's stomach sank at each daring loop-the-loop. And the great airman's upside-down flying resulted in many swallowed pieces of chewing gum.

"Gracious me!" a dear old lady gasped. "I can't look any more. Tell me if he gets killed." And she hid under her umbrella.

"Sure, brother, it's me who's prayin' fur you!" It was the corpulent gent *sans* collar who groaned next to Junior.

And Daredevil Dinny leaped from his speeding plane with a parachute dangling from one hand!

(To be continued next week)

Bright Sayings *of* Children

LIBERTY will pay $5 for every published letter describing the bright saying of a child. Address the Bright Sayings Editor, LIBERTY, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

The Snappy Comeback

Junior had been given a small amount of money with which to purchase his Christmas presents for the family. In due time the coffers of a five-and-ten-cent store received the entire amount.

His mother, admiring a heavy glass ash-tray intended for Dad, said:

"My, what a lovely present, you must have paid fifty cents at least for it!"

"Huh, strike off the cipher," proudly answered Junior.—E. E. Chase, 38 Hemenway St., Boston, Mass.

Cold Reasoning

A third-grade pupil was telling the story of the good fairies that sewed up the poor shoemaker's shoes. The story says that when the shoemaker and his wife sat up to watch for the elves, at midnight they heard a musical laugh, like "the tinkling of silvery bells."

The teacher tried to help the child to remember and said to him:

"Now, what did they hear just at midnight?"

"They heard the clock strike twelve," was the matter-of-fact reply.—C. G. B., Shepherdsville, Ky.

Take Women Poker Players for Example

Pictures by
REA IRVIN

She tells stories, anecdotes, bits of gossip, when it is her deal.

F. P. A. Tells Why He Doesn't Like to Hold Hands with Girls

An Article by

FRANKLIN P. ADAMS

(Reading time: 7 minutes.)

THERE was that little girl who had to write a fifty-word composition on cats. She wrote, "Here, pussy, pussy, pussy," etc.

I have to write a 2,000-word piece about women as poker-players. I asked one laconic gentleman, "Are women good poker-players?"

"No," he said; "a thousand times no."

Even at the absurdly low rate per word that I have established for my writings, 1,000 negatives would run into money. Consider them said.

Take women poker-players. As far as I am concerned, you may take women poker-players for anything you like. But they are no good to take for anything but example. For all of me, you may take women poker-players to the top of the Woolworth Building and drop them off. I'd take them for example; but I wouldn't take them for a gift.

Now, I am not one of your professional males, like Arthur Schopenhauer or Henry L. Mencken, whose printed words in offense of women would fill the Grand Cañon; and I wish they would. I am not one of those anti-feminists who believe that woman's place is in the English Channel. Nor, on the other hand, am I like one of George Ade's old characters of whom he said, "Of all the sexes that roam the earth, his pick was the feminine"; yet at no time, in my ranking of sexes for any year, do I put the feminine below runner-up. Sometimes I rank them No. 1. Why, some of my best friends are women.

I draw no great lesson from the fact—for it is a fact—that women are poor poker-players. There are too many flaws in the hypothesis; comparing them with men poker-players, you are comparing dissimilar things like, as our old arithmetic teacher used to say, three apples and four tons of coal, which you can't add.

In the first place, there are more bad poker-players among men than among women, but the percentage of bad poker-players among women is far above 99.

I have played poker with dozens of women, and I have watched dozens of them play—when they play I *only watch,* now—and there has been only one in the lot I do not object to as a poker-player. For, except for an occasional tendency to sing—and usually Rock of Ages—when winning, this one woman player is exactly as good a player, and has as good card manners, as any good man player.

The woman is Mrs. Ruth Gardner Fleischmann, wife of Raoul H. Fleischmann, and is known in New York as "Quincy, Illinois' Second Proudest Product," much to the delight of Miss Neysa McMein.

It is no use to specify who the poor or irritating players are among the women. All women poker-players but Mrs. Fleischmann, in my experience, are from poor to simply terrible.

There isn't one who doesn't consider herself a coruscating exception; not one who doesn't say, "Well, I play poker just like a man." And if the Editor of LIBERTY is silly enough to sign my name to this temperate recital of facts, I shall get, I know, hundreds of letters from women who challenge me to sit in a game with them, so that they may prove to me how wrong I am. I know.

They are the exceptions; they are the ones men love to play poker with; they are the ones who play once a week, and if they weren't good, men wouldn't play with them; they are the ones who are Good Losers, who Settle Right after the Game. I know. I don't believe them.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

To find the dentifrice that best . . *suits your needs*

ASK YOUR DENTIST

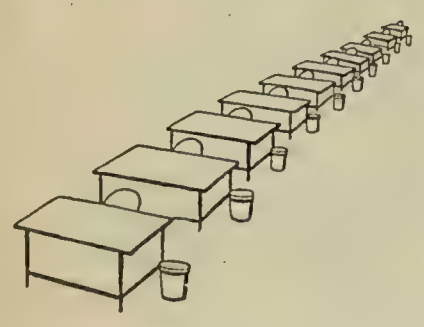
YOUR dentist is familiar with the action of various dentifrices upon the teeth and gums. He knows the requirements in your individual case. He is the only one competent to tell you which dentifrice is best suited to *your* needs. So ask him—then follow his advice faithfully.

If he tells you to use Pyrozide Powder, there is a good reason for it. He knows that your mouth requires the more effective cleansing power of this sterilized powder.

PYROZIDE
POWDER
STERILIZED DENTIFRICE

Contains White Oak, Elm and Peruvian Barks, Precipitated Chalk, Dentinol and other medicinal agents. It is effective for mouths requiring a high degree of cleanliness. Its value has been demonstrated to the dental profession by laboratory and clinical work since 1906.

ECONOMICAL—the dollar package contains six months' supply. At all drug stores.



Count 'em!

Ten desks—Ten chairs—Ten *waste baskets!* Result: Ten well-organized workers. Office kept neat as a pin. Desk tops kept clear of litter. Pep and action everywhere! Has every worker in *your* office a waste basket?

VUL-COT
—the standard waste basket

For office and home. Colors to harmonize with furniture and hangings. Solid sides and bottom. Guaranteed for five full years—*many have been in service for thirty.* Buy them by the dozen—at stationery, house-furnishing and department stores.

National Vulcanized Fibre Co., Wilmington, Del.

[CONT'D FROM PAGE EIGHTY-SEVEN]

They don't play "just like a man." They play like women. In the first place, they hate to play a table-stakes game, or a no-limit game. They want to be safe. And they think it is safer, that their chances of gain are greater—or, what is more important, that their chances of loss are fewer—if the game is one in which it takes jacks or better to open.

Then, if a player—a man player, especially—opens and draws three cards, they know that he must have a pair not lower than jacks and not higher than aces. In an open-on-anything game, they don't know, when a player opens and draws one card, whether he opened on a four-flush, nothing whatever, two pairs, four aces, or what. And they want to know.

They want to know without paying for it. They want—let's face it—considerably better than an even break. For life has given them better than an even break. Mind, I do not believe that women as a sex have an easier time or a better time than men. But the women who play poker—virtually all the women I have played with—are not self-supporting women. They are not women accustomed to work; they are mostly women who have had, and have, far better than an even break economically. They are, in a word, members of the Taking Class. That, perhaps, is why things like this occur:

"How many cards did you draw?" asks the woman player.

"Three," says the man. "How many did you?"

"I won't tell," says the lady, sprightly. "I don't have to, do I?"

"No," says the man; and to himself, "and you don't have to exist one more minute, either."

And does she tell him? She does not, but she actually believes that she has outwitted a wise man poker-player. She will boast of her prowess in that exchange of courtesies.

SHE will raise to the limit on what she considers a good hand; but if a man raises back, she says she thinks he's mean, that he's taking advantage of her, and does he think he's playing with a lot of professional gamblers?

She continually asks the values of the chips, and she is maladroit in making change. She tells stories, anecdotes, bits of gossip, when it is her deal or when the whole table is waiting for her to declare her intentions—whether she is going to raise, call, or drop.

When her attention is called to this annoying discourtesy, she says, "I'm not a professional gambler; I play for the fun I get out of it." She is worse than any man in respect to quitting at the time agreed upon.

Men have a disease known as Losers' Insomnia; it takes the form of a loser asking for just three more rounds on the ground that he wants a chance to get even, and it's early yet. And men have Winners' Family Duty, which means that the winner says it's late and he must get up early—he has a hard day ahead, etc.

But women! A woman ahead of the game will break it up at the slightest notice, or at no notice at all. She will say, suddenly, "Well, the game's over. I win one hundred and eighty-four dollars and fifty cents." Or, if she is a loser and somebody says, "I really have to go pretty soon," she will say, "Well, I don't think that's very sporty, after getting me into the game and taking all my money."

BUT these are all superficial things. Women shouldn't play poker because all of them are Mrs. Lot at heart.

Men look forward. They should have raised, perhaps; they should have called; with better luck they might have won, or lost less. But there is always the next pot, or, at any rate, the next game.

Women reflect; they play the hand over and over again; they wish they had done otherwise, no matter what it may have been. I have seen many women look at the deck, or at the hand of the player next them, to see what hands they would have made had they only drawn thus and so. I have heard a woman weep because, having three aces before the draw and failing to improve her hand after it, she didn't discard the three aces and draw five cards.

"I'd have made a flush!" she wailed.

It was useless to tell her that such a procedure would have been utterly mad; that the chance of getting a hand better than three aces with a five-card draw was negligible. She was desolate, and she wept, I am told, half the night when she got home, too.

She was desolate, and she wept half the night when she got home, too.

"What a fool I was!" sighed a woman to me the other night, when her three kings had been beaten by three aces. "If I had only drawn four cards to a trey, I'd have made a straight."

Most of my statistics are based on my observations of women who don't, in the literal sense, earn their living. I don't say that lots of women don't earn their board and keep, many times over, by living with their husbands and ministering to his tyrannical demands.

These are the women I have played with. Non-earning women are bad players. They are bad, I think, because they have distorted notions of the value of money. Money is too important to many of them; to others it is not important enough.

How about the women who earn money? I know many of them, from those who earn fifteen dollars a week to the queens of the stage and screen, as they are termed, whose incomes run into more thousands per week than I, writing my poor tired little fingers to the bone, like to think of.

Well, these women don't play poker. Either they don't like to lose money that they have worked for, or they feel that poker-playing is a waste of time. Whatever it is, according to my experience, they don't play.

Miss Neysa McMein used to play, and a good, robust game, too; but she used to get panicky when the game got so high that with hard luck you could lose $32.50 in a night; so she quit poker for bridge at .0025 cent per point.

Mrs. Gordon Abbott, an interior decorator, plays a fair game, as women go. But in a game with men, unless she held three times as good as the average in the game, she'd lose her—just a minute—camisole.

Miss Alice Brady, vaunting her skill as a poker-player, once invited the Thanatopsis Literary and Inside Straight Club (by the way, why don't the women form a club and call it the Pokerhontas?) to meet at her house, and she sat in the game for a few hours. But she was no match for us, she said, and, like a true hostess, lost $200, paid, and left us alone.

MISS PAULINE LORD acts an infinite number of times as well as she plays poker.

There is one woman I suspect of being a good player, because she says she plays frequently, and adds that she doesn't play well, and that she plays like a woman. That is Mrs. Alice Longworth, but maybe, after all, she does play badly, because she said she was going to ask me to play in a game with her, and that is the last I ever heard of it.

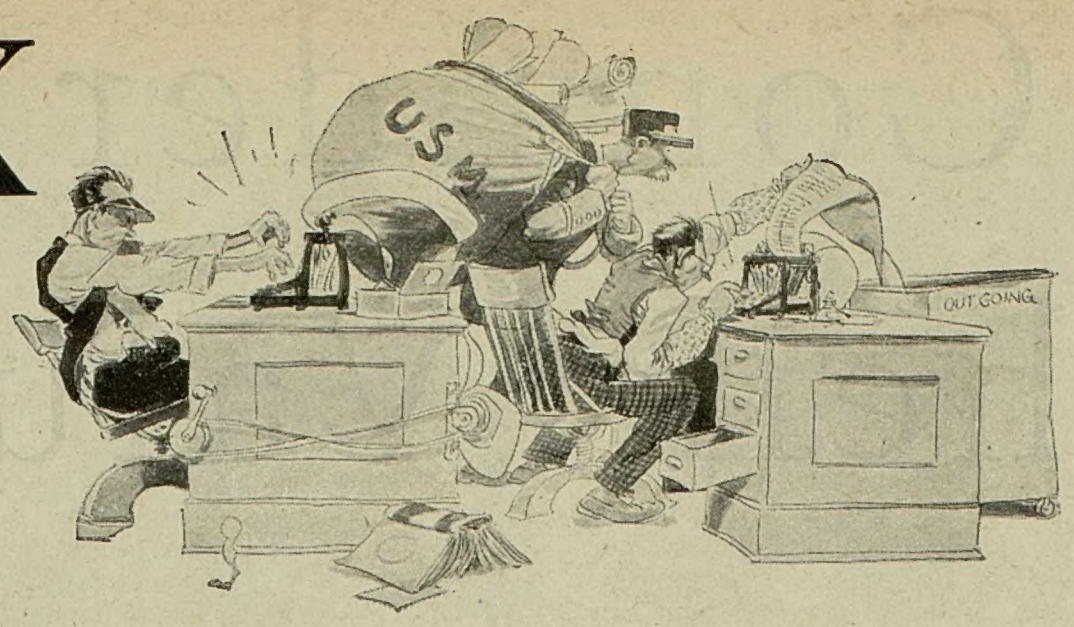
Just as I was about to end this article about women poker-players with a bewildered and categorical "I don't know why women play poker less well than men, but they do, and that is all there is to it," something came to me, lucidly, as in a vision.

Poker-playing—all gambling—is founded on optimism. Men are incorrigible optimists; women are pessimists.

And—poker is a game founded on bluffing and deceit. The reason men play better than women is that, fundamentally and temperamentally, men are more deceitful than women. Even more deceitful.

THE END

VOX POP



A Recipe for Poppers

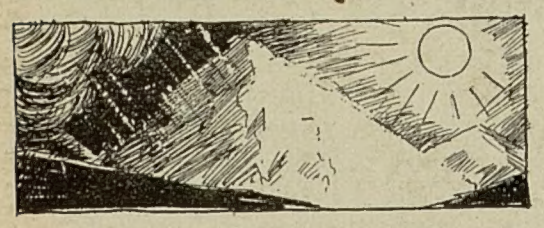
JACKSONVILLE, FLA.—If some of the writers for Vox Pop would use a little more *Vox* and cut out so much *Pop* we would have a better Vox Pop. —*P. Sadler.*

Well, It's a Long Story

GREENSBURGH, PA.—LIBERTY is one of the best magazines for five cents ever published. Tell me, how can you afford to print such good material for that nickel?—*E. C. Meglise.*

The Sun in Seattle

SEATTLE, WASH.—What a great big fibber Eleanor Knowles is! In her rambling story, Jobs, she says that during her year in Seattle she had the good fortune to see Mount Rainier once on a day when the sun was actually shining, and caps this remark with the statement that it



rains nearly eleven and a half months out of the year in Seattle.

She quite evidently was paid for this by Los Angeles, where they have only two kinds of weather: "perfect and unusual." The fact of the matter is, we have practically no rain from May to September and plenty of real sunshine during the fall and winter months.—*A Liberty Booster.*

And, Furthermore—

SEATTLE, WASH.—We desire to take exception to two statements in the article, Jobs, by Eleanor N. Knowles. First: "It rains nearly eleven and a half months a year in Seattle." And, second: Mount Rainier rarely can be seen "because of its almost constant mantle of fog."

Both of these statements are just as far as possible from the truth. If you have any doubt, check the record of the U. S. Weather Bureau for 1926.

Briefly, it shows that there were 29 days of dense fog and 154 days when the precipitation was .01 of an inch or more. There were 173 cloudy days —which include the rainy days—and eleven days when the weather was colder than 32 degrees above zero.

The average temperature for the year was 59.1, and the total precipitation for the year was 26.12 inches. We had one day when the temperature was above 90 degrees, and one thunderstorm.

Compare this with New York, Philadelphia, Washington, D. C., New Orleans, Atlanta, Boston, Kansas City, St. Louis, and Cleveland. You will find, according to the U. S. Weather Bureau, that our average rainfall is less than any of the cities mentioned.

We regard Miss Knowles' statements as obviously unfair and inaccurate.—*Christy Thomas, General Manager, Seattle Chamber of Commerce.*

Views Pro—

MCKEESPORT, PA.—Give us lots of stories like The Red Knight of Germany. Them kind of stories are interesting.—*D. Varley.*

And Con—

NEW YORK, N. Y.—I've been reading LIBERTY since it was first published, but I certainly am very much disgusted with it at the present time.

How dare you publish such stories as the one about the German ace? So soon after the war wherein we lost so many of our boys. How must any true American feel about it?—*Mary Dixon.*

And Pro Again

STAMFORD, CONN.—Although the soldier of Germany took from me my dear brother, I cannot feel that it is proper to take the stand that we should boil with indignation at the mention of anything that is German.

Is it out of order that Richthofen should love his own fatherland?

Let's not hold it against the individual German soldier.—*A. H. Tinker.*

A Square Fighter

CLOVERDALE, CALIF.—Forewarned is forearmed. It is a fact that it is very hard to gather complete and absolutely correct data about something which is of the past. The Red Knight of Germany is a marvelous piece of true history, but the writer, probably due to his close associations with the family and friends of the hero, is inclined to put too much stress upon the personal equation. Manfred von Richthofen was a great organizer and a fearless and crafty leader, but the measure of his fame was insured by the fine work, courage, and obedience of his comrades.

Oswald Boelke.

As commander of the famous Jagdstaffel Eleven he was familiar to all airmen who gave this organization the name of the Tango Circus.

I enclose one of the photographs of the greatest Roman of them all, Oswald Boelke. I would like to see that picture of a real opponent and a square fighter published.

More air stuff and more and more. We are coming into our own at last! —*A. T. Foley.*

Putting the Earth in Its Place

MILWAUKEE, WIS.—In your issue of July 30, you answered Question 16 incorrectly.

The planets in order from the sun are: Mercury, Venus, Earth, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, and Neptune. You had it: Mercury, Venus, Mars, Earth, Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, Neptune.—*R. F. Johnston.*

All Right; We'll Print Some More

MONTCLAIR, N. J.—Love Letters of an Interior Decorator, by Bert Green, takes first prize in your weekly.—*Gilbert S. Hampton.*

"Better than We Were"

NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.—The trouble with Captain J. M. Euler is that he was not good enough to catch Baron von Richthofen. But for the grace of God there would now be a silver cup for me. Missed the Baron's list by inches. He was on my tail when his motor missed and he had to drop away.

He was better than we were—and we knew it. We were equals in motors and other equipment—but, like Bobby Jones, he was a better man—and that was that.

Would you print Elliott Springs' address? Or would a letter addressed to you get to him?—*Forty-Second Squadron.*

[EDITOR'S NOTE: We will forward mail to Captain Springs.]

Offended

KINGSPORT, TENN.—Regarding the Richthofen articles: the British were our allies during the war. For every one of those clean-cut British boys who look out of your pages as victims of an enemy German, there were dozens of clean-cut American boys who suffered the same death through Germans similar to Richthofen.

There is nothing the matter with publishing Richthofen's flying history, gruesome cups and all, from Richthofen's point of view. The exhuming of the unfortunate boys, our allies, to be advertised to the world as victims of the Boche's valor is excessively bad taste.

Bishop, the Canadian airman, brought down something like 72 German planes, but would it not be odious to publish in Berlin the photographs, names, and accounts of the deaths of his victims?

You may have heavier paper than the *Saturday Evening Post*, but you have not their intuition nor their breeding.—*A. C. Lyttleton.*

Lil's S. A.

CHICAGO, ILL.—Ye gods and little fishes! At last Leslie Thrasher has put Sex Appeal into his art. That's just what his covers have been lacking.

Think I'll frame his Ultra-Marine Blue.—*William Jones.*

Hero or Barbarian?

GOLDEN, COLO.—Richthofen, The Killer. Surely the world, and the cause of humanity in general, was benefited by that brave Canadian's bullet that brought to an end the life of that Hun-hyena. His so-called bravery was the child of an imaginary superiority complex; accentuated by a mechanical advantage over his fellow humans.

I believe that LIBERTY, in giving the public an account of that monster, is giving a vivid picture of Hun mentality.—*Pat Meagher.*

Patriotism at Thirteen

MIDDLETOWN, OHIO—If Richthofen had not been killed in the war we and countless other red-blooded Americans would see to it that he was dead by now!

P. S. We're only thirteen.—*A. E. and P. P.*

100 Per Cent

NEW YORK, N. Y.—This country needs today, more than ever before, courageous and 100 per cent Ameri-

can dailies and weeklies to stimulate our national spirit.

Full-blooded Americans, led by such editorials as appear in LIBERTY, should combat anti-American and radically inclined propaganda.

Step on the gas, LIBERTY!!!—*Sampson Scott.*

How Do You Mean, Foolish?

ST. LOUIS, MO.—You have a good—yes, a fine magazine in LIBERTY, but you lack one essential.

I would suggest that you give your readers more short stories and less foolish articles. Is this not possible? —*A. E. V.*

Tom Was Right

NEW YORK, N. Y.—I thought the recent article, After Effects of Athletics, by Alan Tabor, was very good. Anything that Tom Thorpe says about athletics must be correct because he is in my opinion one of the greatest—if not the greatest—athlete that ever lived.

A lot of my time has been devoted to athletics and I find that there is no track or field event so tiring as the 440 or the 880, as the article states.

Here's hoping for more and still more articles on athletics.—*Winn Upchurch.*

Consider Their Value

Improvements . . . Lower Prices

Twelve months' investigation proved to us the worthiness of Paige sixes and eights, and the soundness of their values.

Yet in the latest Paige sixes and eights, now on display, you will find substantial improvements; and you will find ten of the twenty models selling at lower prices.

Improvements include important body construction changes, finer appointments, and new color combinations applied by an advanced process. Among chassis betterments are a new manifold increasing power and economy, four-point, rubber-cushioned motor supports, and other modern refinements.

We believe you will appreciate the new values of these latest models quite as much as you will enjoy a demonstration.

Joseph B. Graham
Robert C. Graham
Ray A. Graham

P A I G E

Cock a doodle dum!
My dame has lost her gum—
My master's gone to get her some.
She'll be all right when he has come
—with Wrigley's.

MOTHER GOOSE UP-TO-DATE.

The NEW AND BETTER Peppermint Flavor!

Get Wrigley's Double Mint and have a delicious, lasting Peppermint treat—REAL Peppermint—full strength.

Hard to forget—easy to remember—DOUBLE MINT—once you've had it.

H77 ... *"After every meal!"*

New "Autumn Leaf" Woolens

Even the subtly cut sports things Paris is wearing keep their trim lines through countless washings if guarded from two enemies

THE smart world of sport is aglow with the gorgeous colors Paris chooses for the new season. Delicate woolens, sheer as chiffons, jerseys and cashmeres fashion the intricately cut frocks and jacket ensembles worn in the boxes and on the side lines.

Keep these expensive clothes immaculate and trim-looking all through the season.

Wash them as often as they need freshening! But guard them from two enemies that can so easily ruin their chic, their lovely colors, their softness.

The first enemy is rubbing. Rubbing with cake soap mats the tiny interlocking fibres of woolens, shrinks them, destroys the smart lines of the subtly cut sports things.

With Lux there is no rubbing, no matting and shrinking.

The second enemy is the alkali found in so many soaps—flakes, chips and cakes.

There is no *harmful alkali* in feathery Lux suds. You can trust your smartest woolen sports things to Lux with the same assurance that you toss your silk stockings into a bowlful of Lux—first making sure that the colors are safe in pure water alone.

If it is safe in water, it is just as safe in Lux. Simply try a belt end or the under side of the hem in almost cool water.

You will find tested directions for washing woolens, and all fine fabrics, on each box. Most women prefer to buy the big package, so that they will always have plenty of Lux on hand to care for *all* their silks and woolens. Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

LUX

WON'T SHRINK WOOLENS